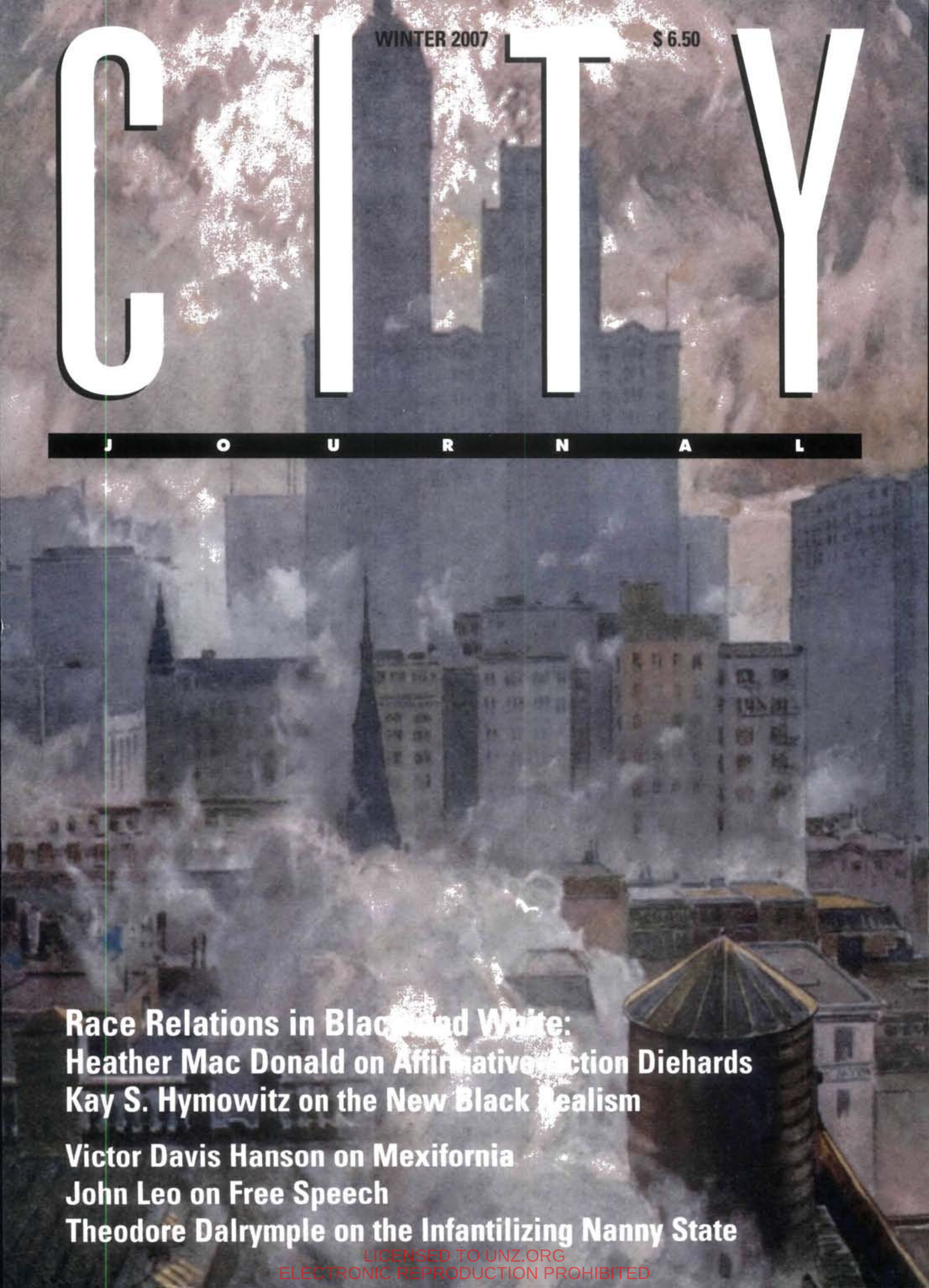
WINTER 2007 $ 6.50

CITY JOURNAL



Race Relations in Black and White:

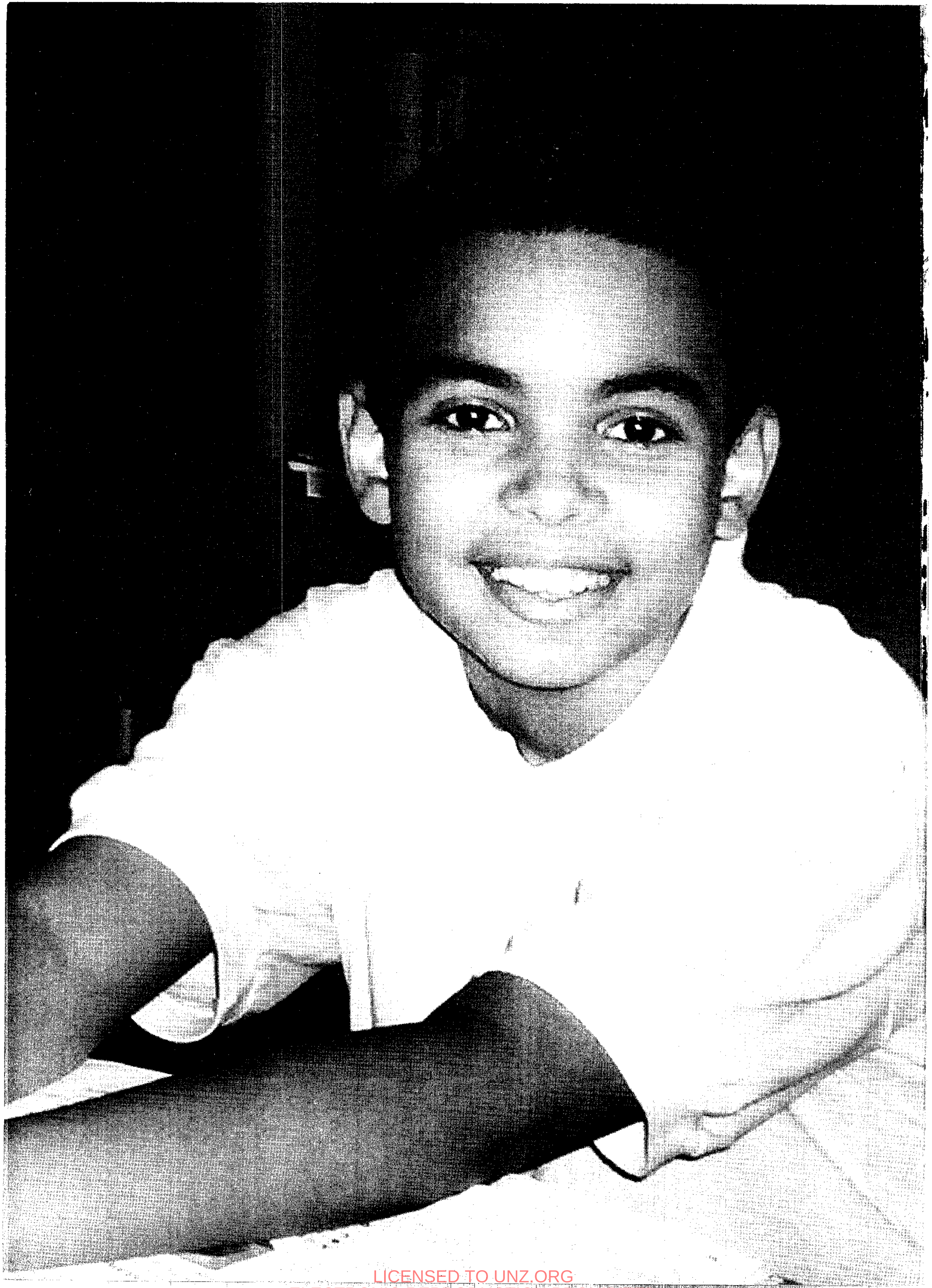
Heather Mac Donald on Affirmative-Action Diehards

Kay S. Hymowitz on the New Black Realism

Victor Davis Hanson on Mexifornia

John Leo on Free Speech

Theodore Dalrymple on the Infantilizing Nanny State



Give a child an education. Change a life forever.

The Endowment for Inner-City Education provides thousands of low-income children with tuition scholarships to attend parochial schools. We believe we must ensure that every child has the opportunity to receive the best possible education, regardless of need. We are, after all, educating the next generation of leaders for our community.

The Cardinal's Scholarship Program* is one of several ways in which the Endowment provides financial support to families. Through the Cardinal's Scholarship Program, the Endowment is providing nearly 3,700 students who were in failing public schools the opportunity to attend high-performing Catholic schools. The demand for these scholarships has been overwhelming, and demonstrates the desire of parents to have a choice in their child's education.

The Endowment would like to acknowledge the following major contributors to the Cardinal's Scholarship Program:

Roger and Susan Hertog
The William E. Simon Foundation

Russell L. Carson
Brad and Barbara Evans
William E. Flaherty
Peter T. Grauer
Audrey and Martin Gruss Foundation
Herdrich Charitable Trust
Priscilla and Richard J. Schmeelk Foundation

We currently have a waitlist of over 1,000 students, with inquiries coming in daily. These families need your help.

To make a gift or to learn more about The Endowment for Inner-City Education, please contact us at:

The Endowment for Inner-City Education
1011 First Avenue, Suite 1400
New York, NY 10022
(212) 371-1011, x3327
www.endowmentnyc.org

The Endowment for Inner-City Education

Supporting the students and schools of Inner-City Scholarship Fund

---

* *The Cardinal's Scholarship Program is a collaborative funding initiative between The Endowment for Inner-City Education, Children's Scholarship Fund, Inner-City Scholarship Fund, The Patrons Program and The Archdiocese of New York.*

CITY
JOURNAL

Published by the Manhattan Institute
Winter 2007 Volume 17, Number 1

Editor
Myron Magnet

Senior Editor
Brian C. Anderson

Contributing Editors
William Andrews
Michael Knox Beran
Theodore Dalrymple
Nicole Gelinas
Victor Davis Hanson
Howard Husock
Kay S. Hymowitz
Stefan Kanfer
John Leo
Heather Mac Donald
Steven Malanga
Richard E. Morgan
Peter Reinharz
Wendy Shalit
Harry Stein
Sol Stern
William J. Stern

Assistant Editor
Benjamin A. Plotinsky

Art Director
Jerome Rufino

Picture Editor
Karen Marston

Publication Committee
William J. Bennett
Eugene D. Brody
Charles H. Brunie
Anthony P. Coles
Michael J. Fedak
Peter M. Flanigan
H. Dale Hemmerdinger
Roger Hertog
Steven Klinsky
Myron Magnet
Lawrence J. Mone
Peggy Noonan
James Piereson
Robert Rosenkranz
Nathan E. Saint-Amand
Paul E. Singer
Thomas J. Tisch
Dietrich Weismann
Byron Wien

Contents

Heather Mac Donald 14 **Elites to Anti-Affirmative-Action Voters: Drop Dead**
The University of California has spent a decade wiggling around Proposition 209.

Kay S. Hymowitz 30 **The New Black Realism**
A new generation sees opportunity in America—and seizes it.

Steven Malanga 41 **Yes, Rudy Giuliani Is a Conservative**
And an electable one, at that.

Victor Davis Hanson 52 **Mexifornia, Five Years Later**
The flood of illegal immigrants into California has made things worse than I foresaw.

John Kekes 62 **Reflections on the Revolution in Hungary**
After half a century, does it seem worth it?

John Leo 73 **Free Inquiry? Not on Campus**
And the college speech police threaten the liberty of us all.

Heather Mac Donald 84 **No, the Cops Didn't Murder Sean Bell**
And here's what decent black advocates would say.

Nicole Gelinas 92 **Help Us, Governor Spitzer!**
This crusading reformer has his work cut out for him.

Sol Stern 100 **This Bush Education Reform Really Works**
Reading First, though much maligned, succeeds in teaching kids to read.

Urbanities

Christopher Hitchens 108 **Facing the Islamist Menace**
Mark Steyn's new book is a welcome wake-up call.

David Garrard Lowe 115 **The Houses of Worship That Hallow New York**
A tour through three centuries of history and architecture

Departments

5 **In Prospect**

6 **Soundings**
The Truth About Poverty; Muslim Mau-Mauing; Dhimming the Light; . . . and other matters.

Theodore Dalrymple 132 **Oh, to be in England**
How Not to Do It

139 **Letters**

141 **Contributors**

Theodore Dalrymple 142 **Shropshire Diarist**
The Eternal Present

We'll let our readers tell you why they never miss an issue.

Rudolph Giuliani

“*City Journal* has provided a forum for some of our city's—and our nation's—most incisive thinkers, whose writings have enriched our public discourse and helped shape public policy. In the pages of *City Journal*, theorists and practitioners meet, and new approaches to governance emerge. I look forward to many more years of informative, provocative reading.”

Tom Wolfe

“*City Journal* is the great Fool Killer in the arena of urban policy. It's more than sharp and penetrating. It's a joy to read.”

George Will

“*City Journal* is consistently the most stimulating source of reporting and analysis concerning the nation's urban problems.”

Bill Moyers

“Even when I disagree with *City Journal*, I dare not ignore it.”

Peggy Noonan

“*City Journal* is the best magazine in America.”

Order now, at our **subscription price** of $23.00/yr. (four issues)—a 10% **savings** off the newsstand price. **Call (800) 562-1973.**

CITY JOURNAL, SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, P.O. BOX 3000, DENVILLE, NJ 07834

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

☐ $23.00 for one year (4 quarterly issues) ☐ $42.00 for two years (8 quarterly issues)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

"The journal that saved the city."

—The Public Interest

In Prospect

As this issue is the last that your editor will supervise before turning over his blue pencil to Senior Editor Brian C. Anderson's capable hands, perhaps you won't mind pausing for a backward glance at what *City Journal* has accomplished over the last dozen years. During that time, it became one of the country's most influential conservative magazines—perhaps even, as our friend Peggy Noonan likes to say, "the best magazine in America."

Right at the start of those 12 years, Rudy Giuliani became mayor of New York, and *City Journal* had the extraordinarily good fortune of being an urban policy magazine whose chief reader was busily putting its ideas into practice. Holding up one of his own collection of back issues of *City Journal* at a Manhattan Institute dinner not long ago, Giuliani began paging through, recalling some of the stories he'd found suggestive. If it were possible to plagiarize policies, Giuliani mused, well, he'd plagiarized his from our magazine. As one of his aides later recalled, the city hall staff used to pore over each new issue, mining for ideas they could turn into reality.

All that was heady for us, of course. But what was even more gratifying was that, lo and behold, the ideas (especially in the hands of a world-historical leader) actually worked, and they helped to transform a moribund city back into the glittering capital of the twentieth century—and beyond. Journalists can hardly ask for more.

Then came 9/11. When the planes hit the towers, we junked the Autumn issue that we were just about to send to the press and started over, with plans for rebuilding Ground Zero. New York had become a World City in a new way, and *City Journal* had to widen its focus. We had been the bible of the urban-reform movement, the textbook of urban and domestic policy. But now we began to write about the War on Terror and Islam, too.

To all our subjects we have brought a consistent worldview, beginning with a commitment to clear, precise, stylish, thickly reported, and above all truthful writing—by some of the best writers in the English-speaking world. *City Journal* is emphatically a conservative magazine, but we are undoctrinaire, non-party-line conservatives, perhaps because so many of us began on the Left and had to think our way out of it. The result is that we can see at least two sides of most questions, and we are acutely aware of the danger of making the facts fit a theory rather than vice versa. As part of trying to render reality accurately, we have also tried to see around corners, so to speak: to recognize change in its earliest stages and to identify new trends as they are forming, rather than to restate conservative bromides mechanically, even as events are making them obsolete.

We have always taken for granted that you can't write about politics and society without writing about culture and ideas, for people shape their world and their actions according to their beliefs and thoughts. Hence our stories about everything from Virginia Woolf to Paris Hilton, from mating and marriage to the work ethic, from Horatio Alger to Critical Legal Studies. And because our own American culture, even beyond the Western tradition on which it rests, has been an extraordinary generator of freedom and prosperity, we've written often about the ideas that threaten to undermine the great gift that the immense labor of our predecessors has given us.

Two numbers provide a good index of the success of what we've done. Thanks to the Internet, *City Journal* now has just under 1 million Web readers per quarter all over the Anglosphere—and that's counting in the most conservative way possible. We take that as a pretty resounding vote of confidence in our (formerly) little quarterly. In addition, the 14th *City Journal* book has just appeared, Number 15 is imminent, and we've just signed the contracts for Numbers 16 through 18. These well-received collections of our articles are proof positive of our contention that *City Journal* stories are the lasting, definitive word on their subject, and that they sometimes rise above journalism to become literature. We hope you think so too.

Soundings

The Truth About Poverty

Bad choices, not a bad economy, are to blame.

The release of the U.S. Census Bureau's mid-decade look at the population late last year sparked the usual outpouring of misinformed reporting on poverty. The familiar story line charged that our economic system isn't working well. The evidence? The poor are getting poorer, as one headline had it, and poverty rates remained unchanged, as another declared. In an editorial headlined DOWNWARD MOBILITY, the *New York Times* explained that the Bush agenda, emphasizing tax cuts and economic growth, wasn't adequate for helping the poor, who need a wide range of government interventions, from a higher minimum wage and a more progressive income tax to undefined "labor protections."

But the very same census study that provoked these headlines—the "American Community Survey" (ACS)—also reveals the true nature of much poverty in America, telling a story that the press either ignores or can't bring itself to write. Poverty in America, that true story goes, results from the choices that people make, not our economic system's supposed shortcomings.

The census's profile of poverty is especially revealing in a city like New York. With its wealthy families living side by side with a larger-than-average number of the poor, Gotham often appears in press accounts as a damning example of our society's inequities. The census's latest numbers tell us that the city's poverty rate is 19 percent, a number that hasn't changed much in 25 years and compares unfavorably with a national rate of about 13 percent. Places in New York—Manhattan, above all—seem the embodiment of former vice presidential candidate John Edwards's "Two Americas," with both a poverty rate and an average household income higher than the national average.

Yet behind the differences in economic performance of the "Two New Yorks" lie startling disparities in social behavior, usually unacknowledged by critics of our economic system. For instance, the latest ACS tells us that single parents head more than two-thirds of all of New York's poor families, including more than 183,000 run by single women. The median family income of female-headed households with children is just $21,233 annually, a stark contrast with the nearly $65,000 brought home by married couples with kids in New York. (Married couples are nearly two-thirds of all families not in poverty in the city.) In fact, economists from the University of California at Davis found in a recent study on poverty in America that "changes in family structure—notably a doubling of the percent of families headed by a single woman—can account for a 3.7 percentage point increase in poverty rates, more than the entire rise in the poverty rate from 10.7 percent to 12.8 percent since 1980."

BROWN BROTHERS (4)

It's not that the adults who head families in poverty don't earn enough; they don't work enough. Left-wing critics often charge that nowadays "work doesn't work" in our "broken" economic system, by which they mean that wages are so wretched that the poor can't lift themselves up, even when employed. But the ACS informs us that an adult working full-time heads up fewer than 16 percent of all impoverished New York households (and just slightly more than 16 percent nationwide). Among single-woman-headed households, just 14 percent work full-time; 55 percent don't work at all.

True, it may be hard to work full-time as a single mother unless you can afford child care. Yet in New York, ever more women—especially poor women—are choosing to have kids without a husband. The census shows that about 36,000 women annually in New York are now having children out of wedlock. That's one-third of all births in the city, though the data vary widely by race, with Asian-Americans having the lowest out-of-wedlock rate (8 percent) and blacks the highest (62 percent). Most shocking, perhaps, is that more than half of women having children out of wedlock are already in poverty or wind up there within a year of giving birth. Those births to poor women partly explain the city's higher-than-average poverty rate; since the city's illegitimacy rate is above the nation's, a greater percentage of children are born directly into poverty here than nationwide.

The second great demographic characteristic of poverty today is education, or the lack of it. The ranks of the impoverished overflow with high school dropouts, who are at a great disadvantage anywhere in America but above all in New York City, whose knowledge-based economy increasingly demands a sheepskin. In New York, almost seven in ten high school dropouts live in poverty, the ACS reports, compared with 40 percent of dropouts nationally. Many of those Gotham dropouts are also single parents, a double whammy that practically ensures poverty for themselves and their children.

The importance of at least a high school diploma for success in America also helps explain why Gotham's higher-than-average immigration rate worsens the city's poverty. New York has a far greater stream of foreign-born residents arriving each year, relative to its population, than does the United States as a whole. And 27 percent come without even a high school education. No surprise then, as the ACS shows, that 30 percent of all recent immigrants are poor (though less so than back home)—an average of about 23,000 new recruits to the ranks of the city's poor every year.

New York City also seems to be a magnet for the poor from elsewhere in the U.S., perhaps because of the lavish housing and welfare benefits that it offers. About 14 percent of those who've crossed state lines to move to Gotham—domestic immigrants, the census calls them—are poor, too, an unusually high poverty rate for such immigrants. The result is that almost exactly half of New York City's poor are born somewhere else—either overseas or in another state. The city, in other words, imports much of its poverty. Given these trends, it's remarkable that the city's poverty rate is stable, not soaring.

Sociologists will point out (at least in their candid moments) that most people can stay out of poverty in America by doing just a few simple things—most importantly, graduating from high school and not having kids without a spouse on hand. The latest census survey reinforces this basic wisdom. Sooner or later, the press will get it.

—*Steven Malanga*

Muslim Mau-Mauing

One Dallas journo's experience

Two years after standing on the Brooklyn Bridge and watching the second tower fall, I joined the *Dallas Morning News*. My wife, a native Dallasite, praises our new city as "a September 10 kind of place." She means that the anxieties attending our post-9/11 New York life simply don't exist here. The downside is that people lull themselves into a false sense of security about the Muslim community. From where I sit, it looks to me as though the entire mainstream media also live in a September 10 kind of place. We—and I say "we" because I'm part of the dreaded MSM—really don't want to know what's happening among Muslims in Dallas, Brooklyn, or anywhere else.

Dallas is home to a large and relatively prosperous Muslim community. The Dallas Central Mosque is Texas's largest. The area's Muslims, though, have had a contentious relationship in recent years with the *Dallas Morning News*, mostly because of the paper's groundbreaking 2001 reporting on the Holy Land Foundation, whose leadership is now under federal terrorism indictment. Since then, local Muslim leaders have engaged in a running dialogue with the *News*, with the declared aim of improving relations.

It was in that spirit that Sayyid Syeed, then head of the Islamic Society of North America, came in, together with a local delegation, to see the editorial board a few months after I arrived from New York in 2003. Syeed made a laborious presentation about how journalists needed to join with the organization in promoting peace, tolerance, and reconciliation. I knew something about ISNA and asked Syeed why—if his group truly supported peace and suchlike—its board included members directly linked to Islamic extremism and anti-Semitism, including the notorious Wahhabi-trained Brooklyn imam Siraj Wahhaj. The professorial Syeed dropped his polite mask, shook his fist at me, told me that I would one day "repent," and compared my question with a Nazi inquisition.

Hysterical indignation, I soon learned, is the standard operating procedure for Islamic groups in dealing with the media in this town. Shortly after the Syeed meeting, I published a column in the *News* decrying the media's evasion of legitimate questions about Islamic figures and organizations, hoping to shame journalists into posing them. That's how I became, in the designation of one (now-defunct) Muslim website dedicated to criticizing the *News*, "the new face of hate."

I then joined that Islamic site's e-mail list—which contained several prominent Dallas Muslims—under my own name. Before the site operators discovered my presence and booted me off, I printed out e-mails in which participants discussed a plan to approach business and religious leaders in town and persuade them to lean on the *News*'s publisher to fire me as a danger to Muslims. "Dreher needs to be ruined," one e-mailer wrote. "When people here [*sic*] the name 'Rod Dreher' the image of David Duke should appear in their mind's eye. So, a campaign must be planned and carefully executed to expose this hate-monger and render him a joke." Naturally, I publicized the plans and made sure that copies of the e-mails got into the hands of the newspaper's lawyers. That apparently ended that.

I kept making a pest of myself, though, pointing out in columns and editorial-board blog postings inconvenient truths about Dallas's Muslim community—that, for instance, the leading local imam, who positions himself as an avuncular ecumenicist, had praised on his website the radical Islamists Hasan al-Turabi and Yusuf Qaradawi as the kind of scholars American Muslims should consult. I also helped get into the *News*'s editorial pages disturbing facts: that the Dallas Central Mosque had participated in a contest that assigned the best-known work of the fanatical Islamic revolutionary Sayyid Qutb to teenage readers, for example, and that some local Muslim leaders had attended a "Tribute to the Great Islamic Visionary"—that would be the Ayatollah Khomeini—at a suburban mosque.

This December, another delegation of local Muslim leaders trooped into the *News* to meet with the editorial board, mostly to complain about, well, me, and to clear up misunderstandings that my supposedly biased rantings might have caused among my colleagues. It was a classic performance. The group obfuscated and bullied, seeking to skirt some tough questions—such as whether they wanted sharia imposed as the law of the land—and trying to make the journalists on hand feel guilty for even asking. What the Muslims were counting on: 1) a lack of specific knowledge about Islam and Islamic figures on the audience's part; and 2) the audience's ideological sympathy for them as members of a mistrusted minority.

Luckily, we had in the room a *News* reporter recently reassigned from our London bureau. He speaks Arabic and had covered the London subway bombings. When the Muslim group tried to claim that Sayyid Qutb was a fringe figure, my newsroom colleague said no, he's not, and one can easily find his work in Islamic bookshops in England, where it has contributed to the radicalization of British Muslim youth. So it wasn't just that right-wing Dreher guy from New York—traumatized by 9/11, alas for him—asking these questions. It's amazing how undone these Muslim leaders become when informed journalists, refusing to be intimidated into embarrassed silence, confront them with the facts.

Later, after I blogged about the meeting, the group's leader fired off an e-mail to me and my supervisors accusing me of single-handedly burning every bridge built between the Dallas Muslim community and the newspaper. I'd hate for that to be true. But far worse for those bridges to remain standing if built on the dangerous notion that the news media should always publish happy-clappy news about local Muslims and shun any healthy suspicion about things such as Khomeini tributes, anti-Jewish and anti-Christian hate literature showing up in mosque libraries (as happened here), and the like. —*Rod Dreher*

Dhimming the Light

Will England's libraries submit to sharia?

At a dinner party not long ago, I sat next to a young Norwegian woman, currently living in London. She told me that her father disapproved of her living in England and pitied her, because it was a fascist country. His reason for saying so was that there were still clubs in London that admitted no women as members.

No doubt he felt very virtuous and tolerant as he called down anathema on these clubs, which he believed ought to close at once. I wonder, then, what he would have made of a little scene I witnessed today in the Central Public Library of Birmingham, where I had gone to look up some obscure medical history.

In the reference section stood a row of tables recently marked: "For the use of women only." There, chattering away in English, were about 12 young Muslim women, all in black headscarves.

In my mind, I could hear the Norwegian justifying this arrangement by claiming that many Muslim girls whose families otherwise would not permit it could now use the library. The arrangement was therefore liberating. But I doubt that this is true: there were also many Muslim women in the library, similarly in black scarves, who sat at computer terminals next to men. As of yet, library computer terminals remain sexually unsegregated, though no doubt a demand that they should be segregated is in the works.

Recently, the liberal *Guardian* newspaper claimed that a growing percentage of the population—though as yet not a very large one—was contemplating a vote for the far-right British National Party. If I did not know better, I might imagine that the BNP had taken control of the city council's library committee. And my Norwegian interlocutor's father may one day turn out to be right about England. —*Theodore Dalrymple*

Bonus Boom, But . . .

Goldman's stellar results and Gotham

Wall Street bonuses topped out at a whopping $24 billion in New York City for 2006, the state comptroller's office reported in late December, a week after Goldman Sachs said that it would pay its employees $16.5 billion in compensation. But these stratospheric paychecks are only partly good news for Gotham.

Vastly higher pay doesn't mean vast numbers of new jobs, for starters. While bonuses are up 23 percent since the boom year of 2000, jobs are actually down 10 percent. Six years ago, Wall Street employed 200,000 New Yorkers. Today, it employs fewer than 180,000, the same number that it employed in 1997.

True, since 9/11, employment in the securities industry has grown robustly—indeed, at triple the employment growth rate in other sectors of the city's economy. But New York can't rely on Wall Street to generate a broad base of good middle-class jobs. Each Wall Street position may "create" two additional city jobs and another one regionally, but the employment tends to be in not particularly well-paying restaurants and retail (all those traders and bankers going out to eat and buying stuff). And the high taxes that New York is accustomed to levying on its Wall Streeters deter new investment in other job-creating industries in the city and the state.

As Wall Street surges, moreover, New York City and State get more dependent on its revenues. The city's personal income tax, driven by Wall Street, now accounts for more than 20 percent of the city's tax collections, double what it did 20 years ago. As the comptroller reports, income-tax money from 2006 Wall Street bonuses alone will pour $1.6 billion into state coffers and $500 million into city coffers. And this figure doesn't include the millions that Wall Streeters will no doubt generate for the city in sales taxes, property taxes, and real-estate transfer taxes.

Even as city and state finances become ever more dependent on Wall Street, Wall Street itself grows more dependent on revenue derived from riskier activities. Take that headline-grabbing $16.5 billion that Goldman will shell out in compensation. Goldman can pay six-, seven-, and eight-figure bonuses because it's putting its own capital at risk, bringing in lots of extra money by making more big short-term and long-term bets with its money, rather than doing traditional investment banking.

Seven years ago, Goldman made about one-third of its net revenue from investment banking, in which it generally doesn't risk its own capital, and about 40 percent in "trading and principal investments," in which it often does. But in 2006, only 15 percent of Goldman's revenues came from investment banking; nearly 70 percent came from trading and principal investments, where revenues grew more than 50 percent over the previous year (the rest of Goldman's revenues came from smaller business lines). In fact, one measure of the firm's risk-taking—"value at risk"—increased by more than 40 percent in one year.

These results mirror another trend. As competition makes it harder for investment houses to book huge annual gains in bread-and-butter business like arranging debt, firms must act with ever-greater creativity and take more sophisticated risks to keep raking in the dough. Wall Street firms hedge some of this risk through their bonus structure. In a bad year, Goldman could slash bonuses before having to lay off thousands. But that means city tax revenue would fall precipitously as well.

While Mayor Michael Bloomberg has been somewhat prudent with some of these "extra" tax revenues from Wall Street, using $2 billion last year, for instance, to start a "trust" fund to pay for the future health benefits of city retirees (instead of spending the money right away), the city still unwisely tends to rely on "extra" tax money to paper over future deficits. If that money dries up one year, the city will be in real trouble. (Putting away money in a health-care trust fund also discourages labor unions from agreeing to pay a share of health benefits, which already represent a $50 billion–plus future liability for Gotham.)

The words of one once-and-future mayoral candidate shouldn't give New Yorkers much confidence that the next mayor will understand how perilously dependent New York is on Wall Street. At a December conference on the city's taxes, Brooklyn congressman Anthony Weiner, told that 1 percent of city taxpayers pay a full third of income taxes, cracked: "They can afford to pay more." *—Nicole Gelinas*

Rewarding Bad Behavior

The British lead the way.

A former colleague of mine in the hospital where I once worked told me of a recent incident there.

A young man, admitted for a medical condition, drew out a gun, held it to the back of an intern, and demanded that she give him a heroin injection. She surrendered the keys to the ward medicine cupboard to him and told him to help himself. Then she alerted the authorities, who cleared the ward and called the police.

By the time the police's armed response team arrived, the young man had injected himself with so much heroin that he had fallen unconscious. Never was an arrest easier, therefore—though the man had to stay for a while in the hospital while receiving an antidote to the heroin, and he recovered consciousness before the police took him down to the station.

This might not be the end of the matter, however. Not long ago, nearly 200 imprisoned addicts received compensation of $8,000 each from the government, because, they alleged, officials had forced them to undergo heroin withdrawal—a medically trivial condition—too quickly when they first arrived in prison. Among them were quite a number of illegal immigrants: they probably couldn't believe their luck (or British stupidity).

Perhaps the young man who drew the gun on the doctor will also claim to have had to withdraw from heroin too rapidly and demand his $8,000. He could then write a guide for like-minded individuals, entitled *Threatening Doctors for Pleasure and Profit.*

The only cheering aspect of the whole episode was the subsequent conduct of the young doctor. She refused all offers to stay home from work after her ordeal, saying that it would be better for her well-being to resume work immediately. She did not want to be counseled into neurosis.

If only some of our politicians displayed similar backbone. —*Theodore Dalrymple*

The Real Meaning of Barbarism

England's penal system isn't punitive *enough*.

The Lord Chief Justice of England recently observed that in the not distant future, prison sentences longer than five years will seem as barbaric to us as whipping or the stocks now seem.

Let us examine a recent example of English penal barbarity. A man called Mark Goldstraw, living in Leek, killed a woman called Deborah Wheatley by hitting her over the head with a mallet, fracturing her skull in seven places. After she was dead, he hid her body in a cupboard. Goldstraw was angry with Wheatley because she refused to leave her husband for him. He received a sentence of seven years' imprisonment—in effect, one year per fracture.

Released halfway through his sentence, he served only six months per fracture, as it turned out. The parole board evidently believed that his crime was what prisoners call "a one-off," caused no doubt by a rush of blood to the head.

Soon after his release, Goldstraw, now 34, returned to Leek and formed a liaison with a 16-year-old girl. She then made the mistake of trying to leave him, which he could not accept. One night, when she, her stepfather, her four-year-old brother, and her ten-year-old sister were safely asleep, he broke into the house, doused it with gasoline, and set fire to it. All four occupants died. When the police arrested him, Goldstraw explained his burned, gasoline-soaked clothes by claiming that his motorbike had exploded while he was repairing it.

It emerged that a condition of Goldstraw's parole was that he stay out of Leek, but no one supervised him after his release. Such laxity, which seems to be the rule rather than the exception, will not reassure the British public that any part of the system works properly.

Found guilty once more, this time of illegally causing four deaths, Goldstraw received a life sentence, with the recommendation that he not come up for parole again for 35 years. As the Spanish say when mildly surprised, *¡Qué barbaridad!*—What barbarity! —*Theodore Dalrymple*

The Big Lie, Clothbound

Jimmy Carter's lame legacy gets lamer.

Jimmy Carter's list of self-humiliations began with the double-digit inflation during the time he occupied the White House. Then there was the hostage crisis of November 1979, when Iranian "students" mobbed the U.S. embassy, took more than 50 prisoners, and kept them locked up for 444 days, while Carter wrung his hands and informed the country, "There are no easy ansuhs." Then came the fatally botched rescue mission, ending with the deaths of eight servicemen in the Iranian desert. The long Carterian nightmare finally concluded when all the hostages went free on January 20, 1981, Ronald Reagan's inauguration day.

The electoral-vote landslide (489 to 49) was so ignominious that the very name Carter became synonymous with political ineptitude. Still, in retirement the ex–commander in chief attempted to repair his reputation, building homes for the poor and staying out of the limelight. But obviously, he found being ignored intolerable. So he began to attack American foreign policy and negotiate on his own with totalitarians around the globe, all the while lobbying for the Nobel Peace Prize—a reward he received in 2002.

Carter, who had smiled on dictators in Haiti, South America, and the Middle East, joined the category of Peace Prize frauds, such as PLO leader Yasser Arafat, known chiefly as an obstructionist and sponsor of murder, and Marxist Rigoberta Menchu, who fabricated her entire life story of victimhood.

Since then, Carter has been as predictable as the sunset, doing what no other former president has ever done: continuing to assail the U.S. administration while currying favor with foreign governments. He seems particularly anxious to please totalitarians in the Middle East, as his latest volume, *Palestine: Peace Not Apartheid*, shows. Though the writer claims the subtitle's purpose was to "provoke discussion," it's clear that he wants the world to think of Israel the way it thought of South Africa, as a government guilty of oppressing its citizens and repressing dissent.

Carter's wretched book caused a onetime chief executive of the Carter Center to split with his former boss. Kenneth Stein, a professor of Middle Eastern history and political science at Emory University in Atlanta, ended his association with Carter in a two-page letter. He called *Palestine* a book "replete with factual errors, copied materials not cited, superficialities, glaring omissions and simply invented segments." Example: Carter claims that the Palestine Liberation Organization never advocated the elimination of Israel, whereas Article Two of its charter states: "The liberation of Palestine will destroy the Zionist and imperial presence." And Arafat stated, "Peace for us is the destruction of Israel and nothing else."

Unaccountably surprised by the fierce hostility that his book produced, Carter sought to employ the Michael Richards–Mel Gibson approach: after making ignorant and insensitive remarks, seek widely publicized meetings with members of the offended group. Accordingly, on a recent tour, he sat down to pray with some rabbis in Phoenix. The gathering didn't have the desired effect. Rabbi Ayla Grafstein of Scottsdale, for example, refused to buy Carter's conciliatory approach, because, "In the end, he's not going to change what's in his book."

By then, members of Carter's own party had turned against him. In a brief literary review, Howard Dean stated, "I fundamentally disagree and do not support his analysis of Israel and the Israeli-Palestinian conflict." And Nancy Pelosi said, "It is wrong to suggest that the Jewish people would support a government in Israel or anywhere else that institutionalizes ethnically based oppression, and Democrats reject that allegation vigorously."

Decades ago, Carter's arch-humiliator, Ronald Reagan, made an observation that rings truer now than ever: "Politics is not a bad profession. If you succeed, there are many rewards; if you disgrace yourself, you can always write a book." The book's title is *Palestine: Peace Not Apartheid*. The disgrace is, of course, the 39th president of the United States. —*Stefan Kanfer*

The Garden State Wilts

And Governor Corzine fiddles.

For decades, New York City residents and firms, seeking a haven from high taxes and overregulation, fled to New Jersey, boosting the state's population and its economy. But a steady diet of New York–like tax hikes and business-toxic legislation has reversed that trend, sending residents and companies rushing for the exits and putting Jersey's economy into a tailspin. (See "The Mob That Whacked Jersey," Spring 2006.)

After a tumultuous summer, marked by a budget confrontation between new governor Jon Corzine and the state legislature, resulting in an embarrassing shutdown of government for several days and a $1.2 billion tax hike, Jersey now has even more bad news to deal with. The state's economy was anemic in 2006, adding private-sector jobs at less than one-half the national rate, marking the third straight year that its growth has lagged the nation's. Even worse, much of Jersey's job growth is in low-wage service employment. Industries that feature higher-paying jobs, like telecommunications and financial services, have produced little new employment.

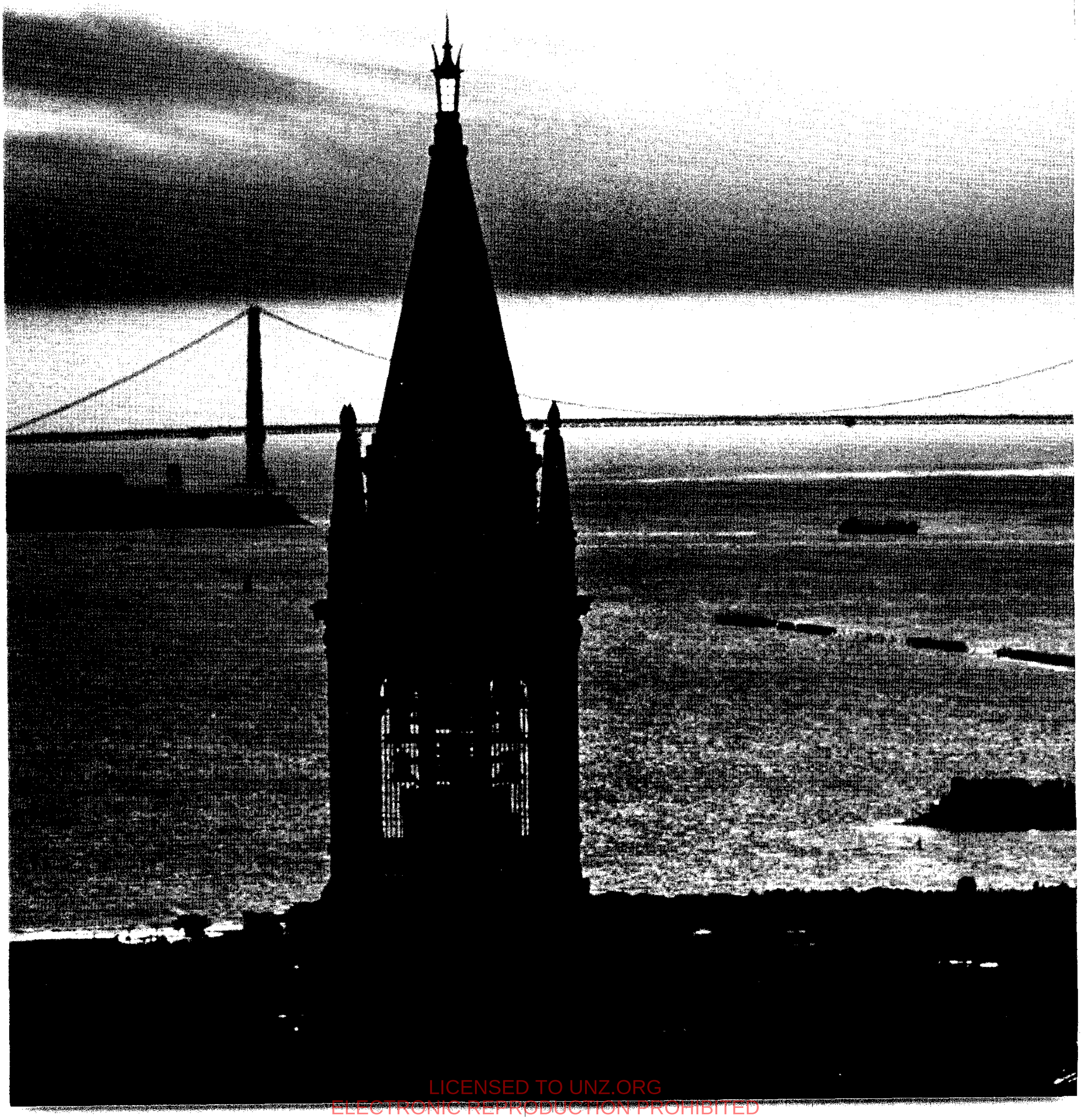
A dispirited business community, meanwhile, thinks that the harsh times won't end soon. More than half the state's businesses believe that Jersey's economy will be worse in 2007, and only 17 percent now say that the state is a good place to expand in, according to a recent New Jersey Business and Industry Association survey.

State residents, weighed down by the nation's highest local property taxes and a bevy of steep state levies, seem equally disenchanted. The number of residents moving out has tripled in four years, to about 72,000 last year, the U.S. Census Bureau recently noted, leaving Jersey with an essentially flat 0.2 percent population growth rate, as births and foreign immigration barely keep up with the exodus. With these latest figures, Jersey has ceded its place as one of the country's ten most populous states for the first time since 1920.

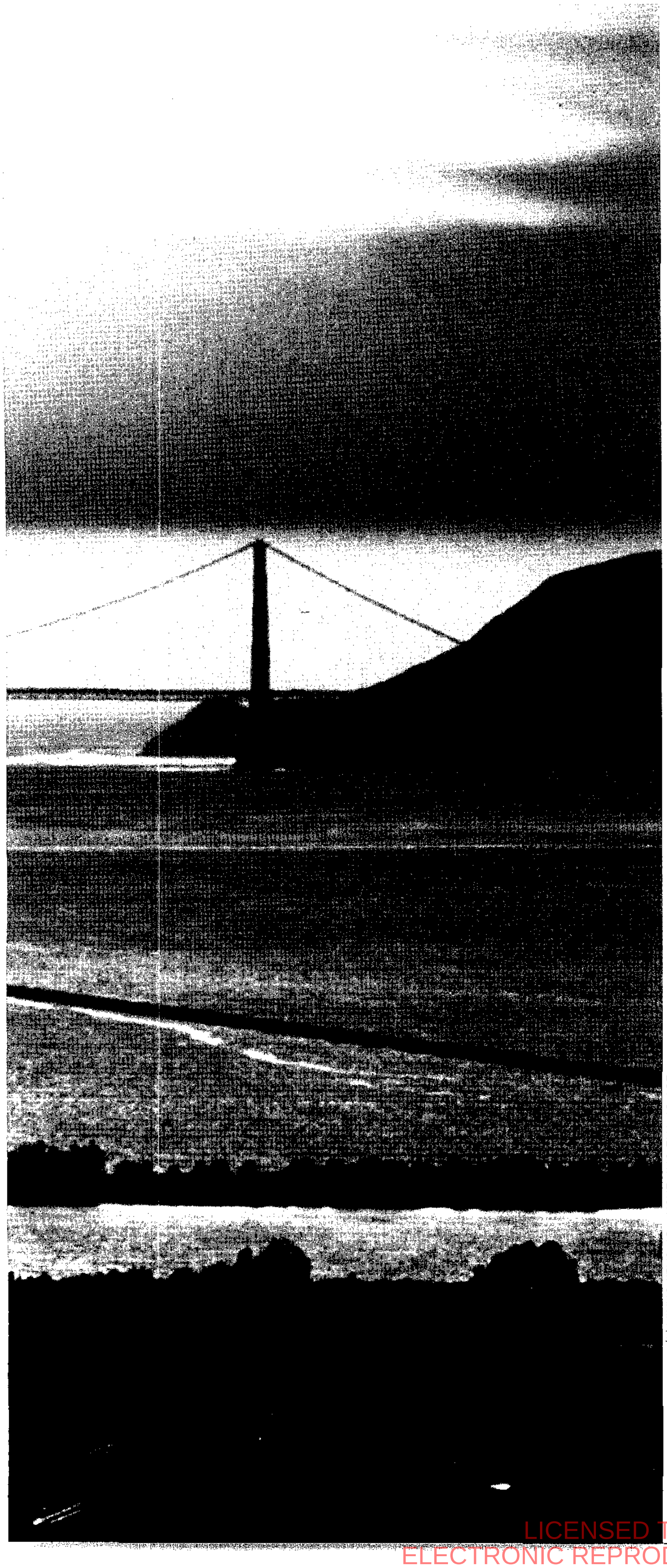
Corzine has accomplished little in his first year in office that might staunch the outflow of residents or encourage businesses. After the tax increase, Corzine rejected proposals by legislators from his own party to cut government spending by trimming sky-high public-sector employee benefits. Balking at taking on public-sector unions, Corzine instead is exploring ways to raise revenues through fiscal gimmicks, such as selling the New Jersey Turnpike for $10 billion and putting a big chunk of the proceeds toward fulfilling his campaign pledge to cut property taxes. Such a move, of course, would do nothing to trim government spending and would put Jersey in an even bigger hole when the money from the Turnpike sale ran out in a few years.

After an unparalleled run that began in the post–World War II era, in which it blossomed, luring New York companies and growing its economy at twice its neighbor's rate, the Garden State now seems stuck in the same kind of managed decline that the Empire State has experienced for the past 40 years. —*Steven Malanga*

Elites to Anti-Affirmative-Action Voters: Drop Dead



The University of California has spent a decade wiggling around Proposition 209.



COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA (4)

UC Berkeley

Heather Mac Donald

In 1996, Californians voted to ban race and gender preferences in government and education. Ten years later, the chancellor of the state-funded University of California at Berkeley, Robert Birgeneau, announced a new Vice Chancellorship for Equity and Inclusion, charged with making Berkeley more "inclusive" and "less hostile" to "underrepresented minority . . . groups." This move is just the latest expression of the University of California's unrelenting resistance to the 1996 voter initiative, in every way possible short of patent violation. Stasi apparatchiks disappeared more meekly after the Soviet Empire's collapse than California's race commissars have retreated after voters tried to oust their preference regime.

The last decade in California shows the power, and the limitations, of the crusade for a colorblind America led by Ward Connerly, architect of the 1996 anti-preference initiative. Without a doubt, Proposition 209, as that measure is called, has cut the use of race quotas in the Golden State's government. But it has also exposed the contempt of the elites, above all in education, for the popular will. "Diversity"—meaning socially engineered racial proportionality—is now the only official ideology of the education behemoth, and California shows what happens when that ideology comes into conflict with the law.

When Prop. 209 passed, a few politicians, such as San Francisco mayor Willie Brown, loudly vowed to disobey it. Most public officials, though, were more circumspect. Doubtless they counted on a highly publicized lawsuit, filed the day after the election, to eviscerate the new constitutional amendment before it affected their operations. A coalition of ethnic advocacy groups and big labor, represented gratis by some of the state's top law firms, had sued to block the amendment from taking effect. The plaintiffs argued, remarkably, that requiring government to treat everyone equally violated the Equal Protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The plaintiffs could not have found a more sympathetic audience than Judge Thelton Henderson, one of the federal bench's most liberal activists. He quickly issued an injunction against Prop. 209, on the grounds that American society is so racist and sexist that only special preferences for minorities and women could ensure their constitutional right to equal protection.

Henderson's 1996 ruling was the high point of the preference racket's reception in the courts. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed Henderson the next year, declaring that Prop. 209's ban on discrimination and preferential treatment was fully compatible with the Equal Protection clause—a point evidently not obvious to the crème of the state's lawyers.

From then on, both state and federal judges would show an admirable respect both for voter intent and for the plain meaning of the state's new constitutional amendment. Not so California's bureaucrats and pols. Many chose passive resistance or tried to hide noncompliance under Orwellian name changes: San Jose's affirmative-action bureaucracy rechristened itself the "Office of Equality Assurance," for instance.

Without the efforts of a small public interest law firm, some of the state's largest government employers would still be using racial preferences for hiring and would be requiring contractors to do the same. The Pacific Legal Foundation has had to drag into court the city and county of San Francisco, the Sacramento municipal utility district, the state lottery commission, the state bond commission, and the California community college system, among others, to vindicate the people's will. The Los Angeles and Berkeley school districts continue to assign students and teachers by race, even though the foundation has won suits challenging the practice in other school districts.

California's then–attorney general, Bill Lockyer, filed an amicus brief supporting San Jose's continuing preferential-outreach requirements for contractors. As for enforcing the state constitution against violators of 209, Lockyer could not be bothered. Members of the state legislature have also busily tried to thwart the voters' fiat, often under pressure from Latino advocates. In a particularly desperate move, the state assembly in 2003 adopted a definition of discrimination put forward by the 1969 UN International Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Racial Discrimination, whose terms would have restored racial preferences in contracting. California courts saw through this ruse and overruled it in 2004.

Ward Connerly estimates that by now, 65 to 75 percent of California's agencies no longer use race in hiring or contracting—hardly resounding compliance but a huge improvement over the pre-209 era. A pro-preference organization, the Discrimination Research Center, claimed in 2004 that transportation-construction contracts awarded to minority-owned business had dropped 50 percent since 1996 and that the percentage of women in the construction trades had declined by one-third. These figures suggest the extent to which race and gender discrimination had been keeping many noncompetitive enterprises afloat.

California's university system is a different matter entirely. That diehard center of race and gender obsession has managed to stay out of court (except for one sweetheart suit brought by pro-preference advocates) through fiendishly clever compliance with the letter of the law, while riding roughshod over its spirit. In doing so, university officials have revealed a fatalism about the low academic achievement of blacks and Hispanics that they would decry as rankest bigotry in a 1950s southerner.

“'Diversity'—meaning socially engineered racial proportionality—is now the official ideology of the education behemoth.”

After Prop. 209's passage, UC Berkeley, like the rest of the UC system, “went through a depression figuring out what to do,” says Robert Laird, Berkeley's pro-preferences admissions director from 1993 to 1999. The system's despair was understandable. It had relied on wildly unequal double standards to achieve its smattering of “underrepresented minorities,” especially at Berkeley and UCLA, the most competitive campuses. The median SAT score of blacks and Hispanics in Berkeley's liberal arts programs was 250 points lower (on a 1,600-point scale) than that of whites and Asians. This test-score gap was hard to miss in the classroom. Renowned Berkeley philosophy professor John Searle, who judges affirmative action “a disaster,” recounts that “they admitted people who could barely read.”

The downward trajectory of those students was inevitable, Searle says. “You'd be delighted to find that your introductory philosophy class looked like the United Nations, but that salt-and-pepper effect was lost after six to eight weeks,” he recalls. “There was a huge dropout rate of affirmative-action admits in my classes by mid-terms. No one had taught them the need to go to class. So we started introducing BS majors, in an effort to make the university ready for them, rather than making them ready for the university.” Searle recalls a black studies class before his that was “as segregated as Mississippi in the 1950s.” One day, Searle recounts, the professor had written on the blackboard that a particular tribe in Africa “wore colorful clothing.”

Even though preference beneficiaries often chose the easiest majors—there were, and still are, virtually no blacks and Hispanics in the most competitive engineering and computer science majors, for example—graduation rates also reflected the qualifications gap. The average six-year graduation rate for blacks and “Chicanos” (California-speak for Mexican-Americans) admitted from 1991 to 1997, the last year of preferences, was about 20 percent below that of whites and Asians. The university always put on a happy face when publicly discussing the fate of its “diversity” admits. Internally, however, even the true believers couldn't ignore the problems. A psychology professor at UC San Diego recalls that “every meeting of the faculty senate's student affirmative-action committee was a lugubrious affair. They'd look at graduation rates, grades, and other indicators and say, ‘What we're doing is failing.’ ”

Yet for the preference lobby, a failing diversity student is better than no diversity student—because the game is not about the students but about the self-image of the institution that so beneficently extends its largesse to them. Thus, when “underrepresented minorities” accepted at Berkeley dropped by half in 1998, the first year that Prop. 209 went into effect, and by nearly that much at UCLA, the university sprang into crisis mode. Never mind that the drops at other campuses were much smaller. Berkeley's then-chancellor, Robert Berdahl, came to Berkeley's Boalt Law School, recalls a law professor, and demanded that the faculty increase its shrunken minority admissions. When another professor asked how Boalt was supposed to do that consistent with 209, Berdahl responded testily that he didn't care how they did it, but do it they must. UCLA law professor Richard Sander was on a committee to discuss what could be done after 209. "The tone among many of the faculty and administrators present was not 'How do we comply with the law in good faith?' but 'What is the likelihood of getting caught if we do not comply?' " he says. "Some faculty observed that admissions decisions in many graduate departments rested on so many subjective criteria that it would be easy to make the continued consideration of race invisible to outsiders."

Like Proteus caught in a net, the University of California struggled furiously over the next decade to rework its admissions formulae, trying to re-create its former "diversity" profile without explicitly using race. If, in 1967, an Arkansas fire department had devised pretextual, ostensibly nonracial, job qualifications to foil a desegregation order, it would have been judged in violation of the Constitution. But legal elites will never object to such pretextual surrogates for race in order to engineer a certain level of representation for "underrepresented minorities."

The university's attitude was as damaging as its actions. How to explain the significant drop-off in black and Hispanic applications to UC's most elite campuses after Prop. 209 passed? The then-dean of Boalt Law School, Herma Hill Kay, gave PBS's *NewsHour* the pro-preference answer: "I think that there was a feeling that California in general had turned its back on minority applicants. People felt that they didn't have to come here if they weren't welcome here." Another explanation, of course, might be that minority students, well aware of how much they had previously benefited from preferences, realized that without those preferences they stood little chance of getting in to the most selective campuses.

UC could have responded to the charge of being "unwelcoming" with a resounding rebuttal: "We welcome students of all races and ethnicities. Every student will be judged according to his accomplishments, and anyone who meets our standard—equally high for all—will win admission. UC has never discriminated and never will." Instead, UC continued throwing its weight behind the argument that the only way to "welcome" minority students is to make sure that they get in whether or not they match the academic qualifications of white and Asian students.

University spokesmen constantly convey the idea that 209 is forcing them to do something unjust. "It's a hard message to send—persuading kids that they have a place at the university, when we deny so many qualified students," says administrator Nina Robinson. (Robinson masterfully blends the "unwelcoming" topos with the university's current line that students who would only be admitted under affirmative action are all "highly qualified.") But the University of California rejects many white and Asian applicants with credentials identical to those "qualified" underrepresented minorities, and no one accuses UC of being unwelcoming to rejected Asian students with combined SAT scores of 800 and 2.85 GPAs, say. If proportionally far fewer black and Hispanic students qualify for admissions than whites and Asians, the problem lies with the systemic academic weakness of those students, not with the admissions standards. But this is a truth that, post-209, the university has persistently denied.

Only in 1998 did the university's admissions processes operate without either explicit racial preferences or stealthy surrogates for race. The results were telling: at Berkeley, the median SAT gap shrunk nearly in half, to 120 points; black and Hispanic admits logged an impressive 1,280 on their combined SATs. The six-year graduation rates of this class would increase 6.5 percent for blacks and 4.9 percent for Hispanics, compared with the class admitted two years earlier.

The more pedagogically and socially sound environment that resulted didn't matter to the race-mongers, however, who flung themselves into their long experimentation with different admissions schemes, with one purpose: "To maintain a racially and ethnically diverse student body," as former UC associate president Patrick Hayashi wrote in 2005. The first scheme that the university tried was to give an admissions preference to low-income students. This device

UC Irvine

backfired, however, when it yielded a lot of Eastern European and Vietnamese admits—not the kind of "diversity" that the university had in mind. So the campuses cut their new socioeconomic preferences in half and went back to the drawing board.

Various components in the system began diluting their academic requirements. Boalt Law School reduced the role of the Law School Admissions Test (LSAT) and college grade-point average (GPA) in ranking students, and it lowered the LSAT cutoff score that would disqualify a student for consideration—measures that previously it had applied only to minorities but would now technically apply to all students. It also removed the quality adjuster for high school GPAs, so that a 3.8 from a school where half the students drop out before graduating counted as much as a 3.8 from a school where the student body is frantically competing to rack up academic honors.

Other schools created pretextual institutions in the hope that they would be minority magnets. UCLA's law school established a specialization in critical race studies, a marginal branch of legal theory contending that racism pervades nearly every category of the law and that writing about one's personal experiences grappling with that racism is real legal scholarship. College seniors who say that they want to specialize in critical race studies on their UCLA law school applications get a boost in the admissions process: as the school discreetly puts it, a student's interest in the program "may be a factor relevant to the overall admissions calculus." In 2002, UCLA rejected all white applicants to the program, even though their average LSAT score was higher than the average score of the blacks who were admitted.

The university as a whole started admitting all students in the top 4 percent of their high school class, regardless of their standardized test scores, hoping that this would net more kids from all-minority schools. The public justification for this practice, which Texas and Florida have also implemented in response to affirmative-action bans, is that getting to the top of one's class signals the same academic talents regardless of whether your school awards As just for showing up. But a 2005 college board study found that 30 percent of the African-American and Hispanic students with an A average have mediocre SAT verbal scores of 500 or lower. Indeed, while only half of the blacks and Hispanics who rank in the top tenth of their class also score over 600 on either section of the SAT, all the whites in the top 10 percent do. And contrary to the claims of affirmative-action proponents, the evidence is irrefutable that students with 900 combined SATs, say, are far less likely to do well in competitive colleges than students with test scores several standard deviations above that.

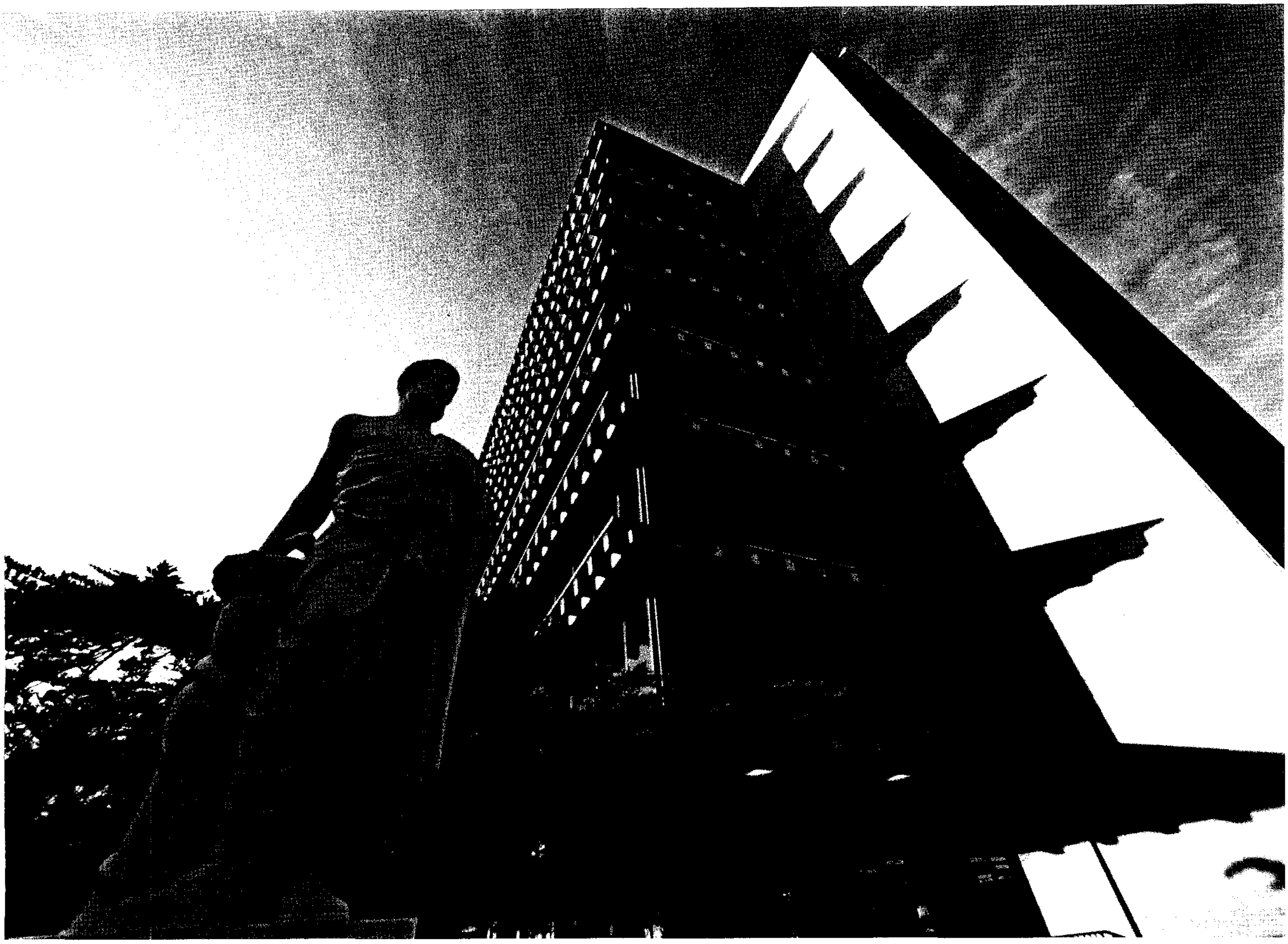
In addition, UC also started giving preferences to students who had attended university-sponsored tutoring programs, which, while technically open to students of all races, target underrepresented minorities.

None of these new admissions measures produced the numbers of "underrepresented minorities" at Berkeley and UCLA that the diversity ideologues and the ethnic lobbies in the state legislature demanded, however. The legislature's Latino caucus told the university that more of "their people" at Berkeley and UCLA was the price of budgetary support. Clearly, the university remained too wedded to its old, meritocratic ways to achieve the "critical mass" of minorities that diversity advocates claim is necessary for a sound education. So the university began to "question all criteria, including criteria that have long been regarded as reflecting high academic achievement," in the words of former associate president Hayashi. Incredibly, it began to ignore entirely its applicants' objective academic rankings.

For several decades, the university had divided its applicants into two categories: it admitted one half only by objective tests of academic merit, such as standardized test scores and honors classes; it evaluated the other half subjectively, weighing such factors as race, economic status, or leadership. From this tier, where racial preferences had free rein, the vast majority of blacks and Hispanics were drawn.

After 209, the university could no longer use race within this second tier, and the surrogates for race it had developed netted a lower percentage of minorities from this tier than pure racial targeting. The solution? Junk the academic tier and evaluate the entire applicant pool on subjective and "contextual" factors. The hope, obviously, was that by eliminating the academic admits, the process would open up more spaces for students admitted on "holistic" factors—who just *happened* to be black and Hispanic.

UC president Richard Atkinson proposed in 2001 that all campuses adopt this new "comprehensive review" process. Under comprehensive review, already in use at diversity-mad Berkeley, perfect 1,600 scores on the SATs would have to be understood "contextually." They might end up being given the same weight as 1,100s, say, if the 1,600-scoring student had come from a stable two-parent family and had attended a top high school. And 900s on the SATs might count more than 1,600s, if the student with the 900s came from a school with many low-achieving students (virtually synonymous with largely black and Hispanic schools) or if he came from a single-parent home or spoke a foreign language



UC San Francisco

at home. Admissions officers perked up when they read that a student lived in a gang area or had been shot. Tutors in UC outreach programs taught students to emphasize their social and economic disadvantages in their application essay.

Precious few faculty members in the UC system had the guts to oppose Atkinson's comprehensive-review proposal publicly (though a plurality of professors polled by Roper opposed preferences—in private, of course). Berkeley political scientist Jack Citrin was one of the few who spoke out. Citrin observed that a UC Davis study showed that comprehensive review inevitably decreases the quality of the freshman class. Indeed, average SAT scores for entering freshmen at Berkeley dropped from 1,330 in 1998 to 1,290 in 2001, according to *USA Today*; and the test-score gap between whites and Asians, on the one hand, and blacks and Hispanics, on the other, widened.

Citrin exposed the vacuity of UC's claim that it was necessary to "refine and redefine" the "concept of merit to make it more inclusive." "How do we 'refine' the meaning of merit for a political science or electrical engineering major that goes beyond knowledge of subject matter and the capacity for critical thinking?" Citrin wrote in an op-ed. "Clearly, the concept of 'evaluation-in-context' is an invitation to introduce a new set of group preferences. I personally believe that poverty should not be a handicap to attending UC and strongly support generous student aid from all sources. But I do not believe that such a background factor should be a positive advantage, outweighing factors more directly linked to academic success and discriminating against middle-class students."

The university found even this criticism too much to tolerate. President Atkinson and his minions went ballistic when they learned that the UC Regents chairwoman had invited Citrin to speak to that body before it voted on Atkinson's comprehensive-review proposal. An Atkinson aide threatened to engineer a faculty vote of censure against the chairwoman if she did not cancel Citrin's appearance. She held her ground, but not without further tongue-lashing from Atkinson.

Atkinson needn't have bothered. The Regents duly rubber-stamped his plan, and UC swept away the concept of objective academic merit. If anyone had any doubt as to comprehensive review's purpose, a 2003 legal settlement dispelled it. The NAACP and a bevy of other "civil rights" groups had sued Berkeley in 1999 for "discriminating" against "people of color" in its admissions process—i.e., for failing to extend them overt racial preferences. If ever there was a sweetheart suit, this was it, since Berkeley wholly embraced the plaintiffs' cause. The parties settled amicably, agreeing that comprehensive review fully satisfied the plaintiffs' demands by "taking into account the full range of indicators of 'merit,' " according to the NAACP's press release.

A 2002 *Wall Street Journal* article provided eye-opening details about how comprehensive review worked in practice. UCLA had accepted a Hispanic girl with SATs of 940, while rejecting a Korean student with 1,500s. The Korean student hardly lived in the lap of luxury: he tutored children to pay the rent for his divorced mother, who had developed breast cancer. But he went to a highly competitive school with a high Asian population in Irvine, while the Hispanic girl came from a school filled with failing students in overwhelmingly Hispanic South Gate. Students from South Gate got into UCLA and Berkeley at twice the overall acceptance rate. Indeed, an analysis of UCLA admissions rates in the four years following Prop. 209—even before comprehensive review—found that going to a school with a high-achieving student body decreased one's admissions chances sevenfold. An engineer's son with near-perfect SATs from University High in Irvine, for instance, was rejected from both Berkeley and UCLA.

It's remarkable in the post-209 world how explicitly university administrators speak about their racial intentions—and get away with it. Thus, a 2003 report by the UC president's office lauded comprehensive review, the 4 percent automatic admissions mechanism, and the preferences for tutoring-program attendees for boosting the admissions chances of minorities, even as other groups faced decreased admissions. As long as the mechanisms that administrators use for engineering a certain racial outcome are ostensibly colorblind, they appear safe.

Comprehensive review gives university administrators a face-saving explanation for admissions disparities that appear racially motivated. In 2003, for example, John Moores Sr., the one remaining Regent committed to colorblind meritocracy, disclosed that Berkeley had admitted 374 applicants in 2002 with SATs under 1,000—almost all of them "students of color"—while rejecting 3,218 applicants with scores above 1,400. UCLA had similar admissions disparities. In a *Forbes* column, Moores, who had fought tooth and nail to get the data, accused Berkeley of continuing to discriminate against Asians and of admitting students who were unprepared for Berkeley's rigors.

Predictably, the administration exploded, engineering a censure resolution against Moores by his fellow Regents. Backed up by a huge coalition of left-wing professors, civil rights groups, ethnic advocates, and opponents of standardized testing, administrators argued that the students admitted with extremely low scores had unique leadership skills or character and that their test scores said nothing about their ability to succeed at an elite institution. Race, they huffed, was irrelevant to their admission.

But the few independent studies that we have on admissions processes continue to show racial disparities that such "contextual factors" cannot explain away. A study of UCLA admissions from 1998 to 2001—before the official onset of comprehensive review—showed that, even controlling for economic status and school ranking, blacks were 3.6 times as likely to be admitted as whites, and Hispanics 1.8 times as likely. A study of Boalt Law School admissions by Richard Sander revealed disparities between minorities and whites of such magnitude that to posit any explanation other than race seems fanciful. Boalt assigns each applicant a numerical index based on college grades and Law School Admissions Test scores. In 2002, it admitted 92 percent of white applicants with an index of 250 or higher but only 5 percent with an index between 235 and 239. By contrast, it admitted 75 percent of black applicants in the 235–239 range in 2002 and 65 percent in 2003. No black applicants had an index of 250 or higher. Even a 2004 university study acknowledged that there were admissions disparities by race that nonacademic, nonracial factors could not account for.

"Preference advocates deny that standardized tests measure anything relevant about academic aptitude."

Even if race were not motivating admissions decisions in violation of 209, it is ludicrous to imagine that it is a favor to let someone into an elite institution where most students scored much higher on the SATs. But preference advocates deny that standardized tests measure anything relevant about academic aptitude or preparedness. The standard line at UC is that "everyone whom we admit is highly qualified"—which just boils down to a tautology: if we admit you, you are by definition highly qualified.

Yet the argument that objective tests reveal no meaningful distinctions among students contains implications that preference advocates don't want to accept. If everyone above a certain minimum floor is equally qualified for elite institutions, Berkeley prof Jack Citrin asked during the debate over comprehensive review, why not admit people by lottery? A lottery would reflect the diversity of the applicant pool exactly and would admit more minorities. But it would also lower academic quality. "If you think they don't care about that, of course they care," said Citrin. "God forbid Berkeley should resemble [less elite] UC Riverside!"

Citrin's lottery proposal went nowhere, of course. Race-conscious schools are perfectly content to use objective tests of aptitude to judge Asians and whites, and even to rank black and Hispanic students within their own group. But if you suggest using objective standards to evaluate students on a common universal scale, those standards suddenly lose all their validity.

Why? "It's not the case that test takers are uniformly capable of displaying what they know during standardized tests," argues Mark Rashid, a civil engineering prof at UC Davis and chair of UC's admissions committee. He invokes a theory propounded by Stanford education prof Claude Steele, who claims that blacks and Hispanics get so worried that they'll confirm the stereotype that minorities score lower on standardized tests that they freeze up and *do* score lower. Unanswered, of course, is the question of how the stereotype arose in the first place. At any rate, if the so-called stereotype threat really were inhibiting minorities from showing what they know and can do, standardized tests should predict that black and Hispanic students will do worse in college than they actually do. The opposite is the case. Blacks and Hispanics do worse than their SATs predict.

Affirmative-action defenders have yet another explanation for the poor SAT performance of minorities. Low-income applicants from schools with underperforming student bodies, they contend, have never gotten the chance to develop their academic talents and so should not be held to the same standards. A 900 for them is the equivalent of a 1,400 for a more privileged applicant. Colleges can compensate for deficiencies in K–12 education, says Rashid, "if you devise a process that identifies applicants with the willingness to succeed. Initially they need services, but by their third year, they're really screaming along." Yet while undoubtedly some ill-taught high school students end up trouncing their peers in college, such cases are not the norm. And college admissions have to be about averages.

The most radical preference advocates simply dismiss the validity of tests—for everyone. A recent UC report, for example, stresses that high school GPAs and standardized test scores combined predict only about 25 percent of freshman-year grades at the university—which, the authors imply, is a pathetically low predictive validity. Such objective measures, therefore, should give way to "holistic" factors for determining eligibility. But the 25 percent validity that they scorn in this case is higher than the correlation between SATs and socioeconomic status, which they invoke as a reason to discontinue the use of SATs in college admissions (SATs unfairly disadvantage the poor, goes the argument). If, as ex–Berkeley admissions director Laird says witheringly, there is an "absolute correlation between income and SAT scores," then the correlation between SATs and academic performance is beyond absolute. By contrast, the factors that the 209 foes want to use instead of SATs for admission, such as

The Post-209 Faculty-Hiring Fig Leaf

In the area of faculty hiring, Prop. 209 has boosted the already burgeoning "identity studies" industry. Administrations are busily extending new faculty lines to every last "Institute for the Study of Race, Diversity, and Difference," on the safe assumption that many of those new hires will improve the campus "diversity" profile. And new identity-based projects are springing up all the time. Berkeley's Center for Race and Gender, created in 2001, is currently bankrolling the "Colorism Project," for example, to study "discrimination that structures inequality by creating social evaluations based on skin tone."

Programs once explicitly race-based have been repackaged as "diversity" initiatives. The UC president's postdoctoral fellowship program no longer says that it is looking for minority and female Ph.D.s but rather candidates whose work will "enhance the diversity of the academic community." A recently created president's postdoctoral fellowship is targeted at Ph.D.s working in the fields of queer theory, feminist studies, HIV/AIDS, Latino/a studies, and international migration, for example, in honor of a deceased former fellow whose research explored the previously uncharted territory of how "queer migrants of color . . . have transformed notions of queerness, racialization, migration, and citizenship in the United States."

These chameleon transformations hardly seem necessary. If a single affirmative-action administrator has been dismissed since the passage of 209, you'd never know it. UCLA's "Academic Affirmative Action Chart" for 2005–06 shows an Associate Vice Chancellor for Faculty Diversity, a Director of Faculty Diversity, and an Associate Director, Research and Analysis. Another branch of the chart contains the "Chancellor's Advisory Group on Diversity" and the academic senate "Committee on Diversity and Equal Opportunity."

Like its counterparts on every UC campus, UCLA's affirmative-action machine assiduously monitors the ethnicity and sex of candidates in every faculty search, appointment, promotion, and termination, as well as faculty salaries by ethnicity and sex. Any department that is looking to hire

" 'spark' and leadership," have predictive powers of about 2.5 percent—in other words, almost no relationship to academic success.

In 2004, a groundbreaking study of affirmative action in law schools blew away every rationale for racial double standards ever put forth. UCLA law professor Richard Sander found that law schools that admit black students with lower GPAs and Law School Admissions Test scores than their nonblack peers—almost all law schools, in other words—actually lowered those students' chances of passing the bar. Because of the "mismatch" between their academic preparedness and the academic sophistication of the school that has bootstrapped them in, the preference beneficiaries learn less of what they need to pass the bar than they would in a school that matched their capabilities. Far from increasing the supply of black lawyers, affirmative action actually decreases the diversity of the bar.

The data that Sander offered about black performance in law school were stunning. After the first year, 51 percent of black students are in the bottom tenth of their class, compared with 5 percent of white students. Two-thirds of black students are in the bottom fifth of their class. Blacks are twice as likely to drop out as whites, and only 45 percent of black law school graduates pass the bar on their first try, compared with 80 percent of white grads. Blacks are six times as likely to fail the bar after multiple efforts.

Law school is the perfect place to evaluate whether aptitude tests such as the LSAT and SAT do or do not predict academic success. College gives no objective exit exam that measures what students actually learned, and grades are imperfect measures, since courses vastly differ in difficulty, and grade inflation is rampant. Law

a professor can expect to hear from the affirmative-action bureaucracy in minute detail about its degree of underrepresentation of "people of color" or women and how to overcome that underrepresentation.

The university might respond that its massive color-coding enterprise merely complies with federal equal-employment regulations. But UC goes far beyond whatever bean counting that the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission regs may require. University president Robert Dynes announced last June that every faculty member and every department should be held accountable for "promoting . . . diversity," a commitment that should be quantified, monitored, and reported. Dynes expects every campus to develop "resource-based incentives to back up the commitment to faculty diversity." He has embraced the most nauseating clichés of corporate diversity-speak, posting on his website for university-wide use a "Self-Assessment Tool" for determining whether departments are "achieving a Culture of Inclusion." According to the "Tool," academic departments in the primitive "Pre-Awareness" stage are "unaware bias is an issue for diverse groups." Their leadership is "mainly silent on the importance of faculty diversity," and "diversity elements do not appear in planning documents." As a department reaches the fourth phase of diversity consciousness, "Intentional Inclusion," "leadership consciously appoints diverse academic leaders." At the fifth and highest stage of diversity consciousness, the "Culture of Inclusion," "valuing diversity is naturally woven into decision making, resource allocation, and social interactions."

Who would have guessed how useful the weaselly word "diversity" would become when it first entered the lexicon of corporations and universities nearly two decades ago? Should an institution like the University of California face a mandate of colorblindness, substitution of the word "diversity" throws the most transparent of disguises over banned practices. But as long as you don't say that whites and Asians may not apply, you may color-pick away.

school grades, however, often calculated blind and on a curve, provide a more reliable gauge, and the bar remains the humanities' and social sciences' most objective exit exam.

The correlation between black law students' rock-bottom LSATs and their performance in law school and on the bar exam is overwhelming. Sander's study demolishes the two mainstays of the preferences regime: the arguments that objective aptitude tests do not anticipate minorities' academic performance; and that admitting affirmative-action beneficiaries to schools where their academic skills are below the norm is in their interest.

Clearly, Sander's work was a mortal threat and had to be treated as such. The article was "a piece of crap that never should have been published and has no merit of any sort," Stanford law professor Michele Landis Dauber huffed. Boalt law prof Gordon Liu misrepresented the article's message, charging Sander with telling blacks that they "should lower their sights" and "not aim high" in choosing a law school—as if only with the crutch of affirmative action can blacks aspire to the top tier.

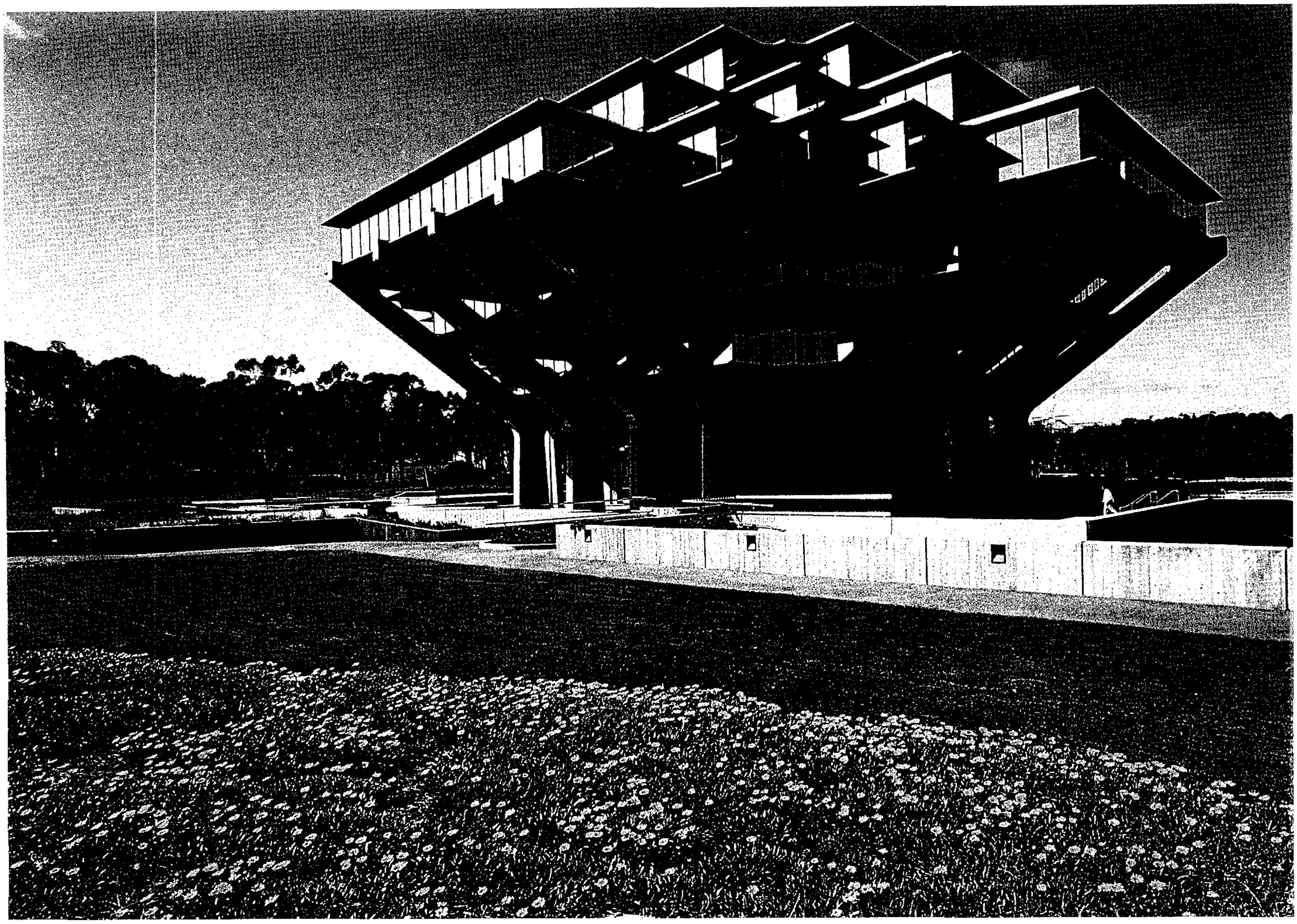
Other law professors offered increasingly desperate explanations of Sander's data. All involved the phlogiston of modern liberalism: racism—which can neither be perceived nor measured but can be invoked as an explanation in the face of ignorance or (as here) bad faith. Harvard law professor David Wilkins, for instance, ascribed the racial achievement gap to some law professors' low expectations of black students—a fanciful explanation, given that the classroom interaction between law professors and all students at Harvard is only slightly more intimate than that between a marquis and a peasant, and is not much more engaged elsewhere.

In the wake of Sander's paper, preference advocates are wildly casting about, like sailors on a sinking ship, to find aspects of legal education that they can toss overboard to try to improve black performance. Boalt professor Liu suggests that law schools might jettison time-limited exams, for instance. But don't lawyers need to think quickly under pressure, especially in a courtroom?, I asked. "What percentage of lawyers make courtroom arguments?" he responded. Timothy Clydesdale, a College of New Jersey sociologist, argued in response to Sander's article that law professors' method of publicly grilling students on their understanding of the law intimidates black students. Never mind that litigators can expect far rougher treatment from judges. (Clydesdale did not answer a request to explain why he thinks black law students are uniquely sensitive to aggressive questioning.)

Sander's research empirically explodes the argument that affirmative action benefits its recipients. But the practice of pushing unprepared black and Hispanic students into elite schools raises a logical question as well: If it would be so injurious to their life chances to attend a school that they can handle academically, however less elite, why should *any* student suffer the fate of going to Cal State Northridge instead of Berkeley, say, or Santa Clara Law School instead of Boalt? Why not close down those allegedly career-destroying second- and third-tier schools, so that everyone can get an elite degree?

Affirmative action's condescension toward lesser-ranked schools receives its perfect expression in Berkeley's chancellor Robert Birgeneau. In an interview last October, Birgeneau opined: "One of my most important practical concerns is that the communities most in need of educated, strong leadership are also the communities most profoundly underrepresented at the state's flagship university. . . . [T]here are just too few people here from those communities at present to provide that leadership going forward." In other words, don't expect UC Riverside or Cal State Long Beach to turn out "community" leaders.

I asked leading UC affirmative-action proponents why we inflict on *any* student the handicap of attending a non-elite college. I never got an answer. UC admissions committee head Mark Rashid simply parried one question with another. I tried again: "Why is it okay for a white kid to go to Cal State Hayward and not a Hispanic?" "That should be the point of the admissions process," he responded, "to figure out what



UC San Diego

are various degrees of deserving. What if we knew that more African-Americans are capable of succeeding at Berkeley?" Is that only true of blacks, not of whites? "It's probably more true of blacks than whites or Asians," he said. "The bottom line is: race is important, it has a lot to do with how we see ourselves. The critical mass argument for affirmative action should not be casually dismissed."

Another question I never got answered was whether minorities were doing everything that *they* could to qualify themselves for the university. Even supposing that California were inequitably distributing its educational resources, are minorities grasping such opportunities as are available to them? Or does a culture of underachievement—truancy, failure to do homework, indifference to learning, and so on—also impede the proportional representation of blacks and Hispanics? I learned that nothing riles an affirmative-action proponent more than the suggestion that academic achievement is an individual, as well as a social, responsibility.

Why not encourage the same commitment to learning in underrepresented minorities as in

Asians, a group that once suffered discrimination? I asked Patrick Hayashi, the former UC associate president. Though only 12 percent of California's population, Asians make up an astounding 48 percent of Berkeley's 2005 freshman class. "A lot of Asians *are* deeply committed to education," Hayashi advised me, "but a lot are deeply involved in gangs, drugs. Be careful how you generalize."

Doesn't the stigma against "acting white"—i.e., achieving academically—hold back minority achievement? I asked Bob Laird, Berkeley's ex–admissions chief. "There's some truth to the allegation," he said, "but you can't blame the victim. It's really shallow [to say] that this is just a matter of cultural indifference. There are a lot of reasons why that cultural indifference is in place. You can't simply say, 'Okay, here are the opportunities, why don't you just do it?' You need to overcome the cultural damage that has led to that indifference."

I e-mailed former UC admissions chair Michael Brown, a UC Santa Barbara education prof and vice-chair of the UC academic senate. "One might hypothesize that over the long run," I suggested, "more might be accomplished by putting all the creative energies and passion for social justice that emanate from UC into trying to foster among URMs [underrepresented minorities] the same fanaticism about academic overachievement demonstrated by a significant portion of Asians than by worrying about UC eligibility standards."

"It saddens me," Brown e-mailed back, "that you are comparing groups based on stereotypes. Asians are not monolithic and neither are URMs. 'Whites' aren't either. Individual merit—properly identified, supported, and rewarded—should be what we *all* care about, at least it seems to me."

If only.

The proportion of minorities in the ten-campus UC system as a whole has now returned to what it was before Prop. 209 passed, but even so, the preference advocates are not satisfied. Their determination to outfox the voters is entering a still more aggressive phase. A conference in October previewed their future strategies. If they succeed, not a single colorblind test of merit will be left standing.

The fruit of the conference, held by the Chief Justice Earl Warren Institute on Race, Ethnicity and Diversity at Boalt Law School, was a report calling for the end of the last speck of objectivity in UC's entrance requirements. Currently, only the top 12.5 percent of the state's high school grads are supposedly eligible for a university slot, a proportion determined by a numerical formula already so manipulated as to allow students with rock-bottom SATs to qualify. The conference report's jaw-droppingly audacious proposal is to replace the formula with comprehensive review, so that subjective considerations of "social disadvantage" and every other surrogate for race and ethnicity would dictate who makes up the top 12.5 percent of the state's students.

In a touch of supreme irony, the report also urges that the SAT II—the content-based counterpart to the aptitude-focused SAT I exam—no longer be required. Just five years earlier, ex–UC president Atkinson had called for the replacement of the SAT I with the SAT II, hoping to reduce the ethnic test-score gap, since Spanish-speaking Hispanics are all but guaranteed a perfect score on the SAT II Spanish test. Accordingly, the university reduced the SAT I's weight and doubled that of the SAT II. But now, diversity advocates say, the SAT II must also go.

The otherworldly logic of racial preference advocates shines out from the report. While acknowledging (once, in passing) that the academic achievement gaps in California have widened, the authors accuse the university of cutting off "access" to minorities. In their minds, academic preparedness and university admissions are separate. If too few "students of color" are getting in, it is because the university is perversely keeping them out, not because they have not readied themselves for college.

One of the report's signers, Boalt Law School dean Christopher Edley, who oversaw President Bill Clinton's "national conversation on race," shows how little UC panjandrums value the ideal of a race-blind America. Edley has written that Prop. 209 set the university up for "failure." In his view, academic "excellence" (the scare quotes are his) is only possible if race consciousness infuses not only hiring and admissions but also most areas of study, from "Roman history" to "poetry" to "banking regulation."

While the report laid out a sneaky method for the final evisceration of Prop. 209, the Boalt conferees also called overtly for its extinction by lawsuit. And rather than repudiate this slap in the face to California's electorate, UC president Robert Dynes merely offered tactical suggestions for how best to deal the blow. "I surely want to win the first [lawsuit], because if we lose the first one, we will take two to three steps back," Dynes said, according to the *Contra Costa Times.* He added that the changing demographics of California—that is, the explosion of the Hispanic population—would eventually lead to the initiative's repeal, even without a lawsuit.

"The growing anti-preference push could be one of the most important populist movements of recent years."

Berkeley chancellor Birgeneau was less circumspect in displaying his moral superiority over the electorate. "I think 209 is profoundly wrong, morally wrong," he told the enthusiastic conferees, the *Contra Costa Times* reported. "We can't have a truly fair system until 209 is reversed." He repeated this claim to *California* magazine in November: Because of the "reality of race in contemporary American society," any institution will be "*de facto* . . . discriminating," he said, unless it employs racial preferences. Obviously, this is a man whose moral acuity allows him to see things that the voters cannot. "You know, my underlying motivation is a very simple one," he told the *Berkleyan* in October, "a deep-seated desire to see people treated fairly and equitably. It's not more complicated than that."

The push to manipulate academic standards continues. UCLA announced last fall that it would inject even more "holistic" methods into its admissions process, in response to student and "community" protests over low black enrollment. It was UCLA's fault that so few blacks got into the school, the protesters charged; the administration agreed.

Expect the University of Michigan, deprived this November of the explicit use of race in admissions by another of Ward Connerly's anti-preference initiatives, to follow California's lead. Its president, Mary Sue Coleman, reacted with rage to the voters' overwhelming 58 to 42 percent desire for colorblindness. "I am standing here today to tell you that I will not allow this university to go down the path of mediocrity," she vowed, in classic diversity-speak, the day after the vote. Parroting the UC line, she claimed that Prop. 209 had been a "horribly failed experiment that has dramatically weakened the diversity of the state's most selective universities." The University of Michigan will surely discover within the next year that coming from a single-parent family or a class of low-performing students should be considered an academic qualification for studying at Ann Arbor.

Yet for all the evasions of the political and educational elites, the growing anti-preference push, with initiatives contemplated in several more states in 2008, could be one of the most important populist movements of recent years. Racial manipulation, while not eliminated from California, has been greatly reduced, a sea change that never would have happened without Prop. 209. One goal of the movement—the elimination of the academic achievement gap by setting a single standard of achievement for all to meet—remains elusive. But Ward Connerly's courageous pursuit of a government that ignores race is delivering on the most fundamental promise of the American Constitution: equal treatment for all.

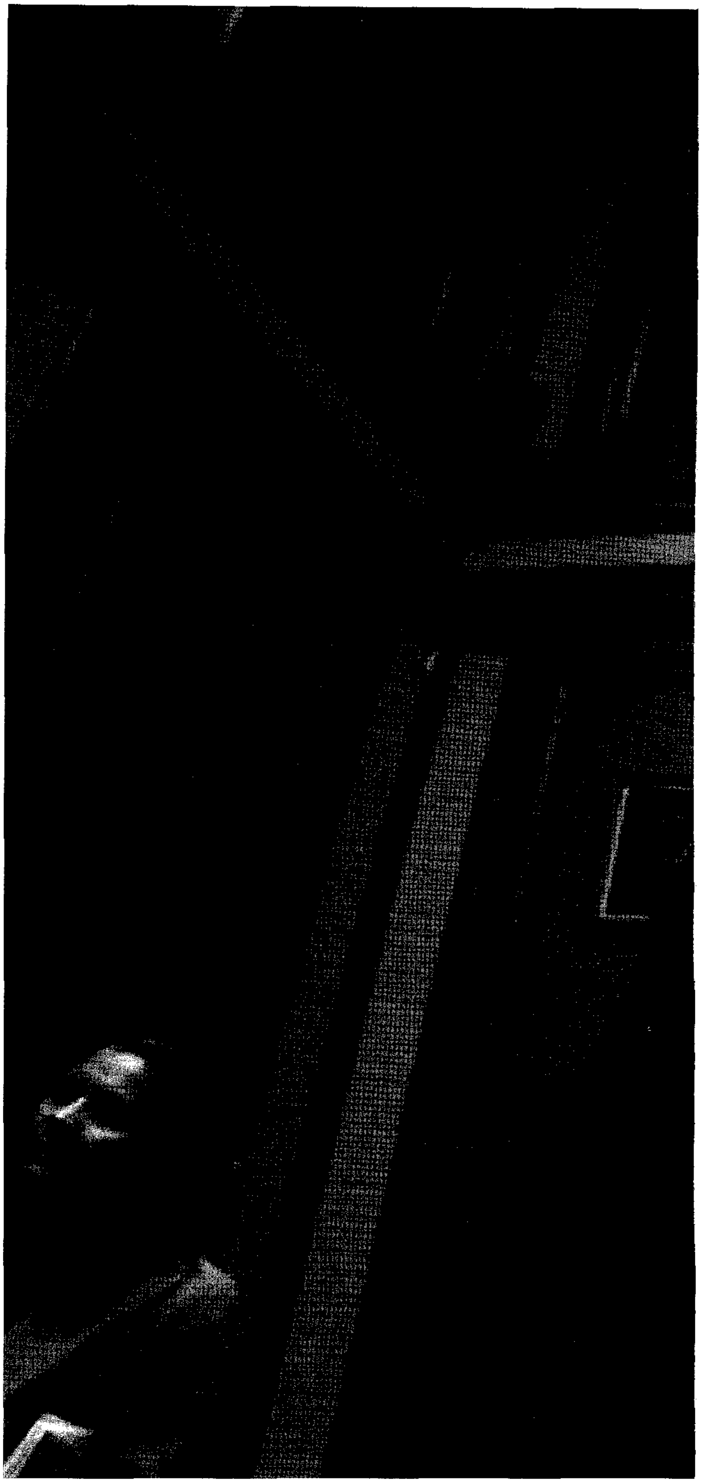
The New Black Realism

A new generation sees opportunity in America—and seizes it.

Kay S. Hymowitz

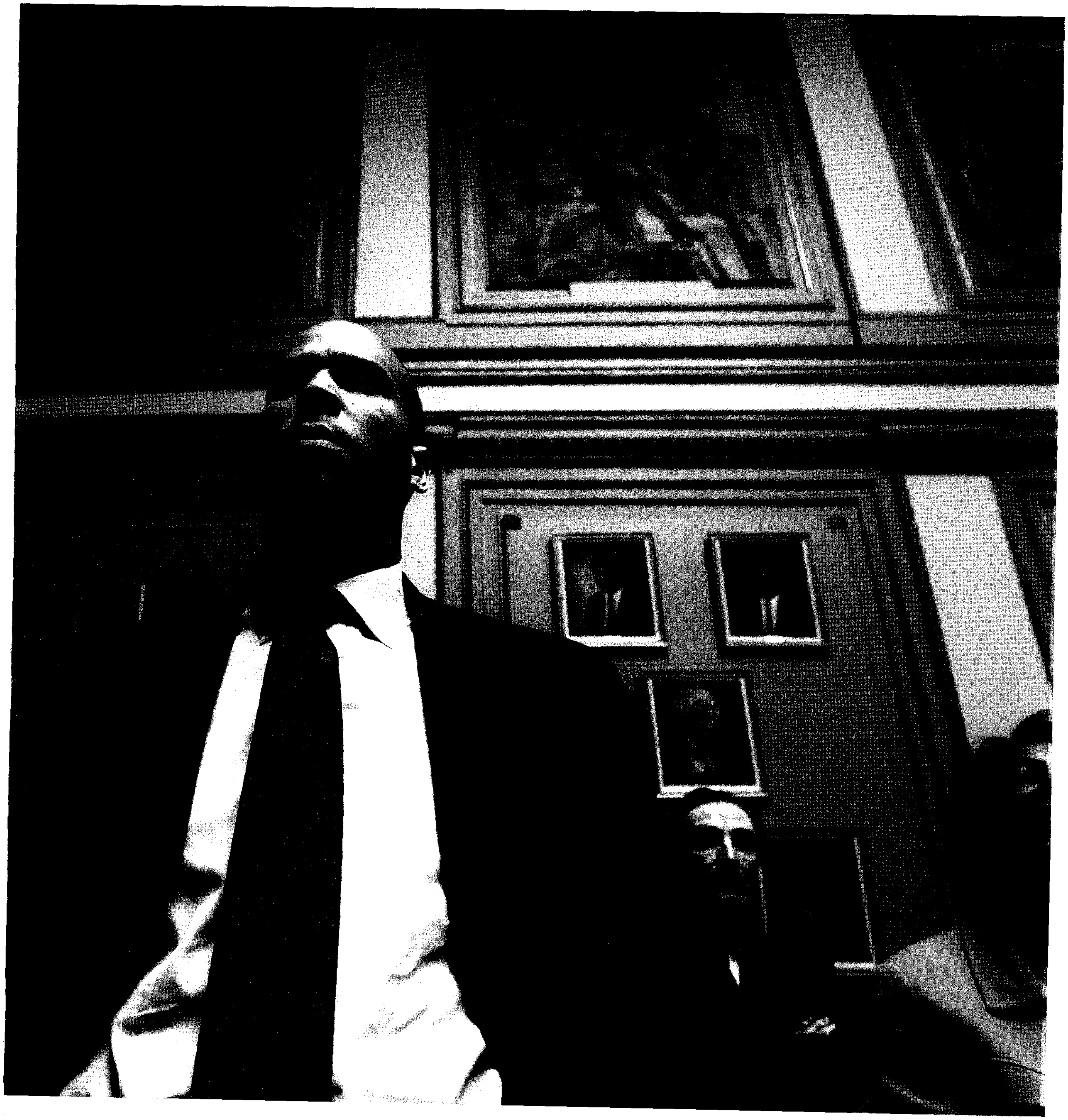
What if someone gave a convention called "Black America Today" and Barack Obama, Harold Ford, Cory Booker, Bill Cosby, and Juan Williams starred as the marquee names? Right now, these are some of the black "It" guys (along with Diddy, of course)—yet they don't fit the typical idea of "Black America," do they? In his new book *Enough: The Phony Leaders, Dead-End Movements, and Culture of Failure That Are Undermining Black America—And What We Can Do About It,* NPR and Fox News commentator Williams plays Boswell for Cosby's straighten-up-and-fly-right message that the comic has delivered to cheering crowds in cities across the land. Obama, Ford, and Booker are political stars who are touting old-fashioned American self-reliance and ingenuity, with nary a hint of racial resentment. Remember Obama's 2004 Democratic Convention speech, when he told the audience that people don't want government to solve all their problems, that they expect to work hard to get ahead? "There's not a liberal America and a conservative America, . . . a black America and a white America and Latino America and Asian America," he urged. "There's the United States of America." Take that, Jesse Jackson!

This may not seem the best time to make the case for the End of the Jackson Era. After all, Harold Ford, not to mention Republicans Michael Steele of Maryland and Ken Blackwell of Ohio,



MITSU YASUKAWA/STAR LEDGER/CORBIS

Newark mayor Cory Booker



lost their statewide elections. In fact, you might well argue that, if anything, we are seeing a revival of Kabuki race theater, with the actors of yesteryear appearing in a return engagement. As I write, Al Sharpton is going "a-shopping for justice" (and photo ops), calling for demonstrations and the resignation of a police chief after the fatal police shooting of an unarmed black man on the eve of his wedding. (See "No, the Cops Didn't Murder Sean Bell," page 84.) Jackson himself is doing his part to bring back racial politics as we knew it by seizing on actor Michael Richards's bizarre racist breakdown at a Los Angeles comedy club to demand that entertainment executives meet with him to discuss the use of the n-word (and, doubtless, the financial needs of the Rainbow/PUSH Coalition). As if that weren't enough déjà vu all over again, John Conyers, the congressional point man on slavery reparations, is about to step into the chairmanship of the House Judiciary Committee, and Charlie "George-Bush-is-our-Bull-Connor" Rangel, who has been on the Hill since 1971, when he replaced Adam Clayton Powell, is set to helm the Ways and Means Committee. So many veteran African-American congressmen are now in leadership positions that Rangel chuckled recently: "I don't want to scare the hell out of people, that blacks are now in charge of the committees and so, therefore, watch out."

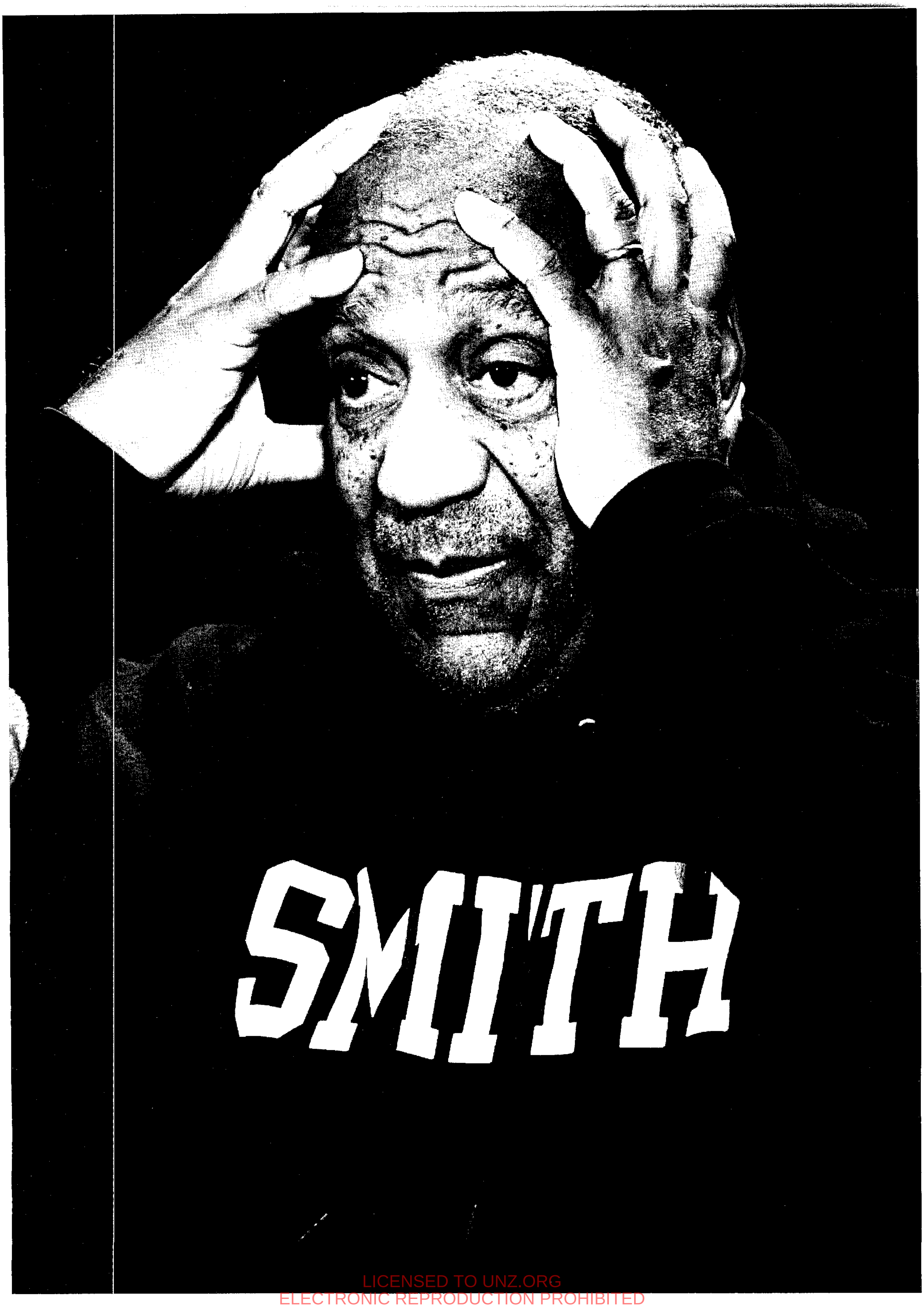
Still, if you read the tea leaves carefully, you'd have to conclude that Rangel's kind of comment—with its pitting of us against them, its air of gloating (if jocular) menace, its assumption of racial homogeneity—is growing as obsolete as its speaker. Though blacks still lag behind whites educationally and economically, and though a predominantly African-American underclass continues to languish in the inner city, there's a tidal shift away from the black grievance and identity politics of yesterday. No, police brutality, racial profiling, welfare spending, and affirmative action are not going to vanish soon from the nation's political discourse. And no, blacks are not about to flood into the Republican Party; Obama, after all, has a Senate record that only Americans for Democratic Action could love. But with a surging, confident, and varied black middle class, blacks are talking a more positive American language of self-empowerment and middle-class virtue and marking a significant turning point in America's ongoing race story.

The familiar narrative of race politics has always evoked the epic vision of the civil rights era: a battle between good and evil, between justice and racism, peopled by heroes like Martin Luther King and Rosa Parks on the one side and monsters like Bull Connor and George Wallace on the other, supported by honorable institutions like the NAACP and the black church. For older black leaders—a John Lewis with scars from Selma, or a Jackson, present when Martin Luther King was assassinated—the narrative was no metaphor. Growing up in a segregated world, they found their only route to power was to become ministers and rights activists, and to try from there to get onto school boards, city councils, state legislatures, and, with special luck, Congress. Never mind that in recent decades the heroic epic often degenerated into farce in the antics of a Sharpton or a Cynthia McKinney, or that its reverent symbolism increasingly congealed into the cynical orthodoxy of a Jesse Jackson; the narrative still kept its powerful hold on the nation's politics and the black imagination.

Up until now, at any rate. For a younger generation of blacks, the symbolic, I-marched-with-Martin politics, not to mention the Jackson-style cronyism that it often degenerated into, doesn't cut it—and not just because this generation is too young to have felt the billy clubs at Selma. Instead of rights activists and ministers, many of these newcomers are lawyers or businessmen. Even though a few grew up poor, they've all spent their formative years swimming in the mainstream, including major universities, corporations, and law firms, and they are now solidly middle class. "These politicians are comfortable in a post–civil rights world," explains Vanderbilt political science professor Carol Swain, author of *Black Faces, Black Interests: The Representation of African Americans in Congress.* "They've had white

Bill Cosby's message of personal responsibility and self-help has hit home.

JEFF KOWALSKY/EPA/CORBIS


SMITH

Cablinasian golf champ Tiger Woods at the Royal and Ancient St. Andrews Golf Club

friends; they've had white girlfriends. They may still be frustrated by racism at times, but they're functioning fine in the world they're living in."

By now, most people have heard of examples like Michigan Law School grad Harold Ford; Harvard Law grad Obama; Newark mayor Cory Booker, a Yale grad and Rhodes scholar; and Massachusetts governor-elect Deval Patrick, also Harvard Law. But others who aren't national figures, a striking number of them from the South, are also changing the tenor of black politics. There is Ron Kirk, the former mayor of Dallas—Dallas!—who was reelected in 1999 with 74 percent of the vote: Dallasites swear that race wasn't even an issue during the campaign. (He lost his 2002 Senate bid, though.) There are 39-year-old Artur Davis of Alabama (and Harvard Law), widely seen as one of the most promising newcomers, who is reportedly weighing a Senate run in '08 against Jeff Sessions; and Denise Majette, a Yale and Duke Law School grad, who in a piece of perfect symbolism ousted race-monger Cynthia McKinney in 2004. (McKinney won back her seat when Majette ran for Senate in 2004, but perhaps because of her highly publicized smacking of a Capitol policeman for asking her to show her ID before entering the building—"the inappropriate . . . stopping of Me, a female black congresswoman!," she sniffed about the incident—voters ousted her once again.) Also adding to the air of change are Georgia congressmen David Scott (a Wharton MBA) and Sanford Bishop (law degree from Emory), who, though middle-aged, are both members of the Blue Dog coalition of conservative-leaning Democrats.

Like most people with elite resumés, the new generation is ambitious, impatient to move beyond the Congressional Black Caucus ghetto into the Senate, the State Capitol—or further. Up until now, when just about all black politics has been local, that would have been an exercise in frustration. If a black politician had national stature, it was largely symbolic. As activist and radio talk-show host Joe Madison puts it, people like John Conyers or Adam Clayton Powell weren't elected simply to represent a district in Michigan or New York: "They were black America's congressmen." But, of course, to be "black America's congressmen" meant representing black majority congressional districts, courtesy of gerrymandering—which may have assured you virtually a lifetime position but also kept you in your place. African-Americans in statewide office have been as rare as orchids; 50 years after civil rights, there have only been three post-Reconstruction black senators, and before Deval Patrick's victory, one governor: Virginia's Douglas Wilder.

In old-think, what do you expect in a racist country? But the new generation doesn't see it that way. Yes, racism lives on, but these young black pols also blame black failure to win national stature on outdated and self-limiting race-based politics. As political consultant Sam Riddle told the *Washington Times*, black politicos are acutely aware that Hispanics now have three senators—Florida's conservative Republican Mel Martinez, Colorado's centrist Democrat Ken Salazar, and New Jersey's liberal Bob Menendez—to their one, and those three don't speak with a unified voice that you could label "Latino." The new generation sees the old racial politics as counterproductive in both ways that matter: it doesn't really help the people it's aimed at, and it doesn't get you elected to statewide office. Douglas Wilder won because he favored balanced budgets and was tough on crime, not because he promised to end white injustice. Artur Davis recounts the story of a black constituent who accused him of not looking out for their kind. "I told him point-blank: What about my white colleague in the Third District who has a 35 percent black population? Do you want him to just represent white people? . . . We're not going to win that game. We're the minority in most places."

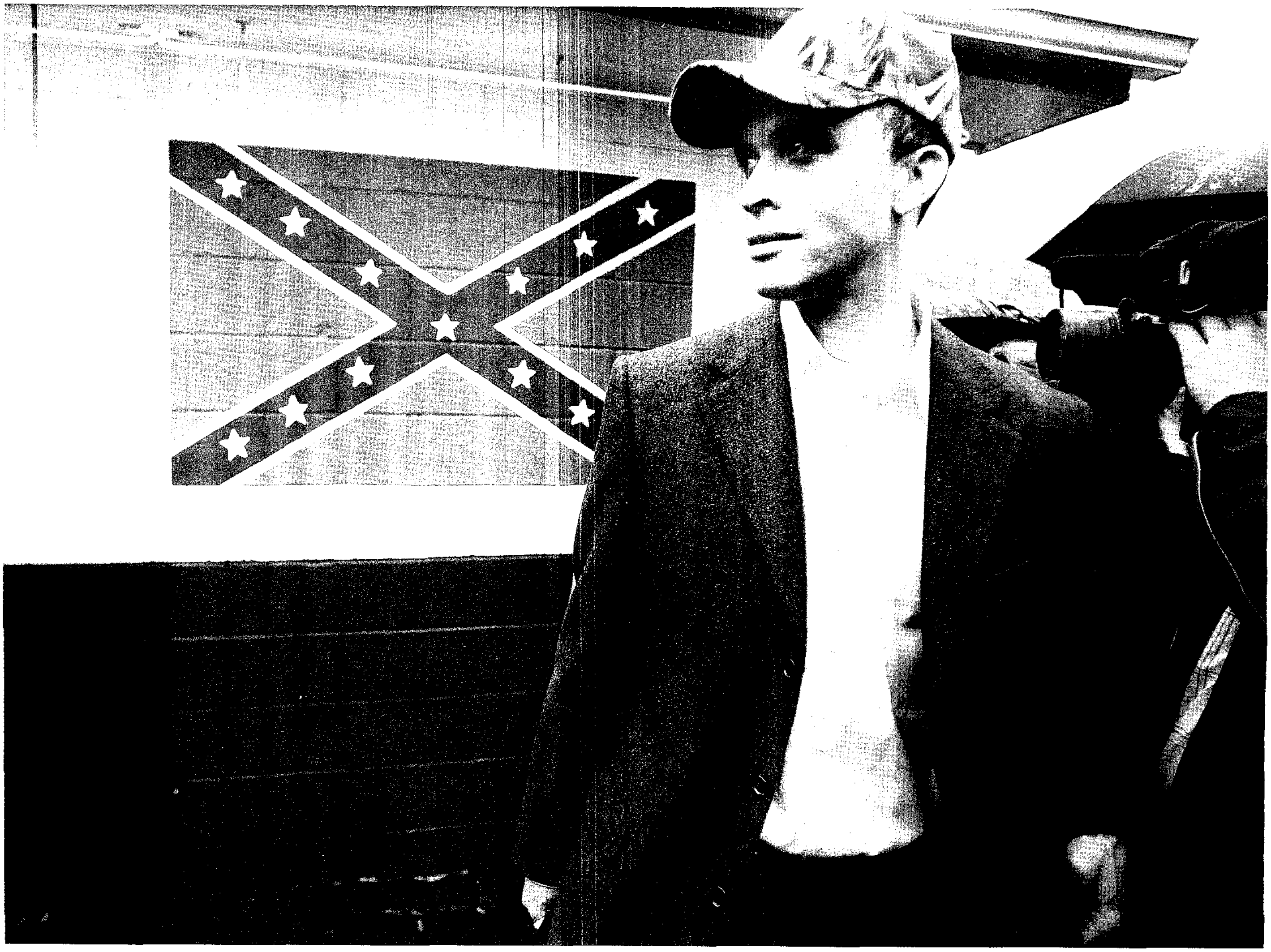
"For the first time in its history, the NAACP has chosen someone outside the civil rights movement to be its leader."

Still, it would be a big mistake to assume that the generations differ only because the younger guys hope to become Senator Muckety-Muck. Young and old diverge seriously in their policy views as well. Jackson-era pols and their followers revert to the civil rights narrative to explain almost any domestic problem. The achievement gap between black and white students? A racist society too dismissive of black children to fund their schools adequately. Too many black men in prison? The racist drug policies of white politicians and judges. Bureaucratic incompetence in the face of a natural disaster? "A modern-day lynching," NAACP chairman Julian Bond thundered about the feckless government response to Katrina. "A deliberate attempt to dispossess black landholders!"

The new race-moderates are far more pragmatic and flexible, "looking to change the culture, to adapt, to evolve, and reexamine," as Cory Booker has put it. So Booker is exploring charter schools and even vouchers. Artur Davis is known—and scorned by the orthodox—as being pro-business. Obama-watchers haven't made much of his post–civil rights politics, but that is surely part of his appeal to a country tired of rehashing the old narrative. "Claims based on the history of race discrimination in this country," and policies that "dissect into 'us' and 'them' . . . can't serve . . . to transform America," he writes in his bestselling *The Audacity of Hope*. "Most white Americans figure they haven't engaged in discrimination themselves and have plenty of their own problems to worry about."

A similar change in tone may also be afoot at some of the major black organizations. Juan Williams, whose recent book is a blunt attack on Jackson-era politics, notes that for the first time in its history, the NAACP has chosen someone outside the civil rights movement to be its leader. Bruce Gordon, who succeeded Kweisi Mfume in 2005, is a former Verizon executive determined to recruit young people to the aging organization. Another sign of change: the outgoing branch president in Hillsborough County, Florida, a 77-year-old who demonstrated at lunch counters in the 1960s, is turning his gavel over to a 38-year-old Republican banker. The NAACP has not entirely changed

GERRY PENNY/EPA/CORBIS



Tennessee's Harold Ford, Jr., pictured at the Little Rebel Bar & Grill, is one of a group of rising moderate Democratic stars . . .

direction, of course; it is still in the slavery reparations business, for instance. But Williams believes that Gordon is guiding the organization onto a more moderate path. "He has to play to the crowd, but he's much less about defending crazy behavior," Williams judges. "He wants common ground." President Bush probably had reached the same conclusion when he accepted Gordon's invitation to speak at the NAACP's convention last summer.

One thing is for sure: Gordon has taken the NAACP's helm at a time when black politics is thick with Oedipal drama. The young sons reject the relevance of the narrative that brought many of their elders to office and, more than that, explained the world as they understood it. For their part, the fathers show no sign that they'll go gently into the Old Politicians' Rest Home. *BlackCommentator.com*, an online weekly magazine whose board includes Julian Bond and whose goal is to advance "social and economic justice," calls the upstarts "Black Trojan Horses, . . . nominal Democrats who consciously collaborate in the rightwing and Republican mission to destroy existing Black political structures."

Adding to the resentments of the veterans is that the newcomers aren't just running for office; they're running—and winning—against *them*. Fighting for their political lives, the fathers have reverted to the very divisive race consciousness that the sons want to transcend, and they have taken to dissing the boys as Uncle Toms and traitors to their race. "We don't have time to teach you how to be black," 66-year-old, street-savvy Newark mayor Sharpe James snarled when he found himself in a tight race in 2002 with Cory Booker, who would finally defeat him four years later. In 2002, Artur Davis unseated Esa Hilliard, then 60—and not what you would call gracious in defeat. "I was a foot soldier in the civil rights movement," Hilliard huffed to the *Black Commentator*. Davis is one of those "New Blacks" who are "black in skin tone, but philosophically they are not," Hilliard said; they are supported by "Republican operatives and Jewish operatives." And then he reached for the old rhetoric in a way that, at this point, rings as desperate as it does hollow: "Even during slavery we had those who were used to keep other slaves in line."

It's not just the younger politicos who want to get past Hilliard's Jackson-era rhetoric. The old talk doesn't sit well with younger black professionals and intellectuals, either. Debra J. Dickerson, in her provocatively titled *The End of Blackness*, argues that it's time to throw off the crude groupthink that defines "real blacks" as disenfranchised victims of white power. "Blackness is collapsing under the weight of its own contradictions, just as overt racism did," Dickerson writes. In the same vein, John McWhorter of the Manhattan Institute argues in *Authentically Black* that a conception of identity that dismisses middle-class blacks as inauthentic is fatally limited. After all, both authors agree, it hardly makes sense to imagine a single identity for almost 40 million black Americans living, as they do, in geographically, culturally, and economically diverse circumstances. Certainly more blacks are living in Obama's America than in Hilliard's: according to a 2004 Harris poll, 61 percent say that they are "very satisfied with their lives," more than half indicate that their lives improved last year, and—get this—86 percent are optimistic about the next five years.

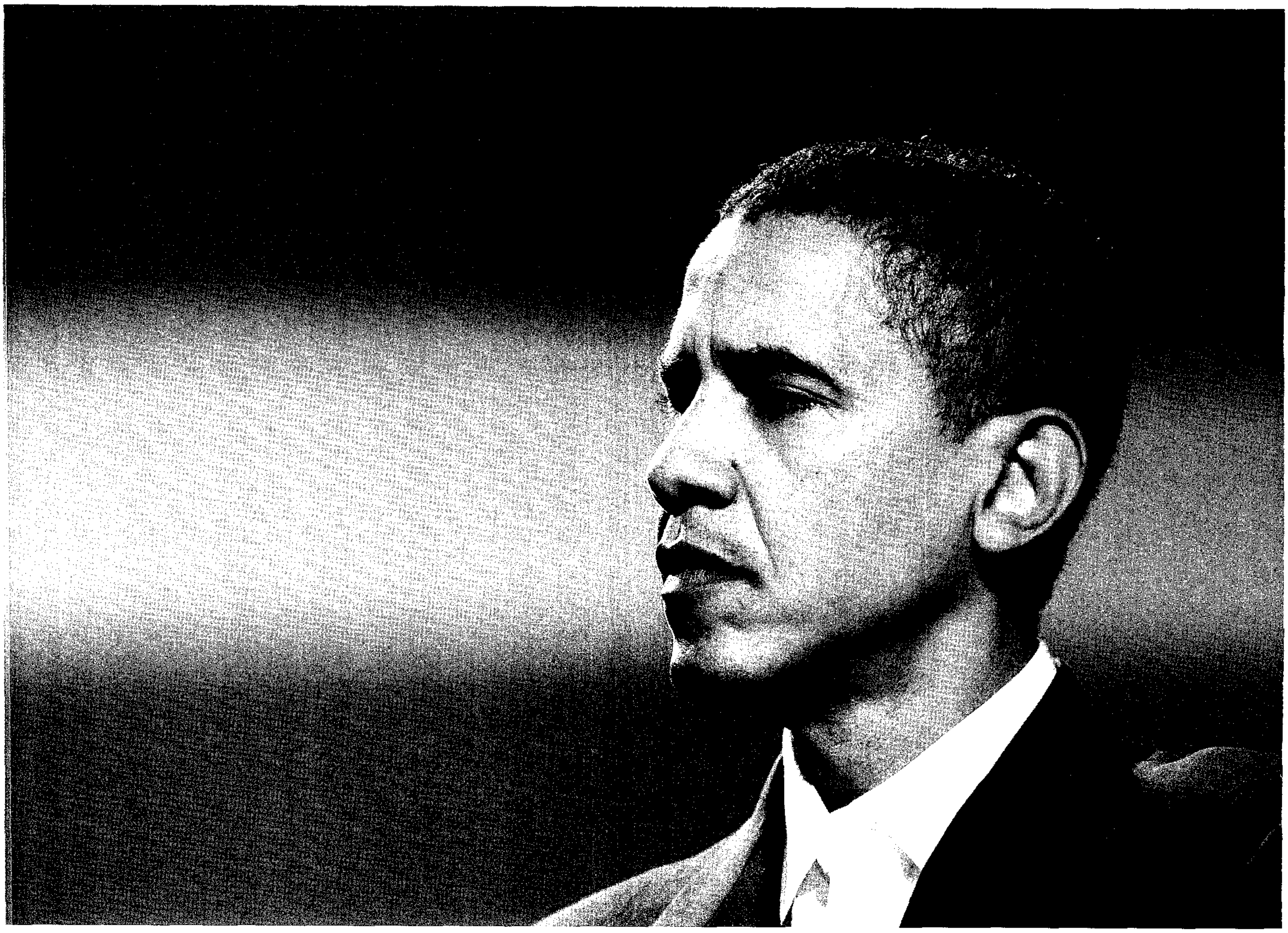
"According to a 2004 Harris poll, 61 percent of American blacks say that they are 'very satisfied with their lives.'"

JESSICA RINALDI/REUTERS/CORBIS

Michael Bowen, 44, an engineer and married father of three living near Los Angeles, reflects the strong though wary optimism of younger middle-class blacks. Bowden grew up lower middle class in Southern California, where his parents were both civil servants. His father's generation, he says, looked to black fraternities and rights groups for a sense of community and identity; theirs was the era of the protest march. His own formative moment came in college in the 1980s, when he traveled from California to a Boston meeting of the National Society of Black Engineers. "I saw 3,000 black students, all on the tech track," he says; and although the group had neither the size nor passion of a march on Washington, it was in his eyes an inspiring sight. Living in Boston later on, he went to First Fridays, networking get-togethers for young black urban professionals held nationwide.

Of course, Bowen rejects "the idea of black monolith." "We need to recognize the diversity of the African American community," he says. "My circle has had years of experience in corporate America." No race Pollyanna, Bowen doesn't buy "the facile conclusion that racism itself is defeated," he writes on his website, cobb.typepad.com. "It is not." Still, Bowen shows no trace of what *Newsweek* editor Ellis Cose called, as the title of his 1994 book, the rage of a privileged class. He and his circle—successful, relatively at ease with whites, and determined to be seen as individuals—are the private-sector counterpart of the new black politicians. "When we look at Harold Ford," he says, "we see ourselves."

The demographic data show that there are now an awful lot of Michael Bowens, for whom the old narrative's presumption of black oppression rings hollow. In 1960, when the civil rights movement was getting under way, only 45 percent of blacks lived above the poverty line. Today, three-quarters do. In fact, one-third of blacks make over $50,000 a year, while only one-quarter remain poor; 16 percent of blacks earn over $75,000 each year. Though neighborhood segregation is still a fact of life in America, concentrated urban poverty has declined noticeably. In Harlem and Bed-Stuy, young professionals, black and white, are filling former tenements with Braun coffeemakers and furniture from West Elm. Oakland, the birthplace



. . . as, more visibly, is Illinois senator and potential presidential candidate Barack Obama.

of the Black Panthers and Black Power, is now majority white. And Watts, site of two of the country's worst race riots, is now only 38 percent black, down from 90 percent in 1970.

Why? Because black Americans are doing just what white Americans are doing: moving to places where they can afford to buy their own homes, find decent schools, and live safe from gangs and thugs. More than half of U.S. blacks—55 percent—now live in the South, and the percentage is growing. They're leaving New York, Chicago, L.A., and San Francisco not for Mississippi or Louisiana but for the New South—Dallas, Atlanta, Charlotte, and Orlando. Like whites, they're going suburban: 39 percent of blacks now live in the suburbs. "White flight is looking more and more like middle-class flight," demographer William Frey has concluded from studying minority migration trends.

Jacksonite politics doesn't begin to address the 46 percent of black households that own their own homes—far less than whites, but still more than the narrative would predict. There is now a Black Boaters Summit, a National Brotherhood of (black) Skiers, a National Association of Black Scuba Divers, and a National Association of Black Yoga Teachers. There are black astronauts manning the space shuttle. And what can old politics make of *Grey's Anatomy*, the Number One hit television show, created by black writer Sondra Rhimes? Set at a Seattle hospital, the series features a black chief of the surgical staff (who, incidentally, is having a long-term affair with a white doctor), a black female chief resident, and a brilliant black male surgeon (whose girlfriend is a Korean-American intern). No way the show reflects census percentages, but its millions of viewers don't appear to be rejecting its premise. Blacks are running the place! And it's not a car wash or a barbershop; it's a hospital!

In other words, younger blacks seem willing to believe that America really is a land of opportunity. In the past, blacks often pulled themselves into the middle class through government jobs, and, true, 24 percent of today's employed blacks work for federal, state, or local government. But the number of black-owned businesses was up a remarkable 45 percent between 1997 and 2002. More and more black movers and shakers are talking about promoting financial literacy and greater black access to capital—"silver rights," some call it. "Civil rights was about civil liberties and justice; silver rights will be about choices, mostly our own," explains John Hope Bryant, founder of an advocacy group aimed at securing those rights, Operation Hope. Dozens of websites and organizations shower an emerging black business class with advice on finding loans and networking. In the past, if black Americans became superrich, they were probably entertainers, sports stars, or popular-media moguls, like Russell Simmons, a hip-hop entrepreneur, and Robert Johnson, founder of Black Entertainment Television. Today the top-grossing black-owned business is World Wide Technology, a Missouri-based information technology company whose clients include Dell, Boeing, and DaimlerChrysler.

> **"The number of black-owned businesses was up a remarkable 45 percent between 1997 and 2002."**

RICK FRIEDMAN/CORBIS

As middle-class blacks ready their kids for today's competitive economy, they care less about honing their racial identity than about boosting them onto the meritocratic ladder. When mainstream universities first opened their doors wide to minority kids, a lot of black families nevertheless kept on sending their children to historically black colleges, which they saw as a more secure environment, steeped in African-American tradition. Today, so many of the most qualified black students are applying to big-name universities that the black colleges have had to recruit Hispanic kids to fill their classrooms. In the 1980s, Bill Cosby's TV character, Cliff Huxtable, wanted his kids to go to Hillman, the fictional black college that was supposed to be his alma mater. If Cliff were around today, his kids would be aiming Ivy, just like every other upper-middle-class family's kids.

A huge challenge to the civil rights narrative has been large-scale immigration, which has smeared the color line and made the race story less black and white, in both the literal and metaphoric sense. For most of U.S. history, blacks were America's largest minority group: when we talked about minorities, we meant, outside of California and maybe parts of Texas, one thing. The arrival of millions of Hispanics has changed all that. At 14 percent of the population, Hispanics are now the country's largest minority group, with blacks running second, at 12.8 percent.

Many assumed that all those brown faces were bound to reinforce the civil rights narrative, underlining the reality of racism by expanding the white/black divide into a white/colored chasm. Natural allies, black and brown would be underdog brothers in the struggle against white injustice. Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and Julian Bond all hailed last spring's Latino street demonstrations protesting any immigration restrictions as the longed-for return of the Movement—and, in fact, some marchers sang "We Shall Overcome." In a similar assumption of shared black-brown oppression, the Harvard Civil Rights Project has just announced that it will be moving to UCLA "to take on issues related to Hispanics." And newspaper stories about changing demographics, often with headlines like THE COMING WHITE MINORITY, make it sound as if whites are huddled on one side of the national identity spectrum and "people of color" are amassed threateningly on the other.

But right now, no one could reasonably argue that blacks and Hispanics are singing "Kumbaya" together or that "people of color" isn't sounding more and more like an empty phrase. Many blacks worry, with reason, that Hispanics are taking low-wage service-sector jobs that low-skilled African-Americans want—and that they are further suppressing wages in those jobs. With a black anti-immigration group, Choose Black

America, demonstrating in the streets, Hispanics hardly seem ready to join a black-brown Poor People's Campaign. The Hispanics quoted in *There Goes the Neighborhood*, a recently published study of Chicago neighborhoods in transition, by William Julius Wilson and Richard P. Taub, rival Louise Day Hicks in their opposition to proposals to bus their kids to black schools. Many black and Latino high school students are having *West Side Story*–style rumbles—and not in drama class, either.

Hispanics are only one demographic reason for the growing confusion in the classic black-white story, and the fact that many immigrants from Latin America are of mixed race only complicates the narrative further. So, too, do interracial marriages and adoptions. The 2000 census allowed people for the first time to choose more than one racial category, and about 6.8 million did so. Doubtless, one was Tiger Woods. When he won the Masters Tournament in 1999, commentators embraced him as a symbol of racial progress, a colored man—playing golf, for God's sake—"mobbed adoringly by a predominantly white audience in Georgia on land that used to be a slave plantation," as the *Washington Post* marveled. But Woods, son of a black father and a Thai mother, punctured that balloon: I'm not black, he announced to Oprah—I'm "Cablinasian." Similarly, Barack Obama is the child of a white mother, raised largely by white grandparents. His father was from Kenya. Is he African-American? Is he even black?

The future promises to deepen the muddle: almost half of those who are multiracial are under 18. Although intermarriage between blacks and whites, while higher than it was, remains rare, a Gallup poll found that 60 percent of 18- to 29-year-olds had dated someone of a different race, and 95 percent approved of interracial dating. No wonder so many malls and city streets look like a Benetton ad. Young girls are throwing away their California-blond Barbies for multiracial Bratz dolls.

When W. E. B. Du Bois pronounced that the problem of the future would be the problem of the color line, this is probably not what he had in mind.

Even considering only those whose blackness is not in question, there are fissures that complicate the civil rights narrative. Afro-Caribbeans have a substantially higher median income than American-born blacks, for example. And 8 percent of today's black population consists of recent arrivals from Africa; astoundingly, more African immigrants have arrived voluntarily since 1990 than the number who once came as slaves, according to the *New York Times*. These immigrants, too, have far higher employment and education levels than native-born blacks. In the old narrative, white racism is keeping black folks from succeeding. But while native-born blacks do indeed have a substantially lower median income than whites, what do we make of African immigrants, who on average are staying in school longer and earning more than whites?

None of this means that the country should ignore continuing black-white inequality. Black married couples have fewer assets than whites and, with poorer credit histories, have higher mortgage and car-loan rates. Black unemployment is twice that of whites. Forty-four percent of the prison population is African-American. And the one fact that, above all others, limits the future of racial equality: 70 percent of black babies are born to single mothers.

But without question, our narrative about black America—and our politics—is changing. When we ask, "Will the Real Black Person please stand up?," will it be a Chicago punk sporting a do-rag and bling and his single mother working the night shift in the Oak Gardens nursing home? Or will it be the branch manager of an Orlando bank, with a mortgage, a Weber gas grill on the patio, and a Toyota Corolla in the garage? When we have a possible black presidential candidate who was president of the *Harvard Law Review* and looks like a star of the country's most popular television show, when young black professionals are buying condos in Dallas, Phoenix, and Tampa, then, as Congressman Artur Davis says, "the labels don't work anymore."

And that's very good news for everyone—except maybe Jesse Jackson.

Yes, Rudy Giuliani Is a Conservative

And an electable one, at that.

Steven Malanga

Not since Teddy Roosevelt took on Tammany Hall a century ago has a New York politician closely linked to urban reform looked like presidential timber. But today ex–New York mayor Rudy Giuliani sits at or near the top of virtually every poll of potential 2008 presidential candidates. Already, Giuliani's popularity has set off a "stop Rudy" movement among cultural conservatives, who object to his three marriages and his support for abortion rights, gay unions, and curbs on gun ownership. Some social conservatives even dismiss his achievement in reviving New York before 9/11. An August story on the website *Right Wing News*, for instance, claims that Giuliani governed Gotham from "left of center." Similarly, conservatives have been feeding the press a misleading collection of quotations by and about Giuliani, on tax policy and school choice issues, assembled to make him look like a liberal.

But in a GOP presidential field in which cultural and religious conservatives may find something to object to in every candidate who could really get nominated (and, more important, elected), Giuliani may be the most conservative candidate on a wide range of issues. Far from being a liberal, he ran New York with a conservative's priorities: government exists above all to keep people safe in their homes and in the streets, he said, not to redistribute income, run a welfare state, or perform social engineering. The private economy, not government, creates opportunity, he argued; government should just deliver basic services well and then get out of the private sector's way. He denied that cities and their citizens were victims of vast forces outside their control, and he urged New Yorkers to take personal responsibility for their lives. "Over the last century, millions of people from all over the world have come to New York City," Giuliani once observed. "They didn't come here to be taken care of and to be dependent on city government. They came here for the freedom to take care of themselves." It was that spirit of opportunity and can-do-ism that Giuliani tried to re-instill in New York and that he himself exemplified not only in the hours and weeks after 9/11 but in his heroic and successful effort to bring a dying city back to life.

The entrenched political culture that Giuliani faced when he became mayor was the pure embodiment of American liberalism, stretching back to the New Deal, whose public works projects had turned Gotham into a massive government-jobs program. Even during the post–World War II economic boom, New York politicians kept the New Deal's big-government philosophy alive, with huge municipal tax increases that financed a growing public sector but drove away private-sector jobs. Later, in the mid-1960s, flamboyant mayor John Lindsay set out to make New York a poster child for the Johnson administration's War on Poverty, vastly expanding welfare rolls, giving power over the school system to black-power activists, and directing hundreds of millions of government dollars into useless and often fraudulent community-based antipoverty programs. To pay for all this, Lindsay taxed with abandon. The result: sharply increasing crime, a rising underclass inclined to languish on welfare rather than strive to uplift itself, a failing school system that emphasized racial grievance and separateness, and near-bankruptcy.

When Giuliani's predecessor, David Dinkins, came into office—thanks to voters' hopes that as the city's first black mayor, he'd defuse Gotham's intense racial tensions—he wholly embraced the War on Poverty's core belief that the problems of the urban poor sprang from vast external forces over which neither they nor the politicians had much control. Under Dinkins, the city's welfare rolls grew by one-third, or some 273,000 people. By 1992, with some 1.1 million New Yorkers on welfare, the city's political leadership seemed stuck on dependency, too. Dinkins became the chief proponent of a tin-cup urbanism, constantly hounding Washington and Albany with demands and grim warnings about what would happen if they were not met.

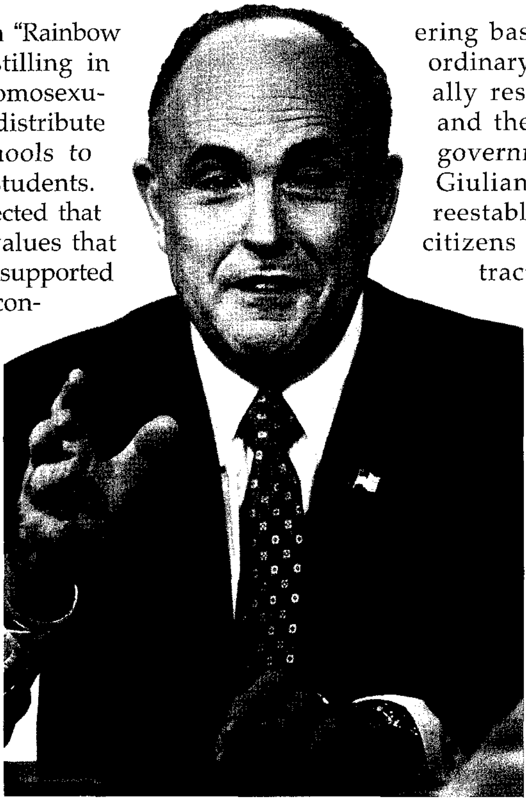
Dinkins's political philosophy substituted can't-do fatalism for the can-do optimism that had made New York great. As crime spiked—there were 2,262 murders in Dinkins's first year, compared with fewer than 600 in 1963, two years before Lindsay became mayor—Dinkins declared: "If we had a police officer on every other corner, we couldn't stop some of the random violence that goes on," since it resulted from poverty and racism, not poor policing.

Accordingly, Dinkins wanted to turn the police into social workers. His police commissioner, Lee Brown, believed that cops should stop reacting to crime and become neighborhood "problem solvers." In an article on that "community policing" approach, the *New York Times* informed readers that such experiments in Houston and in Newark, New Jersey, were "enormously popular"—but "neither city experienced a statistical drop in crime." Under that policing regime, New York's already high crime rate soared, prompting the *New York Post* to plead, in a famous headline, DAVE DO SOMETHING.

As crime and welfare rocketed up, Dinkins decided that government should promote diversity and multiculturalism—"a gorgeous mosaic," in his phrase. Though the performance of the city's schools was crumbling, so that by 1992 fewer than half the pupils were reading at grade level, the board of education turned its energies to two controversies unrelated to

“Millions of people from all over the world have come to New York City. They didn’t come here to be taken care of and to be dependent on city government. They came here for the freedom to take care of themselves.”

education: it tried to adopt a “Rainbow Curriculum” geared to instilling in first-graders respect for homosexuality, and it proposed to distribute free condoms in high schools to promote safe sex among students. Although many parents objected that the board was promoting values that they did not share, Dinkins supported the board on both fiercely controversial issues.


ALEX WONG/GETTY IMAGES (3)

By the time Giuliani challenged Dinkins for a second time, in 1993 (his first try had failed), the former prosecutor had fashioned a philosophy of local government based on two core conservative principles vastly at odds with New York’s political culture: that government should be accountable for delivering basic services well, and that ordinary citizens should be personally responsible for their actions and their destiny and not expect government to take care of them. Giuliani preached the need to reestablish a “civil society,” where citizens adhered to a “social contract.” “If you have a right,” he observed, “there is a duty that goes along with that right.” Later, when he became mayor, Giuliani would preach about the duties of citizenship, quoting the ancient Athenian Oath of Fealty: “We will revere and obey the city’s laws. . . . We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but far greater and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

In New York, where generations of liberal policy had produced a city in which one in seven citizens lived off government benefits, in which lawbreakers whose actions diminished everyone else's quality of life were routinely ignored or excused, in which the rights of those who broke the law were often defended vigorously over the rights of those who adhered to it, Giuliani's prescriptions for an urban revival based on shared civic values seemed unrealistic to some and dangerous to others. The head of the local American Civil Liberties Union chapter described Giuliani's ideas on respect for authority and the law as "frightening" and "scary." But New Yorkers who had watched their city deteriorate were more frightened of life under an outdated and ineffective liberal agenda. Giuliani rode to victory in 1993 with heavy support from the same white ethnic Democratic voters who, nearly a decade earlier, had crossed party lines even in liberal New York to vote for Ronald Reagan.

To those of us who observed Giuliani from the beginning, it was astonishing how fully he followed through on his conservative principles once elected, no matter how much he upset elite opinion, no matter how often radical advocates took to the streets in protest, no matter how many veiled (and not so veiled) threats that incendiary figures like Al Sharpton made against him, and no matter how often the *New York Times* fulminated against his policies. In particular, offended by the notion that people should be treated differently and demand privileges based on the color of their skin, Giuliani was fearless in confronting racial extortionists like Sharpton. Early in his tenure, he startled the city when he refused to meet with Sharpton and other black activists after a confrontation between police and black Muslims at a Harlem mosque. And though activists claimed that Giuliani inflamed racial tensions with such actions, there were no incidents during his tenure comparable with the disgraceful Crown Heights riot under Dinkins, in which the police let blacks terrorize Orthodox Jews for several days in a Brooklyn neighborhood.

For Giuliani, the revival of New York started with securing public safety, because all other agendas were useless if citizens didn't feel protected. "The most fundamental of civil rights is the guarantee that government can give you a reasonable degree of safety," Giuliani said. He aimed to do so by reinstituting respect for the law. As a federal prosecutor in New York in the 1980s, he had vigorously hunted low-level drug dealers—whom other law enforcement agencies ignored—because he thought that the brazen selling of drugs on street corners cultivated disrespect for the law and encouraged criminality. "You have to . . . dispel cynicism about law enforcement by showing we treat everyone alike, whether you are a major criminal or a low-level drug pusher," Giuliani explained.

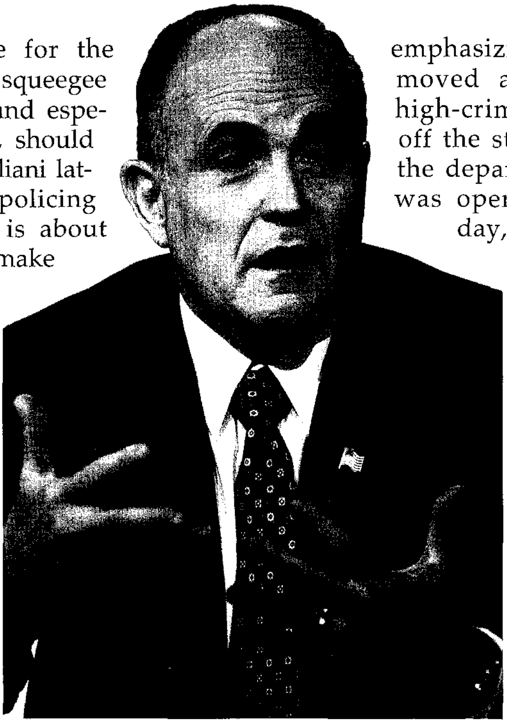
As mayor, he instituted a "zero tolerance" approach that cracked down on quality-of-life offenses like panhandling and public urination (in a city where some streets reeked of urine), in order to restore a sense of civic order that he believed would discourage larger crimes. "Murder and graffiti are two vastly different crimes," he explained. "But they are part of the same continuum, and a climate that tolerates one is more likely to tolerate the other." He linked the Dinkins era's permissive climate, which tolerated the squeegee men (street-corner windshield cleaners who coerced drivers into giving them money at the entrances to Manhattan), to the rise of more serious crime. "The police started ignoring all kinds of offenses," Giuliani later recounted of the Dinkins years. They "became," he deadpanned, "highly skilled observers of crime."

Civil rights advocates warned that Giuliani's promise to deprive the squeegee men of their $40–100 weekly shakedown might drive them to more violent crime; in effect, they endorsed a lesser form of criminality, hoping that it would forestall more serious crime. The city's newspapers were happy to print threats from squeegee men, like this one: "I feel like if I can't hustle honestly, I've got to go back to doing what I used to do . . . robbing and stealing." But the squeegee-men campaign provided Giuliani with his first significant victory, showing a beleaguered citizenry that government actually

“Our city and our nation must reestablish the responsibility that accompanies bringing a child into the world. But government can’t do it alone. Government can, however, make the point more effectively that if you are a parent, you are responsible for your child.”

could bring about change for the better. Within months, the squeegee men disappeared. “A city, and especially a city like New York, should be a place of optimism,” Giuliani later explained about his policing strategies. “Quality of life is about focusing on the things that make a difference in the everyday life of all New Yorkers in order to restore this spirit of optimism.”

Giuliani changed the primary mission of the police department to preventing crime from happening rather than merely responding to it once it had occurred. His police chief, William Bratton, reorganized the NYPD, emphasizing a street-crimes unit that moved around the city, flooding high-crime areas and getting guns off the street. Bratton also changed the department’s scheduling. Crime was open for business 24 hours a day, but most detectives, including narcotics cops, had previously gone off duty at 5 PM, just as criminals were coming on duty. No more.



The department brought modern management techniques to its new mission. It began compiling a computerized database to track the city’s crime patterns and the effectiveness of the NYPD’s responses to them. That database, known as Compstat, helped police target their manpower where it was needed, and in due course it became a national model. The department drove authority down to its precinct captains and emphasized that it expected results from these top managers. Bratton replaced a third of the city's 76 precinct commanders within a few months. "If you were to manage a bank with 76 branches every day, you would get a profit-and-loss statement from the bank," explained Giuliani. "After a week or so, you would see branches that were going in the wrong direction, and then you would take management action to try to reverse the trend. That is precisely what is happening in the police department."

The policing innovations led to a historic drop in crime far beyond what anyone could have imagined, with total crime down by some 64 percent during the Giuliani years, and murder (the most reliable crime statistic) down 67 percent, from 1,960 in Dinkins's last year to 640 in Giuliani's last year. The number of cars stolen in New York City every year plummeted by an astounding 78,000.

Criminologists tried to dismiss this achievement by arguing that the police have little influence on crime. The crime drop, they contended, was merely the fruit of an improving national economy, though the decline preceded the city's economic rebound by several years. Others argued that New York was just riding a demographic trend, as the population of teenagers prone to break the law declined. One criminologist even suggested that Giuliani's New York would soon see another upsurge, as a new cohort of children reached the teen years. "I don't need a crystal ball," the criminologist confidently predicted. Instead, crime declined relentlessly over Giuliani's eight years, even when it rose nationally.

Critics, especially those on the left, have tried to minimize Giuliani's accomplishment by claiming that he lowered crime by letting cops oppress black and Latino New Yorkers with brute force. As evidence, they point to unfortunate incidents such as the shootings of unarmed black immigrants Amadou Diallo and Patrick Dorismond. But the data tell a far different story: Giuliani's NYPD managed to drive down crime while showing admirable restraint. From 1995 to 2000, civilian complaints of excessive force by the NYPD declined from one complaint per ten officers to one per 19 officers. Meanwhile, shootings by cops declined by 50 percent and were far lower under Giuliani than under Dinkins—lower in fact than in cities like San Diego and Houston, hailed for practicing community policing.

Moreover, Giuliani's policing success was a boon to minority neighborhoods. For instance, in the city's 34th Precinct, covering the largely Hispanic Washington Heights section of Manhattan, murders dropped from 76 in 1993, Dinkins's last year, to only seven by Giuliani's last year, a decline of more than 90 percent. Far from being the racist that activists claimed, Giuliani had delivered to the city's minority neighborhoods a true form of equal protection under the law.

Giuliani's success against crime wasn't merely the singular achievement of a former prosecutor. He applied the same principles to social and economic policy, with equally impressive results. Long before President Bush's "ownership" society, Giuliani described his intention to restore New York as the "entrepreneurial city," not merely providing the climate for new job creation but also reshaping government social policy away from encouraging dependency and toward reinforcing independence.

New York had gone in the opposite direction starting in the mid-1960s, when Lindsay had drastically increased welfare rolls, believing many of the poor too disadvantaged ever to succeed and thus needing to be permanently on the dole. The Gotham welfare bureaucracy saw signing people up as its goal, while an entire industry of nonprofit organizations and advocacy groups arose to cater to and contract with the city's vast welfare system. Budget documents from the Dinkins years projected an eventual 1.6 million people on welfare. "The City of New York was actually quite successful in achieving what it wanted to achieve, which was to encourage the maximum number of people to be on welfare," Giuliani later explained. "If you ran a welfare office, . . . you had a bigger budget, and you had more authority, if you had more people on welfare."

Giuliani decided to launch a welfare revolution, moving recipients from the dole to a job. Mindful that for years the city's welfare bureaucracy had focused on signing up new recipients (Lindsay's welfare chief had been nicknamed "Come And Get It" Ginsberg), the Giuliani administration first set out to recertify everyone in the city's own home-relief program to eliminate fraud. In less than a year, the rolls of the program (for able-bodied adults not eligible for federal welfare programs) declined by 20 percent, as the city discovered tens of thousands of recipients who were actually employed, living outside the city, or providing false Social Security numbers.

Giuliani then instituted a work requirement for the remaining home-relief recipients, mostly men, obliging them to earn their checks by cleaning city parks and streets or doing clerical work in municipal offices for 20 hours a week. Welfare advocates vigorously objected, and one advocate pronounced the workfare program "slavery." The *New York Times* editorialized that most people on home relief were incapable of work.

Giuliani persisted, and when Congress finally passed welfare reform in 1996, giving states and cities broad powers to refocus the giant, federally funded welfare program for mothers and children, Giuliani applied many of the same kinds of reforms. He hired as welfare commissioner Jason Turner, the architect of welfare reform in Wisconsin, which had led the nation in putting welfare recipients back to work. Turner promptly converted the city's grim welfare intake offices into cheerful and optimistic job centers, where counselors advised welfare recipients on how to write a resumé and provided them with skills assessment and a space they could use to look for work.

By 1999, the number of welfare recipients finding work had risen to more than 100,000 annually, and the welfare rolls had dropped by more than 600,000. It took steadfast courage to win those gains. "The pressure on Rudy during these years was enormous," says Richard Schwartz, a Giuliani policy advisor. "The advocates and the press trained their sights on us, just waiting for something to go wrong in these workfare programs."

As part of Giuliani's quintessentially conservative belief that dysfunctional behavior, not our economic system, lay at the heart of intergenerational poverty, he also spoke out against illegitimacy and the rise of fatherless families. A child born out of wedlock, he observed in one speech, was three times more likely to wind up on welfare than a child from a two-parent family. "Seventy percent of long-term prisoners and 75 percent of adolescents charged with murder grew up without fathers," Giuliani told the city. He insisted that the city and the nation had to reestablish the "responsibility that accompanies bringing a child into the world," and to that end he required deadbeat fathers either to find a private-sector job or to work in the city's workfare program as a way of contributing to their child's upbringing. But he added that changing society's attitude toward marriage was more important than anything government could do: "[I]f you wanted a social program that would really save these kids, . . . I guess the social program would be called fatherhood."

As a consequence of his rejection of the time-honored New York liberal belief in congenital black victimhood, Giuliani set out to change the city's conversation about race. He objected to affirmative action, ending Gotham's set-aside program for minority contractors, and he rejected the idea of lowering standards for minorities. Accordingly, he ended open enrollment at the City University of New York, a 1970s policy aimed at increasing the minority population at the nation's third-largest public college system but one that also led to a steep decline in standards and in graduation rates.

The reform of CUNY began when its chancellor complained that it was unfair to require students on welfare to work because it jeopardized their studies. Giuliani responded that it was unfair to expect middle-class kids to work their way through college by holding down jobs and going to classes while exempting students on welfare from working. While the controversy raged, several critics of CUNY pointed out that only 10 to 15 percent of CUNY students on welfare ever graduated and that the system's overall graduation rate was abysmally low. Giuliani and Governor Pataki appointed a blue-chip panel led by former Yale president Benno Schmidt and former New York City congressman and longtime CUNY critic Herman Badillo to examine the system. The panel recommended widespread changes, including tightening admissions standards and eliminating remedial courses for students at the system's 11 senior colleges.

The moves sparked a startling turnaround. Within a few years, CUNY was attracting 20 percent more students from New York's elite high schools (who had previously shunned it), SAT scores of incoming freshmen had risen 168 points, and the student population reached its highest number since the mid-1970s.

Giuliani wanted to work the same dramatic reform on the city's K–12 school system, but the entrenched educational bureaucracy and his lack of direct control over the school system stymied him. The best he could do was to use the bully pulpit as well as his influence over the two board of education members (out of a total of seven) whom he appointed. He did this so relentlessly that he ultimately pushed out two schools chancellors who wouldn't install the reforms that he believed would spur dramatic, systemic change—reforms that included using city money for vouchers to provide low-income students in failing public schools with scholarships to private schools. He never could get his vouchers, however, and when he managed to prod the board into trying to privatize five of the city's worst public schools, the board's pointed lack of enthusiasm scared off necessary parental approval, and the idea died.

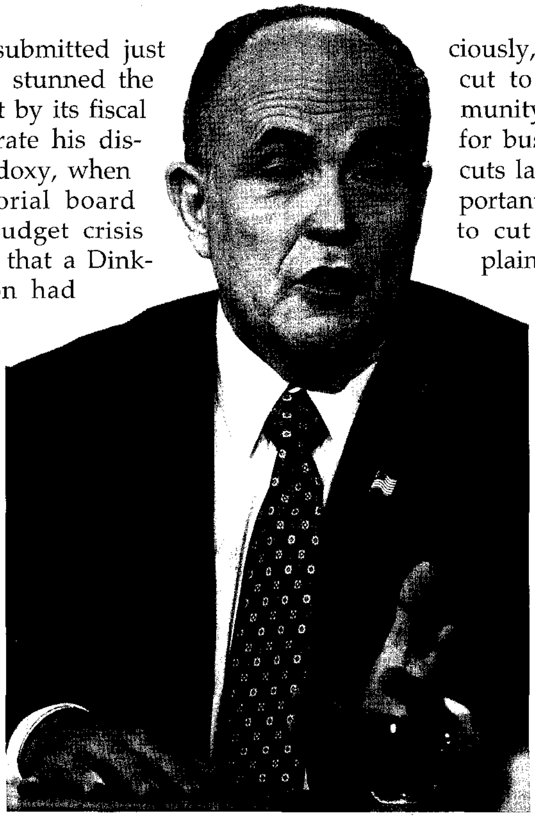
Although Giuliani didn't start out as a proponent of school choice, his frustration in trying to turn around a huge school system where the teachers' union and the bureaucrats worked to stymie reform made him into a powerful proponent of vouchers, which he believed would force the public schools to compete for students with their private counterparts. "[T]he whole notion of choice is really about more freedom for people, rather than being subjugated by a government system that says you have no choice about the education of your child," he said.

Giuliani's relentless attacks on the city's educational system finally convinced most New Yorkers that it could never be salvaged unless it was under the control of a mayor responsible to voters. In 2002, the state legislature placed the city's school system under Gotham's mayor—too late for Giuliani.

Giuliani's efforts to revive entrepreneurial New York naturally focused on unleashing the city's private sector through tax cuts achieved by slowing the growth of government. Giuliani preached against New York's lingering New Deal belief that government creates jobs, arguing that government should instead get out of the way and let the private sector work. "City government should not and cannot create jobs through government planning," he said. "The best it can do, and what it has a responsibility to do, is to deal with its own finances first, to create a solid budgetary foundation that allows businesses to move the economy forward on the strength of their energy and ideas. After all, businesses are and have always been the backbone of New York City."

When Giuliani took office, the city's private sector was experiencing the worst of times. After four years under Dinkins, it had shrunk to its lowest level since 1978, losing 275,000 jobs—192,000 in 1991 alone, the largest one-year job decline that any American city had ever suffered. Not coincidentally, Gotham also had the highest overall rate of taxation of any major city and a budget that spent far more per capita than any other major city. Despite that, and despite billions of dollars in tax increases during the Dinkins years, New York could barely pay its bills, and Giuliani, immediately after taking office, faced a nearly $2.5 billion budget deficit.

> “Freedom from fear is a basic human right. We need to reassert our right to live free from fear with greater confidence and determination than ever before, here in New York City, across America, and around the world.”



Giuliani's first budget, submitted just weeks after he took office, stunned the city's political establishment by its fiscal conservatism. To demonstrate his disdain for the reigning orthodoxy, when the *New York Times* editorial board urged him to solve the budget crisis with tax and fee increases that a Dinkins-era special commission had recommended, Giuliani unceremoniously dumped a copy of the commission's report into the garbage and derided it as “old thinking.” It was a pointed declaration that a very different set of ideas would guide his administration.

After years of tax hikes under Dinkins, Giuliani proposed making up the city's still-huge budget deficit entirely through spending cuts and savings. Even more audaciously, he proposed a modest tax cut to signal the business community that New York was open for business, promising more tax cuts later. “I felt it was really important the first year I was mayor to cut a tax,” Giuliani later explained. “Nobody ever cut a tax before in New York City, and that was one of the reasons I wanted to set a new precedent.”

To balance the city's budget early in his tenure, when tax revenues stagnated amid a struggling economy, the mayor played hardball, winning concessions from city workers that other mayors had failed to get. The city's police unions had used their power in Albany to resist efforts by ex-mayors Koch and Dinkins to merge the city's housing police and transit police into the NYPD. Giuliani strong-armed Albany leaders into agreeing to the merger, saving the city hundreds of millions in administrative costs and making the department a better crime-fighting unit, by threatening to fire every housing and transit officer and rehire each as a city cop if legislative leaders did not go along. Similarly, though the city's garbagemen, many of whom worked only half days because their department was so overstaffed, had rebuffed the Dinkins administration's push for productivity savings, Giuliani won $300 million in savings from them by threatening to contract out trash collection to private companies. Ultimately, with such deals, Giuliani reduced city-funded spending by 1.6 percent his first year in office, the largest overall reduction in city spending since the Depression.

Although Giuliani was no tax or economic expert when he took office, he became a tax-cut true believer when he saw how the city's economy and targeted industries perked up at his first reductions. One of his initial budgetary moves was to cut the city's hotel tax, which during the Dinkins administration had been the highest of any major world city. When tourism rebounded, Giuliani pointed out that the city was collecting more in taxes from a lower rate. "No one ever considered tax reductions a reasonable option," Giuliani explained. But, he added in a speech at the Ronald Reagan Library, "targeted tax reductions spur growth. That's why we have made obtaining targeted tax reductions a priority of every budget." In his eight years in office, Giuliani reduced or eliminated 23 taxes, including the sales tax on some clothing purchases, the tax on commercial rents everywhere outside of Manhattan's major business districts, and various taxes on small businesses and self-employed New Yorkers.

The national, and even world, press marveled at the spectacular success of Giuliani's policies. The combination of a safer city and a better budget environment ignited an economic boom unlike any other on record. Construction permits increased by more than 50 percent, to 70,000 a year under Giuliani, compared with just 46,000 in Dinkins's last year. Meanwhile, as crime plunged, New Yorkers took to the newly safe streets to go out at night to shows and restaurants, and the number of tourists soared from 24 million in the early 1990s to 38 million in 2000, the year before the 9/11 attacks. Under Giuliani, the city gained some 430,000 new jobs to reach its all-time employment peak of 3.72 million jobs in 2000, while the unemployment rate plummeted from 10.3 to 5.1 percent. Personal income earned by New Yorkers, meanwhile, soared by $100 million, or 50 percent, while the percentage of their income that they paid in taxes declined from 8.8 to 7.3 percent. During Giuliani's second term, for virtually the only time since World War II, the city's economy consistently grew faster than the nation's.

Today, Americans see Giuliani as presidential material because of his leadership in the wake of the terrorist attacks, but to those of us who watched him first manage America's biggest city when it was crime-ridden, financially shaky, and plagued by doubts about its future as employers and educated and prosperous residents fled in droves, Giuliani's leadership on 9/11 came as no surprise. What Americans saw after the attacks is a combination of attributes that Giuliani governed with all along: the tough-mindedness that had gotten him through earlier civic crises, a no-nonsense and efficient management style, and a clarity and directness of speech that made plain what he thought needed to be done and how he would do it.

Like great wartime leaders, Giuliani displayed unflinching courage on 9/11. A minute after the first plane struck, he rushed downtown, arriving at the World Trade Center just after the second plane hit the South Tower, when it became obvious to everyone that New York was under attack. Fearing that more strikes were on the way—and without access to City Hall, the police department, or the city's command center because of damage from the attacks—Giuliani hurried to reestablish city government, narrowly escaping death himself as the towers came down next to a temporary command post he had set up in lower Manhattan. "There is no playbook for a mayor on how to organize city government when you are standing on a street covered by dust from the city's worst calamity," one of his deputy mayors, Anthony Coles, later observed.

Giuliani understood that he needed not only to keep city government operating but to inspire and console as well. Within a few hours, he had reestablished New York's government in temporary headquarters, where he led the first post-9/11 meeting with his commissioners and with a host of other New York elected officials on hand to observe, prompting even one of his harshest critics, liberal Manhattan congressman Jerrold Nadler, to marvel at the "efficiency of the meeting." Within hours, the city launched a massive search and recovery operation. Some half a dozen times that day Giuliani went on TV, reassuring the city and then the nation with his calm, frank demeanor and his plainspoken talk. As the nation struggled to understand what had happened and President Bush made his way back to Washington, Giuliani emerged as the one public official in America who seemed to be in command on 9/11. He became, as *Newsweek* later called him, "our Winston Churchill."

In the weeks following the attacks, Giuliani became both the cheerleader of New York's efforts to pick itself up and the voice of moral outrage about the attacks. Giuliani exhorted private institutions within the city—the stock exchanges, the Broadway theaters—to resume operations and urged the rest of America and the world to come visit the city. Not waiting for federal aid, the city rapidly began a cleanup of the World Trade Center site, which proceeded ahead of schedule, and of the devastated neighborhood around the site, which reopened block by block in the weeks after the attacks. Meanwhile, the mayor led visiting heads of state on tours of the devastation, because, he said, "You can't come here and be neutral." He addressed the United Nations on the new war against terrorism, warning the delegates: "You're either with civilization or with terrorists." When a Saudi prince donated millions to relief efforts but later suggested that United States policy in the Middle East may have been partially responsible for the attacks, Giuliani returned the money, observing that there was "no moral equivalent" for the unprecedented terrorist attack. He attended dozens of funerals of emergency workers killed in the towers' collapse, leading the city not just in remembrance but in catharsis.

As "America's mayor," a sobriquet he earned after 9/11, Giuliani has a unique profile as a presidential candidate. To engineer the city's turnaround, he had to take on a government whose budget and workforce were larger than all but five or six states. (Indeed, his budget his first year as mayor was about ten times the size of the one that Bill Clinton managed in his last year as governor of Arkansas.) For more than a decade, the city has been among the biggest U.S. tourist destinations, and tens of millions of Americans have seen firsthand the dramatic changes he wrought in Gotham.

Moreover, as an expert on policing and America's key leader on 9/11, Giuliani is an authority on today's crucial foreign policy issue, the war on terror. In fact, as a federal prosecutor in New York, he investigated and prosecuted major terrorist cases. As mayor, he took the high moral ground in the terrorism debate in 1995, when he had an uninvited Yasser Arafat expelled from city-sponsored celebrations during the United Nations' 50th anniversary because, in Giuliani's eyes, Arafat was a terrorist, not a world leader. "When we're having a party and a celebration, I would rather not have someone who has been implicated in the murders of Americans there, if I have the discretion not to have him there," Giuliani said at the time.

These are impressive conservative credentials. And if social and religious conservatives fret about Giuliani's more liberal social views, nevertheless, in the general election such views might make this experience-tested conservative even more electable.

Research for this article was supported by the Brunie Fund for New York Journalism.

LA MEXICANA BAKERY MARKET
Budweiser
BUD
Envios de dinero
PUBLIC PHONE
PUBLIC PHONE
ICE
ICE

Mexifornia, Five Years Later

The flood of illegal immigrants into California has made things worse than I foresaw.

Victor Davis Hanson

In the Spring 2002 issue of *City Journal*, I wrote an essay about growing up in the central San Joaquin Valley and witnessing firsthand, especially over the last 20 years, the ill effects of illegal immigration (*City Journal*'s editors chose the title of the piece: "Do We Want Mexifornia?"). Controversy over my blunt assessment of the disaster of illegal immigration from Mexico led to an expanded memoir, *Mexifornia*, published the following year by Encounter Press.

Mexifornia came out during the ultimately successful campaign to recall California governor Gray Davis in autumn 2003. A popular public gripe was that the embattled governor had appeased both employers and the more radical Hispanic politicians of the California legislature on illegal immigration. And indeed Davis had signed legislation allowing driver's licenses for illegal aliens that both houses of state government had passed. So it was no wonder that the book sometimes found its way into both the low and high forms of the political debate.

On the Internet, a close facsimile of a California driver's license circulated, with a picture of a Mexican bandit (the gifted actor Alfonso Bedoya of *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*), together with a demeaning height (5'4"), weight ("too much"), and sex ("mucho") given. "Mexifornia" was emblazoned across the top where "California" usually is stamped on the license.

The immigrant influx has Mexicanized many Golden State towns.

DAVID MCNEW/GETTY IMAGES

In such a polarized climate, heated debates and several radio interviews followed, often with the query, "Why did you have to write this book?" The Left saw the book's arguments and its title—Mexifornia was originally a term of approbation used by activists buoyed by California's changing demography—as unduly harsh to newcomers from Mexico. The Right saw the book as long-overdue attention to a scandal ignored by the mainstream Republican Party.

Fast-forward nearly five years, and the national climate has radically changed, so much so that the arguments of *Mexifornia*—close the borders, return to the melting pot, offer earned citizenship to most aliens of long residence in exchange for acceptance of English and American culture—seem tame today, if not passé. In 2002, when I wrote the original *City Journal* essay, no one thought that the U.S. Congress would vote to erect a wall. Today there is rumbling that the signed legislation entails only 700 miles of fencing instead of spanning the entire 1,950-mile border.

Deportation was once an unimaginable response to the problem of the 11 million here illegally. Now its practicality, rather than its morality, appears the keener point of contention. And the concerted effort by Chicano activists to drive from popular parlance the descriptive term "illegal alien" in favor of the politically correct, but imprecise and often misleading "undocumented worker" has largely failed. Similar efforts to demonize opponents of open borders as "anti-immigrant" or "nativist" have had only a marginal effect in stifling debate, as has the deliberate effort to blur illegal and legal immigration. The old utopian talk of a new borderless zone of dual cultures, spreading on both sides of a disappearing boundary, has given way to a reexamination of NAFTA and its facilitation of greater cross-border flows of goods, services—and illegal aliens and drugs.

So why has the controversy over illegal immigration moved so markedly to the right?

We return always to the question of numbers. While it is true that no one knows exactly how many are here illegally from Mexico and Latin America, both sides in the debate often accept as reasonable estimates of 11 to 12 million illegals—with an additional 500,000 to 1 million arriving per year. Given porous borders, such guesses about the number of illegal aliens in the United States are outdated almost as soon as they are published. It is plausible, then, that there may be an additional 3 to 4 million illegal aliens here who were not here when the *City Journal* "Mexifornia" piece appeared.

The result of such staggering numbers is that aliens now don't just cluster in the American Southwest but frequently appear at Home Depot parking lots in the Midwest, emergency rooms in New England, and construction sites in the Carolinas, making illegal immigration an American, rather than a mere Californian or Arizonan, concern.

Indeed, we forget how numbers are at the crux of the entire debate over illegal immigration. In the 1970s, perhaps a few million illegals resided in the United States, and their unassimilated presence went largely unnoticed. Most Americans felt that the formidable powers of integration and popular culture would continue to incorporate any distinctive ethnic enclave, as they had so successfully done with the past generations that arrived en masse from Europe, Asia, and Latin America. But when more than 10 million fled Mexico in little over a decade—the great majority poor, without English, job skills, a high school education, and legality—entire apartheid communities in the American Southwest began springing up.

During the heyday of multiculturalism and political correctness in the 1980s, the response of us, the hosts, to this novel challenge was not to insist upon the traditional assimilation of the newcomer but rather to accommodate the illegal alien with official Spanish-language documents, bilingual education, and ethnic boosterism in our media, politics, and education. These responses only encouraged more illegals to come, on the guarantee that their material life could be better and yet their culture unchanged in the United States. We now see the results. Los Angeles is today the second-largest Mexican city in the world; one out of every ten Mexican nationals resides in the United States, the vast majority illegally.

Since *Mexifornia* appeared, the debate also no longer splits along liberal/conservative, Republican/Democrat, or even white/brown fault lines. Instead, class considerations more often divide Americans on the issue. The majority of middle-class and poor whites, Asians, African-Americans, and Hispanics wish to close the borders. They see few advantages to cheap service labor, since they are not so likely to need it to mow their lawns, watch their kids, or clean their houses. Because the less well-off eat out less often, use hotels infrequently, and don't periodically remodel their homes, the advantages to the economy of inexpensive, off-the-books illegal-alien labor again are not so apparent.

But the downside surely is apparent. Truck drivers, carpenters, janitors, and gardeners—unlike lawyers, doctors, actors, writers, and professors—correctly feel that their jobs are threatened, or at least their wages lowered, by cheaper rival workers from Oaxaca or Jalisco. And Americans who live in communities where thousands of illegal aliens have arrived en masse more likely lack the money to move when Spanish-speaking students flood the schools and gangs proliferate. Poorer Americans of all ethnic backgrounds take for granted that poverty provides no exemption from mastering English, so they wonder why the same is not true for incoming Mexican nationals. Less than a mile from my home is a former farmhouse whose new owner moved in several stationary Winnebagos, propane tanks, and outdoor cooking facilities—and apparently four or five entire families rent such facilities right outside his back door. Dozens live where a single family used to—a common sight in rural California that reifies illegal immigration in a way that books and essays do not.

The problem with all this is that our now-spurned laws were originally intended to ensure an (admittedly thin) veneer of civilization over innate chaos—roads full of drivers who have passed a minimum test to ensure that they are not a threat to others; single-family residence zoning to ensure that there are adequate sewer, garbage, and water services for all; periodic county inspections to ensure that untethered dogs are licensed and free of disease and that housing is wired and plumbed properly to prevent mayhem; and a consensus on school taxes to ensure that there are enough teachers and classrooms for such sudden spikes in student populations.

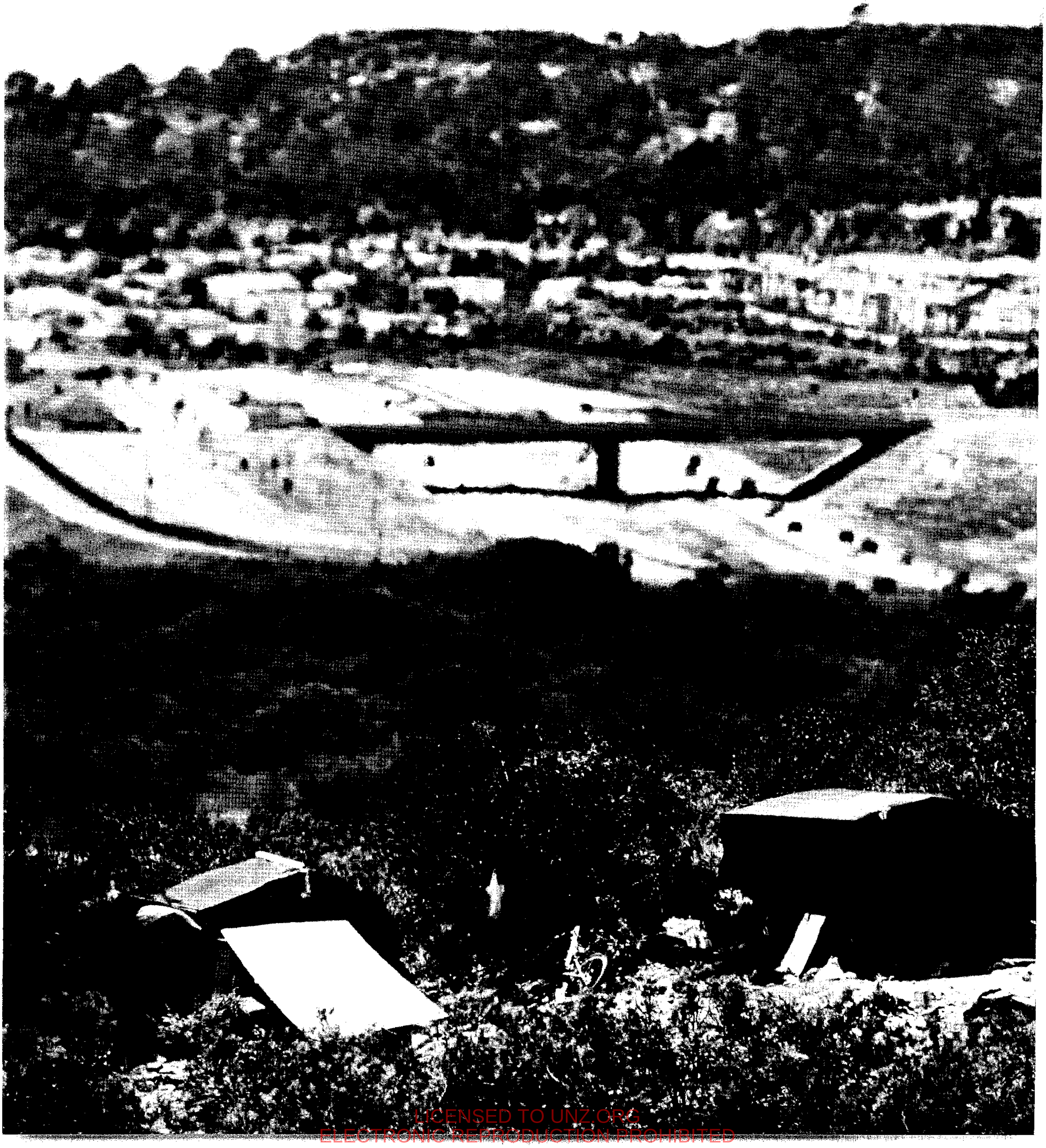
All these now-neglected or forgotten rules proved costly to the taxpayer. In my own experience, the slow progress made in rural California since the 1950s of my youth—in which the county inspected our farm's rural dwellings, eliminated the once-ubiquitous rural outhouse, shut down substandard housing, and fined violators in hopes of providing a uniform humane standard of residence for all rural residents—has been abandoned in just a few years of laissez-faire policy toward illegal aliens. My own neighborhood is reverting to conditions common about 1950, but with the insult of far higher tax rates added to the injury of nonexistent enforcement of once-comprehensive statutes. The government's attitude at all levels is to punish the dutiful citizen's misdemeanors while ignoring the alien's felony, on the logic that the former will at least comply while the latter either cannot or will not.

Fairness about who is allowed into the United States is another issue that reflects class divides—especially when almost 70 percent of all immigrants, legal and illegal, arrive from Mexico alone. Asians, for example, are puzzled as to why their relatives wait years for official approval to enter the United States, while Mexican nationals come across the border illegally, counting on serial amnesties to obtain citizenship.

> **“Los Angeles is the second-largest Mexican city in the world; one out of ten Mexican nationals resides in the U.S.”**

These class divisions cut both ways, and they help explain the anomaly of the *Wall Street Journal* op-ed page mandarins echoing the arguments of the elite Chicano studies professors. Both tend to ridicule the far less affluent Minutemen and English-only activists, in part because they do not experience firsthand the problems associated with illegal immigration but instead find millions of aliens grist for their own contrasting agendas. Indeed, every time an alien crosses the border legally, fluent in English and with a high school diploma, the La Raza industry and the corporate farm or construction company alike most likely lose a constituent.

The ripples of September 11—whether seen in the arrests of dozens of potential saboteurs here in America or the terrorist bombings abroad in Madrid and London—remind Americans that their present enemies can do us harm only if they can first somehow enter the United States. Again, it makes little sense to screen tourists, inspect cargo containers, and check the passenger lists of incoming flights, when our border with an untrustworthy Mexico remains porous. While it may be true that the opponents of illegal immigration have used the post–September 11 fear of terrorism to further their own agenda of closing the border with Mexico, they are absolutely correct that presently the best



way for jihadist cells to cross into the United States is overland from the south.

Other foreign developments have also steered the debate ever more rightward. In the last decade, the United States has clearly seen the wages of sectarianism and ethnic chauvinism abroad. The unraveling of Yugoslavia into Croatian, Serbian, and Albanian sects followed the Hutu-Tutsi bloodbath in Rwanda. And now almost daily we hear of Pashtun-Tajik-Uzbek hatred among the multiplicity of warring clans in Afghanistan and the daily mayhem among Kurds, Shiites, and Sunnis in Iraq. Why—when we are spending blood and treasure abroad to encourage the melting pot and national unity—would anyone wish to contribute to tribalism or foster the roots of such ethnic separatism here in the United States?

Moreover, all during the 1990s, blue-state America offered up the European Union as the proper postmodern antidote to the United States. But just as we have recoiled from the EU's statist and undemocratic tendencies—which have resulted in popular dissatisfaction, sluggish economic growth, high unemployment, falling demography, and unsustainable entitlement commitments—so, too, have its unassimilated Muslim minorities served as another canary in the mine. The riots in France, the support for jihadism among Pakistanis in London, and the demands of Islamists in Scandinavia, Germany, and the Netherlands do not encourage Americans to let in more poor Mexican illegal immigrants with loud agendas, or to embrace the multicultural salad bowl over their own distinctive melting pot.

Then there were the April–May 2006 demonstrations here in the United States, when nearly half a million protesters took to the streets of our largest cities, from Chicago to Los Angeles. Previously, naive Americans had considered that their own discussions over border security and immigration were in their own hands. And while Chicano-rights organizations

SANDY HUFFAKER/GETTY IMAGES

Migrant camps, like this one overlooking affluent Del Mar, have changed the landscape.

and employer lobbyists were often vehement in their efforts to keep the border open, illegal aliens themselves used to be mostly quiet about our internal legal debates.

In contrast, this spring Americans witnessed millions of illegal aliens who not only were unapologetic about their illegal status but were demanding that their hosts accommodate their own political grievances, from providing driver's licenses to full amnesty. The largest demonstrations—held on May Day, with thousands of protesters waving Mexican flags and bearing placards depicting the communist insurrectionist Che Guevara—only confirmed to most Americans that illegal immigration was out of control and beginning to become politicized along the lines of Latin American radicalism. I chronicled in *Mexifornia* the anomaly of angry protesters waving the flag of the country they vehemently did not wish to return to, but now the evening news beamed these images to millions. In short, the radical socialism of Latin America, seething in the angry millions who flocked to support Venezuela's Hugo Chávez, Bolivia's Evo Morales, and Mexico's Andrés López Obrador, had now seemingly been imported into our own largest cities.

Turmoil in areas of Mexico that send many illegal aliens to the United States is especially worrisome. Recently, for example, almost the entire state of Oaxaca was in near-open revolt over efforts to force the resignation of provincial governor Ulises Ruiz. There was widespread lawlessness, vigilantism, and at times the complete breakdown of order. All this feeds the growing perception that illegal aliens increasingly are arriving not merely as economic refugees but as political dissidents who don't hesitate to take to the streets here to demand social justice, as they did back home.

More important still, Oaxaca's troubles cast doubt on the conventional wisdom that illegal immigration is a safety valve that allows Mexico critical time to get its house in order. Perhaps the opposite is true: some of the areas, like Oaxaca, that send the most illegal aliens to the United States, still experience the greatest social tensions—in part because of the familial disruption and social chaos that results when adult males flee and depopulated communities consequently become captive to foreign remittances.

Two further issues have persuaded Americans to close the borders: the attitude of the Mexican government and the problems with first-generation native-born children of illegal aliens.

Worker remittances sent back to Mexico now earn it precious American dollars equal to the revenue from 500,000 barrels of daily exported oil. In short, Mexico cannot afford to lose its second-largest source of hard currency and will do almost anything to ensure its continuance. When Mexico City publishes comic books advising its own citizens how best to cross the Rio Grande, Americans take offense. Not only does Mexico brazenly wish to undermine American law to subsidize its own failures, but it also assumes that those who flee northward are among its least educated, departing without much ability to read beyond the comic-book level.

We are also learning not only that Mexico wants its expatriates' cash—and its nationals lobbying for Mexican interests—once they are safely away from their motherland; we are also discovering that Mexico doesn't have much concern about the welfare of its citizens abroad in America. The conservative estimate of $15 billion sent home comes always at the expense of low-paid Mexicans toiling here, who must live in impoverished circumstances if they are to send substantial portions of their wages home to Mexico. (And it comes as well at the expense of American taxpayers, providing health-care and food subsidies in efforts to offer a safety net to cash-strapped illegal aliens.) So it is not just that Mexico exports its own citizens, but it does so on the expectation that they are serfs of a sort, who, like the helots of old, surrender much of the earnings of their toil to their distant masters.

But even more grotesquely, in the last five years, the Mexican real-estate market has boomed on the Baja California peninsula. Once Mexico grasped that its own unspoiled coast was highly desirable for wealthy expatriate Americans as a continuation of the prized but crowded Santa Barbara–San Diego seaside corridor, it began to reform its real-estate market, making the necessary changes in property and title law, and it welcomed with open arms cash-laden subdividers looking to come south. This is sound economics, but examine the ethical message: Mexico City will send the United States millions of its own illiterate and poor whom it will neither feed nor provide with even modest housing, but at the same time it welcomes thousands of Americans with cash to build expensive seaside second homes.

Of course, the ultimate solution to the illegal immigration debacle is for Mexican society to bring itself up to the levels of affluence found in the United States by embracing market reforms of the sort we have seen in South Korea, Taiwan, and China. But rarely do Mexican supporters of such globalization, or their sympathetic counterparts in the United States, see the proliferation of a Wal-Mart or Starbucks down south in such terms. Rather, to them American consumerism and investment in Mexico suggest only an owed reciprocity of sentiment: Why should Americans get mad about Mexican illegals coming north when our own crass culture, with its blaring neon signs in English, spreads southward? In such morally equivalent arguments, it is never mentioned that Americanization occurs legally and brings capital, while Mexicanization comes about by illegal means and is driven by poverty.

> **“The largest immigrant demonstrations confirmed to most Americans that illegal immigration was out of control.”**

At the same time, focus has turned more to the U.S.-born children of Mexican illegal immigrants, in whom illegitimacy, school dropout rates, and criminal activity have risen to such levels that no longer can we simply dismiss Mexican immigration as resembling the more problematic but eventually successful Italian model of a century ago. Then, large numbers of southern European Catholics, most without capital and education, arrived en masse from Italy and Sicily, lived in ethnic enclaves, and for decades lagged behind the majority population in educational achievement, income, and avoidance of crime—before achieving financial parity as well as full assimilation and intermarriage. Since 1990, the number of poor Mexican-Americans has climbed 52 percent, a figure that skewed U.S. poverty rates. Billions of dollars spent on our own poor will not improve our poverty statistics when 1 million of the world's poorest cross our border each year. The number of impoverished black children has dropped 17 percent in the last 16 years, but the number of Hispanic poor has gone up 43 percent.

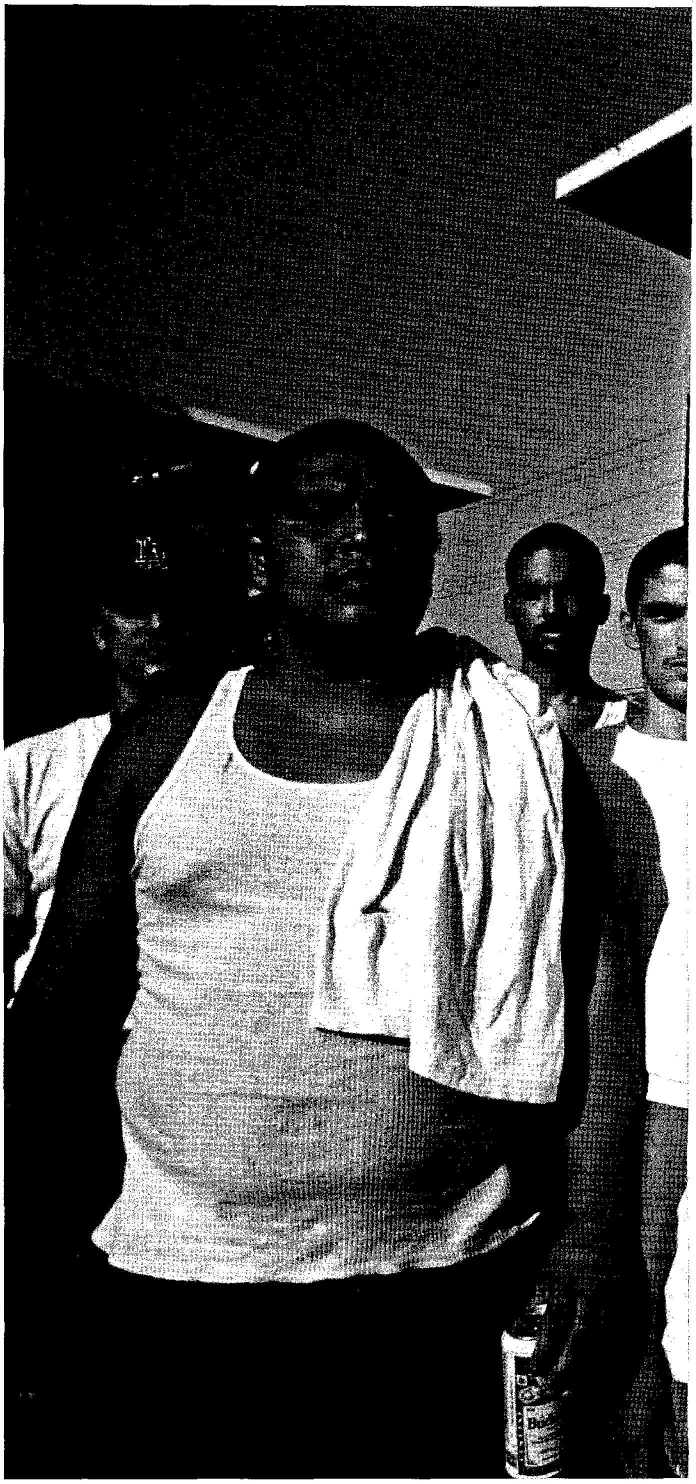
We don't like to talk of illegitimacy, but here again the ripples of illegal immigration reach the U.S.-born generation. Half of births to Hispanic-Americans were illegitimate, 42 percent higher than the general rate of the American population. Illegitimacy is higher in general in Mexico than in the United States, but the force multiplier of illegal status, lack of English, and an absence of higher education means that the children of Mexican immigrants have illegitimacy rates even higher than those found in either Mexico or the United States.

Education levels reveal the same dismal pattern—nearly half of all Hispanics are not graduating from high school in four years. And the more Hispanic a school district becomes, the greater level of failure for Hispanic students. In the Los Angeles district, 73 percent Hispanic, 60 percent of the students are not graduating. But the real tragedy is that, of those Hispanics who do graduate, only about one in five will have completed a high school curriculum that qualifies for college enrollment. That partly helps to explain why at many campuses of the California State University system, almost half of the incoming class must first take remedial education. Less than 10 percent of those who identify themselves as Hispanic have graduated from college with a bachelor's degree. I found that teaching Latin to first-generation Mexican-Americans and illegal aliens was valuable not so much as an introduction to the ancient world but as their first experience with remedial English grammar.

Meanwhile, almost one in three Mexican-American males between the ages of 18 and 24 recently reported being arrested, one in five has been jailed, and 15,000 illegal aliens are currently in the California penal system.

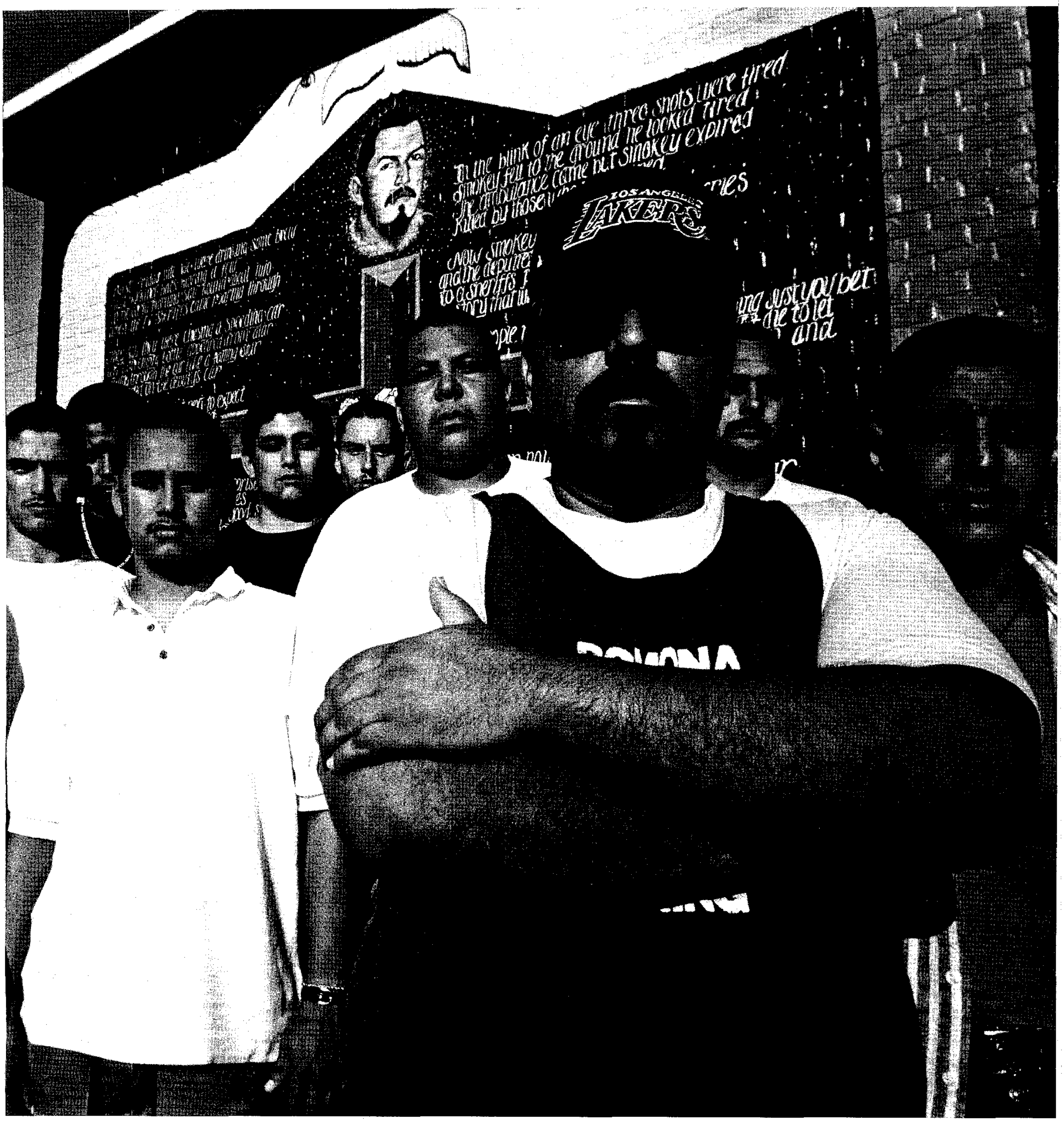
Statistics like these have changed the debate radically. While politicians and academics assured the public that illegal aliens came here only to work and would quickly assume an American identity, the public's own ad hoc and empirical observations of vast problems with crime, illiteracy, and illegitimacy have now been confirmed by hard data. Ever since the influx of illegals into our quiet valley became a flood, I have had five drivers leave the road, plow into my vineyard, and abandon their cars, without evidence of either registration or insurance. On each occasion, I have seen them simply walk or run away from the scene of thousands of dollars in damage. Similarly, an intoxicated driver who ran a stop sign hit my car broadside and then fled the scene. Our farmhouse in the Central Valley has been broken into three times. We used to have an open yard; now it is walled, with steel gates on the driveway. Such anecdotes have become common currency in the American Southwest. Ridiculed by elites as evidence of prejudice, these stories, statistical studies now show, reflect hard fact.

The growing national discomfort over illegal immigration more than four years after "Mexifornia" first appeared in *City Journal* is not only apparent in the rightward shift of the debate but also in the absence of any new arguments for open borders—while the old arguments, Americans are finally concluding, really do erode the law, reward the cynical here and abroad, and needlessly divide Americans along class, political, and ethnic lines.



PAUL FUSCO/MAGNUM PHOTOS

Mexican gangbangers have debased California's quality of life.


In the blink of an eye three shots were fired
Smokey fell to the ground he looked tired
The ambulance came but Smokey expired
Killed by those
Now Smokey
and the deputies
to a sheriffs
LOS ANGELES
LAKERS
POMONA

Reflections on the Revolution in Hungary

After half a century, does it seem worth it?

John Kekes

My most vivid memory of the Revolution is its smell—of piles of plaster fallen to the ground, soaked by rain, and of the putrefying corpses buried underneath. The wall-less houses, partly destroyed by artillery and tank fire, were like stage settings after the curtain has risen and the play is about to begin—except that the walls had come down, not up as theater curtains do, and the action was over and done with. A piano stood in the corner, its lid open, but the child was no longer there to practice Chopin. The pots were still on the kitchen stove; who knows, perhaps the gas was still on. Wardrobes stood open, and the Sunday best suit, hanging exposed to the elements, badly needed a brushing. People scurried by on their way to stand in line for bread or to find out how their relatives were, cautiously approaching corners to see whether around them was a barricade, a tank, a cordon blocking the way, or someone ready to shoot.

I took this picture with me when I left. From time to time, I opened the album I kept closed in my head, looked at the pictures in it, and

KEYSTONE/GETTY IMAGES

Young people and adolescents, like this 15-year-old, were the rebels who acquired a doomed cause.

remembered the smell—especially the smell. Not as pleasant as Proust's madeleine, it was just as evocative. It became a symbol for me of what happened, of what I left behind, and of the fragility of the illusions of order and security with which we comfort ourselves as we scurry in search of our daily bread. We can sometimes lull ourselves into forgetting that danger looms around the corner, but I could not really forget either the Revolution or what had led up to it and had followed it. It has been my professional concern to try to understand why it, and events like it, happen.

My concern is not with a historical understanding of the influences that jointly result in the collapse of civilized order. Of course there are such influences, and it is important to understand them. But historical influences are not disembodied and impersonal, like gravity or entropy, which controls events regardless of our desires, hopes, and fears. Historical influences are exerted by human beings. If there are revolutions, it is because people make them; wars would not occur if people did not start them; and if civilized life breaks down, it is because people make it disintegrate. As the gun lobby says: guns don't kill people; people kill people. My interest is in why people kill, why they make wars and revolutions, and why they undermine civilized life even though their well-being depends on protecting it.

To say that people do all this because they are sinful or destructive or driven by their ids or irrational or stupid or genetically aggressive is to postpone facing the question, not to answer it. For the question remains of why they act on these motives rather than on dozens of other motives they also have, such as altruism, caution, reason, fear, pity, conscience, and so on. This, of course, is a general question, and I am not about to give a philosophical answer but only to set forth my opinion of what motives led to the Revolution and whether the Revolution was worth what it cost. I am afraid I will offend those who have sentimentalized the Revolution, and for this I apologize in advance. But, as I see it, the task of philosophers is to tell the truth to the best of their ability, not to obfuscate in order to avoid unpleasantness.

Unpleasantness, of course, is a wholly inadequate word for the miasma of terror that pervaded life in the Communist years preceding the Revolution. The secret police, called the AVO, inflicted this terror on the citizenry; indeed, the AVO existed for this very purpose. The terror was in the air, but it was unpredictable. We knew that it was there, and we knew also that it was threatening regardless of what we did. Its essence was that it severed the connection between act and consequence, between trespassing some absurd ideological prohibition and retribution. We were at the mercy of threatening consequences, liable to brutal and lasting torture, imprisonment, enslavement in concentration camps, and death, regardless of whether or not we were guilty of some action or trespass. One of the most important aims of the dictatorship was to make people feel this threat. And we felt it. Fear was everywhere: at home, in school, in visiting friends or relatives, and at work. The threat was indiscriminate and unpredictable, and we were all at the mercy of informers who could have been friends, neighbors, colleagues, or lovers. We could not even hate the informers, whoever they might have been, because we knew that they, too, had been threatened and that they, too, acted out of the fear we also felt.

But the terror went even deeper than all this. To use a crude but eloquent old saying, I can put up with someone pissing on my feet, but I find it intolerable to have him tell me that it is raining. We were continually pissed on, and we were not merely told that it was raining but were forced to sing in celebration of the rain. This degradation added to our fear an enormous amount of resentment for being lied to by men who knew that they were lying, who knew that we knew, and who then forced us to repeat the lies, feign enthusiasm, and smile.

Then came the Revolution. It became possible because the terror was relaxed a bit. As Tocqueville shrewdly pointed out, reform is very dangerous for a corrupt regime, because people take it as a sign of weakness, and the hitherto concealed hatred of the rulers comes out in the open. And that is what happened. The writers talked, the literati made speeches, journalists editorialized, and there were endless arguments about nuances in phrasing manifestos, but all that was like the crew of a boat on the stormy sea imagining that they are in control of the elements. The Revolution was spontaneous, unplanned, and immensely popular because people were united by hatred of the dictatorship and the AVO, of their own fear, and of the intolerable, humiliating, absurd lies blared from the ever-present loudspeakers, lies that they were forced to parrot for many years: "Wage war for peace"; "Love our wise father, Stalin"; "Smash the counterrevolutionary spies of the bourgeoisie." And so on.

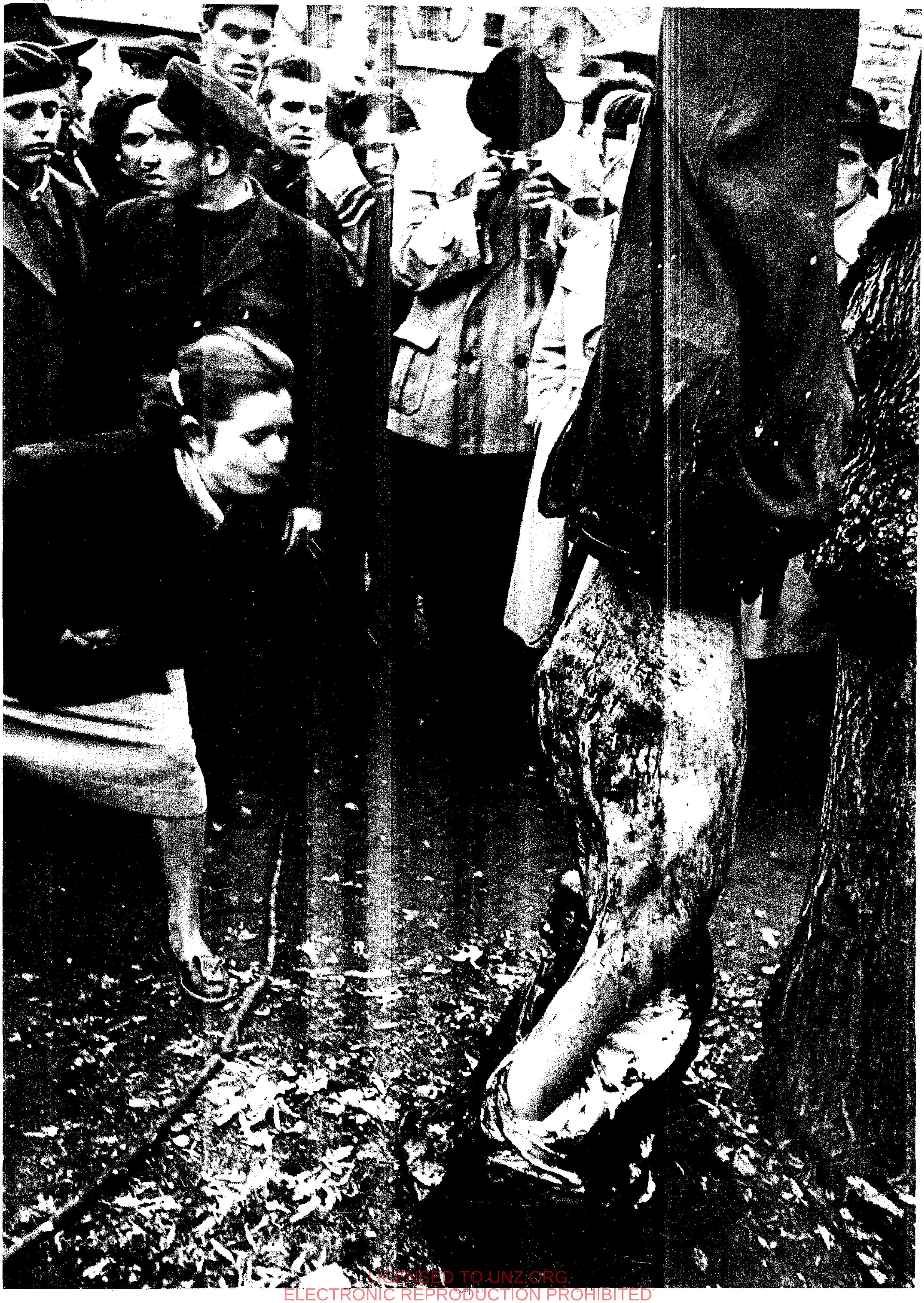
> **“We were all at the mercy of informers who could have been friends, neighbors, colleagues, or lovers.”**

What happened then was that people expressed their long-suppressed hatred and resentment. And although their legitimate targets, the AVO officers, did their best to hide, not a few of them were found, lynched, and strung up from lampposts. Another picture I carry in my head is of the naked, castrated dead man, hanging upside-down from a lamppost with a crude board attached to him, saying AVO OFFICER. Yet another memory is from the time I stopped to find out what a small crowd was staring at as they looked up at the fourth floor of an apartment building. They were waiting, and they were not waiting in vain, because soon a woman and a child were thrown out of the window. The news spread quickly, as it does in a crowd, that they were the family of another AVO officer. There were other episodes like this.

I understood the terrible passions that motivated the enraged perpetrators and the expectant, self-righteous crowd witnessing with approval tinged with titillation what was occurring. But even then, I understood that I was seeing in public the same sorts of atrocities that were done less publicly in torture chambers. I was horrified then, and I am horrified now by the primitive, barbaric possibilities that open up when civilized restraints disappear, as they do in torture chambers, interrogations, concentration camps, and, I am sorry to say, in revolutions as well. I understand the passions that caused the Revolution of '56, I share the hatred of what preceded it, but I cannot wholeheartedly celebrate it. I understand that it was a reaction to the incomparably greater and much more frequent evil that the vicious Communist regime had inflicted, but what I saw done by the mob was also evil.

It is no use trying to excuse these revolutionary acts as excesses. Yes, they were excesses, but they were still inexcusable. Revolutions predictably lead to excesses, and that is why they are dangerous even though they may be perfectly justified. They release people's suppressed resentments and anger. The resentments are understandable, the rage is warranted, but the results are atrocities like those that followed the 1789 revolution in France and the 1917 revolution in Russia. The essence of most revolutions, with only a very few exceptions, is to unleash the mob, which then whips up the hatred smoldering within the people who compose it, and they act out their hatred, egging one another on, while feeling secure from retribution because their identity is hidden in the crowd.

It would be grossly unfair, however, to condemn the Hungarian Revolution because of what the mob did. The revolutionaries formed not only the mob but also the heroic armed resistance when the Russian "liberators" once again arrived and joined forces with the no-longer-hiding defenders of Communism. The people's justified rage and hatred blazed up also in brave and doomed efforts to fight back just for once, to resist the ignorant armies marching by night, in whose wake oozed back the terror and the terrorizers.



The overwhelming force of Russian tanks and troops crushed the Revolution. But they did not crush it without serious resistance by workers, by soldiers who had deserted, and by young men and adolescents—my own aimless, lost, frustrated generation—who could not swallow the Communist propaganda but had nothing else to fall back on. These were the true revolutionaries, the rebels who acquired a doomed cause. They were the doers, not the talkers.

And where were the talkers—the writers, journalists, artists, university teachers, scientists, and academicians—the literary and cultural elite of the country? Some continued to talk; others prudently retreated to their apartments; many were on their way to the West, where they could continue to talk about what should be or should have been done. Still others, foreseeing the end of the Revolution, began to sidle back into the fold of the Party they had opportunistically joined and whose favors they had enjoyed.

The Communists had originally come to power because the Russian forces put them there. The power was in the hands of those who returned from years spent in Russia and of a few who returned from the West. The latter did not last for long. After a few show trials, Muscovites and their henchmen, who took orders from the Kremlin, ruled. But they could not have ruled, could not have manned the AVO, if it had not been for the collaboration of the upper middle class and the cultural elite. These people ran the factories, banks, ministries, and newspapers; served as diplomats; administered the hospitals, schools, universities, and sports; taught the university students; supervised the theaters, films, musical life, and books that were published or translated; maintained the mind-numbing machinery of ceaseless propaganda; and designed the socialist kitsch that still defaces the country. Such people formed the privileged nomenklatura, and their collaboration sustained the dictatorship. Why did they collaborate with a regime about which they could have had no illusions?

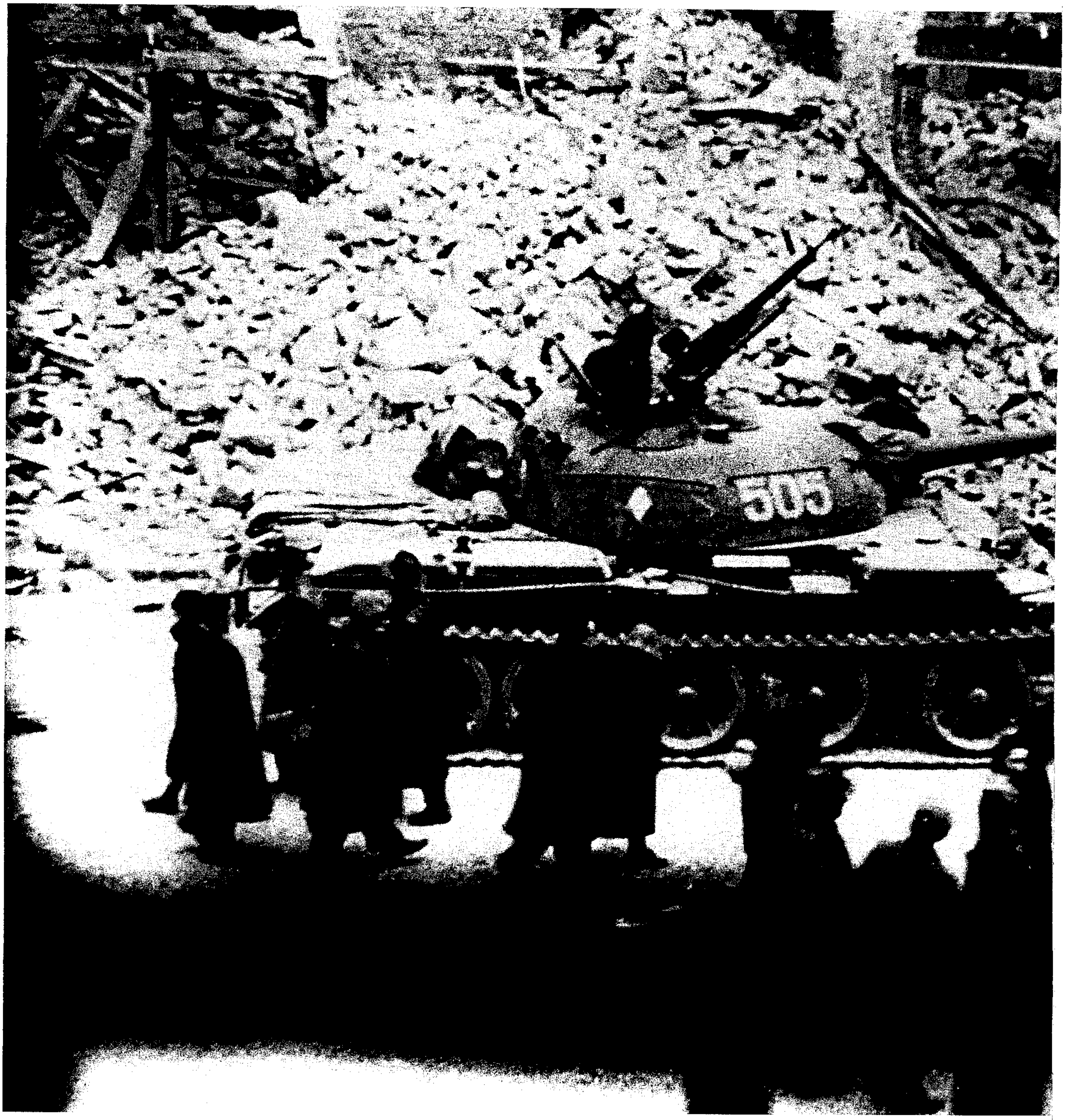
The rebels took violent vengeance on the hated secret policemen.

JOHN SADOVY/TIME & LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Their excuse, which I have heard repeated in many conversations, is that they, too, were afraid. If they had not collaborated, someone else would have; they had to think of their families; and they personally had not beaten, tortured, killed, or enslaved anyone. All this may be true, but none of it is an excuse. For they need not have occupied their positions. They could have chosen, as a few—all too few—did, to be minor clerks, elementary school teachers, factory workers, mailmen, or, horror of horrors, to live in a village, not in a villa in an exclusive neighborhood of Budapest. They could have chosen poverty, internal exile, and silence, as a few nobly did.

> **“The nomenklatura shamefully collaborated because they wanted the benefits with which the regime bribed them.”**

But the nomenklatura shamefully, ignobly collaborated because they wanted the benefits with which the regime bribed them. When the speechifying period of the Revolution was coming to an end and the fighting began, then, sensing where their future interest lay, they cravenly sided with the Party and let the workers, the youths, and the deserters risk their lives, which many of them lost. And the collaborators chose correctly, because after the Revolution was crushed, after the rubble was cleared away and the show trials and executions began, they continued to receive benefits in exchange for their services. They could lie to themselves in the dark hours of a sleepless night that they really were opposed to the regime and that, had it not been for the welfare of their families, they would have joined the fighters. Part of the evil of dictatorship is that the fear it deliberately spreads


505

INTERFOTO HONGRIE/SIPA

often corrupts those who feel it, as it had corrupted these despicable people.

How might we answer the retrospective question of whether the Revolution was worth it? We might begin by asking: Worth it for whom? Let's start with my personal point of view, shared by many of my contemporaries who left when I did. For us, the Revolution created the golden opportunity finally to do what we had dreamed of doing during the horrible years of the dictatorship: to leave for the West and create new lives. This was not just a wish for money, comfort, and a life without fear. We had that wish, of course; but we also wished, often inarticulately, for a life in circumstances in which it was possible to be honest, to tell the truth—a life in which it was not an exception but the rule that people had goodwill toward one another and in which decency, rather than corruption, prevailed. We had dreams about the possibilities of life in the West, and the Revolution made it possible for us to try to realize them. Reality did not quite match our dreams, but that is irrelevant to the eagerness with which we grasped the opportunity to escape that the Revolution created for us. We gave up in exchange our country, mother tongue, and society. With the passage of 50 years, I think the exchange was worth it, but my contemporaries might think differently.

Far more important than the personal viewpoint was the point of view of what used to be called the Free World: Western, anti-Communist democracies. Was the Revolution worth it from that point of view? The answer is undoubtedly yes. It was a resounding demonstration to the Third World, to fellow travelers (especially in France, Italy, and England), and to Communists living in the Free World that Communism was imposed by force, that those who lived under it hated it, and that the nations in the Russian sphere of interest yearned to be free of its yoke. The Revolution showed that what was thought to be American propaganda broadcast by Radio

The overwhelming force of Russian tanks and troops crushed the Revolution.

UNITED STATES
ESCAPEE PROGRAM
UNITED STATES
ESCAPEE PROGRAM
ESCAPEE PROGRAM

Free Europe, the Voice of America, and other media was in fact the truth.

It also meant that Russia had to commit substantial troops to prevent revolutions in other of its client states. This expensive effort strained Russian resources and made the troops unavailable for deployment elsewhere. It also had a corrosive effect on Russia itself, because the troops saw how much better life was in East-Central Europe than in Russia, and they took the news home with them. Since the Free World reaped all these benefits at the small cost of accommodating the 200,000 Hungarian refugees, from its point of view the Revolution was clearly worth it.

> **"History marches on, its path strewn with victims whose loss is not redeemed by a future they cannot enjoy."**

Add to this that the Hungarian Revolution was a significant step toward hastening the collapse of Communism, responsible for tens of millions of deaths—one of the most vicious regimes that human history has so far seen. If we bear this outcome in mind, then the few atrocities of the mob, the thousands of people killed, the emigration of 200,000 mostly well-educated people whose departure impoverished the future, and the material, economic, and psychological damage appear in a very different light—as the regrettable but acceptable price paid for hastening the disintegration of what has rightly been called an evil empire. The cost of the Revolution, then, may seem like the pain caused by necessary surgery: an unintended and unavoidable by-product with which, human nature being what it is, we must learn to live.

The Revolution, however, was a Hungarian revolution, and a central question is whether it was worth it from the Hungarian point of view. The people involved in the Revolution, of course, had no idea of whether it would succeed or fail, and even less idea of what its long-term effects might be. They did what they could under those wretched circumstances, but they could not have had the retrospective point of view that would have enabled them to distance themselves from the conditions they faced. This is the ever-present irony of history, not a peculiarity of the Hungarian Revolution: we are always doomed to act in ignorance of the long-term consequences of what we do, yet the evaluation of our actions partly depends on those consequences. It makes a great difference to weighing the cost of the Revolution whether it turned out to be part of a futile protest against the march of history or whether it was a small step toward the betterment of human life. But that knowledge is open only to us now, not to the revolutionaries then.

For the Hungarians, the facts remain what they were, regardless of how they seem retrospectively. The dead are dead, the tortured cannot undo what happened to them, the émigrés' loss of country, language, and community is irreversible, and those who were imprisoned or enslaved cannot regain the years of which they were robbed. History marches on, and occasionally it may even go in a direction we like, but its path is strewn with victims whose loss is not redeemed by a future they cannot enjoy. Detachment is necessary for historians, but it is wrong to urge it on the victims and on those who grieve for them.

What's more, the longer-term and less concrete consequences of the Revolution dwarfed the immediate costs. Immediately before the Revolution, the regime was relaxing the terror. It allowed small private enterprises, was less rigorous in censorship, permitted some foreign travel, and generally tended toward superficial reform, so long as it did not endanger Communist hegemony. The Revolution reversed this trend. Terror resumed, thousands were executed

The Revolution gave many Hungarians their *chance to emigrate.*

IMAGNO/GETTY IMAGES

and imprisoned, the Kremlin strengthened its control over the country, the Party realized just how very unpopular it was, and to its members' desire for power was added the fear of what would happen if they lost it.

The rest of the country—the workers, peasants, city dwellers, the middle class, and the young—were resigned to the continuation of the status quo. People grew even more cynical than they were before. They turned inward. Corruption increased, theft became ubiquitous, and it was often said, with wry characteristic humor, that we pretend to work and they pretend to pay us.

Before the Revolution, people had some inchoate hope; immediately after it actually happened, they lost even that hope. These were the losses resulting from the Revolution. It is important to add that revolutions rarely succeed in improving life, and the atrocities to which they so frequently lead are rarely redeemed by an increase in human well-being. I can think of only one or two revolutions that made life better: the American Revolution that led to independence and the establishment of what is now the oldest constitutional regime in the world; and perhaps the Glorious Revolution in England, if it is proper to call it a revolution, which assured the Protestant succession. But one must be cautious in making generalizations about revolutions. They occur in very different circumstances, have very different consequences, and must be judged case by case.

What, then, were the gains for Hungarians? Well, there was that exhilarating week of freedom that showed how life might be, but of course it did not last. There was also the satisfaction that during that week, during the fighting that followed, and during the renewed terror after the Revolution was crushed, Hungary enjoyed the sympathy and attention of the Free World. This was a unique experience in Hungarian history, because for centuries its rulers had managed with remarkable consistency to ally the country with the wrong side. And there was also the satisfaction, derived from the characteristically Hungarian form of pride, of: We showed them! As far as I can see, these were all the gains.

If we compare the losses with the gains, the balance overwhelmingly tilts in favor of the losses. The costs of the Revolution were far greater than the benefits. I do not speak in monetary terms but in terms of the psyche of the nation. This is not a mystical entity but rather the bitter, cynical, hopeless psychological state of the people—the state of those who have learned that no violation of basic decency is impossible and who have lost the capacity to become outraged because the outrageous has become a daily occurrence in their lives. If I am not mistaken, this corrupted mentality persists in contemporary Hungary. In my judgment, therefore, from the Hungarian point of view, the Revolution was not worth it, regardless of what the Free World and those, like myself, who left thought about it.

This article grew out of a lecture I gave in Hungary on the 50th anniversary of the Revolution. A discussion followed the lecture, and three very different kinds of responses emerged. Members of the cultural elite, who had collaborated with the Communist regime, repeated the sorry explanation of having had no choice, and thus claimed to be excused. A second kind of response came from stalwart anti-Communists who have sentimentalized the Revolution. They were offended by my mention of the atrocities that the anti-Communist mob committed. They thought that it besmirched the Revolution to talk about such matters when the depredations of the Communist regime were incomparably greater. I reminded them—in vain—that the truth remains true even if it is unpleasant. Hungarian history for the past 150 or so years has lurched from disaster to disaster. Terrible things were done to and by Hungarians. The health of the society requires facing this, instead of searching desperately for redeeming events and then sentimentalizing them, as Hungarians are now doing with the Revolution of '56. It is a redeeming episode in Hungarian history, but it is not without blemish. The last kind of response came from those who agreed that Hungary badly needs decency and truth. In my judgment, these people represent the best hope for the future of that ravaged country.

Free Inquiry? Not on Campus

And the college speech police threaten the liberty of us all.

John Leo

Remember when the Right had a near-monopoly on censorship? If so, you must be in your sixties, or older. Now the champions of censorship are mostly on the left. And they are thickest on the ground in our colleges and universities. Since the late 1980s, what should be the most open, debate-driven, and tolerant sector of society has been in thrall to the diversity and political correctness that now form the aggressive secular religion of America's elites.

The censors have only grown in power, elevating antidiscrimination rules above "absolutist" free-speech principles, silencing dissent with anti-harassment policies, and looking away when students bar or disrupt conservative speakers or steal conservative newspapers. Operating under the tacit principle that "error has no rights," an ancient Catholic theological rule, the new censors aren't interested in debates or open forums. They want to shut up dissenters.

In October, for instance, a student mob stormed a Columbia University stage, shutting down speeches by two members of the Minutemen, an anti-illegal-immigration group. The students shouted: "They have no right to speak!" Campus opponents of Congressman Tom Tancredo, an

Illustrations by Arnold Roth

illegal-immigration foe, set off fire alarms at Georgetown to disrupt his planned speech, and their counterparts at Michigan State roughed up his student backers. Conservative activist David Horowitz, black conservative columnist Star Parker, and Daniel Pipes, an outspoken critic of Islamism, frequently find themselves shouted down or disrupted on campus.

School officials seem to have little more interest in free speech. At Columbia this fall, officials turned away most of a large crowd gathered to hear former PLO terrorist-turned-anti-jihadist Walid Shoebat, citing security worries. Only Columbia students and 20 guests got in. Colleges often cite the danger of violence as they cancel controversial speeches—a new form of heckler's veto: shrinking an audience so that an event will seem unimportant is itself a way to cave to critics. In 2003, Columbia, facing leftist fury at the scheduled speeches of several conservatives (myself included), banned scores of invited nonstudents who had agreed to attend. Though some schools cancel left-wing speakers, too—including Ward Churchill and Michael Moore, or abortion-supporters Anna Quindlen and Christie Whitman at Catholic universities—right-of-center speakers are the campus speech cops' normal targets.

Official censorship—now renamed speech codes and antiharassment codes—pervades the campuses. The Foundation for Individual Rights in Education (FIRE) recently surveyed more than 300 schools, including the top universities and liberal arts colleges, and found that over 68 percent explicitly prohibit speech that the First Amendment would protect if uttered off campus. At 229 schools, FIRE found clear and substantial restriction of speech, while 91 more had policies that one could interpret as restricting speech. Only eight permitted genuine free expression.

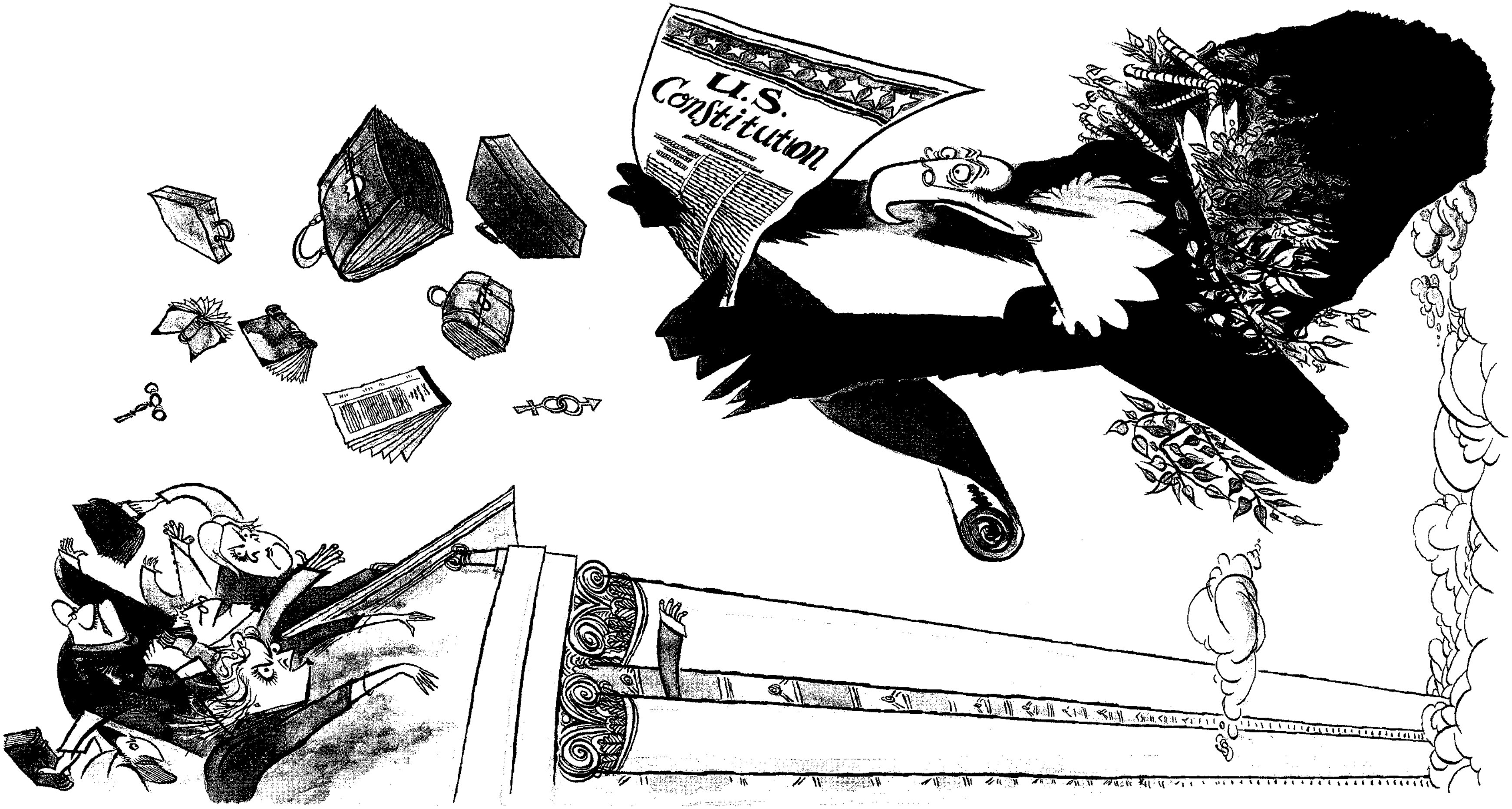
A 2002 *New York Times* article reported that today's college kids seem more guarded in their views than previous generations of students. The writer suggested several possible explanations—disgust with partisan politics and uncivil debates on cable news shows, perhaps, or simple politeness. A more likely reason is that universities have made honest disagreement dangerous, making students fearful of saying what they think.

Much campus censorship rests on philosophical underpinnings that go back to social theorist Herbert Marcuse, a hero to sixties radicals. Marcuse argued that traditional tolerance is repressive—it wards off reform by making the status quo . . . well, tolerable. Marcuse favored intolerance of established and conservative views, with tolerance offered only to the opinions of the oppressed, radicals, subversives, and other outsiders. Indoctrination of students and "deeply pervasive" censorship of others would be necessary, starting on the campuses and fanning out from there.

By the late 1980s, many of the double standards that Marcuse called for were in place in academe. Marcuse's candor was missing, but everyone knew that speakers, student newspapers, and professors on the right could (make that *should*) receive different treatment from those on the left. The officially oppressed—designated race and gender groups—knew that they weren't subject to the standards and rules set for other students.

Marcuse's thinking has influenced a generation of influential radical scholars. They included Mari Matsuda, who followed Marcuse by arguing that complete free speech should belong mainly to the powerless; and Catharine MacKinnon, a pioneer of modern sexual harassment and "hostile environment" doctrine. In MacKinnon's hands, sexual harassment became a form of gender-based class discrimination and inegalitarian speech a kind of harmful action.

Confusing speech and action has a long pedigree on the PC campus. At the time of the first wave of speech codes 20 years ago, Kenneth Lasson, a law professor at the University of Baltimore, argued that "racial defamation does not merely 'preach hate'; it is the practice of hatred by the speaker"—and is thus punishable as a form of assault. Indeed, the Left has evolved a whole new vocabulary to blur the line between acts and speech: "verbal conduct" and "expressive behavior" (speech), "non-traditional violence" (Lani Guinier's term for strong criticism), and


U.S. Constitution

"anti-feminist intellectual harassment" (rolling one's eyeballs over feminist dogma).

Campus censors frequently emulate the Marcusian double standard by combining effusive praise for free speech with an eagerness to suppress unwelcome views. "I often have to struggle with right and wrong because I am a strong believer in free speech," said Ronni Santo, a gay student activist at UCLA in the late nineties. "Opinions are protected under the First Amendment, but when negative opinions come out of a person's fist, mouth, or pen to intentionally hurt others, that's when their opinions should no longer be protected."

In their 1993 book, *The Shadow University*, Alan Charles Kors and Harvey Silverglate turned some of the early speech codes into national laughingstocks. Among the banned comments and action they listed: "intentionally producing psychological discomfort" (University of North Dakota), "insensitivity to the experience of women" (University of Minnesota), and "inconsiderate jokes" (University of Connecticut). Serious nonverbal offenses included "inappropriate laughter" (Sarah Lawrence College), "eye contact or the lack of it" (Michigan State University), and "subtle discrimination," such as "licking lips or teeth; holding food provocatively" (University of Maryland). Later gems, added well after the courts struck down campus codes as overly broad, included bans on "inappropriate non-verbals" (Macalaster College), "communication with sexual overtones" (Lincoln University), and "discussing sexual activities" (State University of New York–Brockport). Other codes bar any comment or gesture that "annoys," "offends," or otherwise makes someone feel bad. Tufts ruled that attributing harassment complaints to the "hypersensitivity of others who feel hurt" is itself harassment.

Brockport, which banned "cartoons that depict religious figures in compromising situations," "jokes making fun of any protected group," and "calling someone an old hag," helpfully described for students what does *not* constitute sexual harassment: "non-coercive interaction(s) . . . that are acceptable to both parties." Commented Greg Lukianoff of FIRE: "The wonder is that anyone would risk speaking at all at SUNY Brockport."

Despite numerous court decisions overturning these codes, they have proliferated. College officials point to the hurt feelings of women or minorities as evidence that a violation must have occurred, in part because they want to avoid charges of racism, sexism, and homophobia—an overriding fear in today's academe, where diversity offices can swarm with 40 or 50 administrators. The Clinton administration's commissioner of civil rights in the Department of Education, Norma Cantú, reinforced this trend by interpreting racial and sexual harassment broadly, with an implied threat to withhold federal funds if universities didn't vigorously counter it. In 2003, the DOE office of civil rights issued a weary clarification, explaining to universities that harassment doesn't mean merely feeling offended. The letter has had little effect on the censoring fervor of the campuses, however. Occidental College officials soon found a student radio shock jock guilty of sexual harassment for using various crude terms on the air, calling one student a "bearded feminist" and another "half man, half vagina." On many a campus, tastelessness equals harassment.

Georgia Tech went so far as to ban "denigrating" comments on "beliefs," which would make almost any passionate argument over ideas a violation. Needless to say, the targets here are usually conservative. Ohio State University at Mansfield launched a sexual harassment investigation of a research librarian, Scott Savage, for recommending the inclusion of four conservative books, including popular works by David Horowitz and ex-senator Rick Santorum, on a freshman reading list. Two professors had complained that one of the books, *The Marketing of Evil*, by journalist David Kupelian, was "homophobic tripe" and "hate literature." This may have been the first time that a campus charged that a book recommendation qualified as sexual harassment. After a burst of publicity and a threat to sue, the university dropped the investigation.

Student censors regularly spirit away whole print runs of conservative student newspapers, almost always without reproof from administrators. Over the years, campus officials, including a few university presidents, have even encouraged such stealing. After repeated thefts of the *Dartmouth Review*, an official egged on the thieves by calling the paper "litter" and "abandoned property." In a commencement speech, former Cornell president Hunter Rawlings III praised students who seized and burned copies of the conservative *Cornell Review* in retaliation for printing a gross parody of Ebonics.

Once in a blue moon, a college president vigorously defends free speech. At Northern Kentucky University, president James Votruba rebuked and suspended a tenured feminist professor, Sally Jacobsen, who led a group that demolished a campus-approved right-to-life display. Jacobsen cited two justifications: her deep feelings and her alleged free-speech right to tear down displays that offend her. "I did invite students to express their freedom of speech rights to destroy the display if they wished," she said. "Any violence perpetrated against that silly display was minor compared to how I felt when I saw it."

"'Any violence perpetrated against that silly display was minor compared to how I felt when I saw it.'"

But far more typical than Votruba was Washington State University president V. Lane Rawlins, who hailed the disruption—and subsequent cancellation—of an intentionally offensive student play that irritated blacks, Christians, Jews, gays, and others. Rawlins defended the disrupters, saying that they had "exercised their rights of free speech in a very responsible manner." Later documents showed that the university had actually organized and financed them. In the real world, such a revelation would have cost Rawlins his job. But on today's campus, it passes without comment, in part because students can point out, with perfect moral justification, that forcing the cancellation of speeches and stealing newspapers are just logical extensions of campus speech codes.

Nothing makes the campus censors angrier than someone who dares to question race and gender preferences, especially if he uses satire to do it. That's why the anti-affirmative-action bake sales that conservative students have sponsored at many schools—white male customers can buy cookies for $1, with lower prices for women and various minorities—have provoked such ferocious responses from campus authorities.

Grand Valley State University in Allendale, Michigan, provides a typical example. A Republican club there staged a bake sale, and several students then said that they felt offended. This amounted to a powerful argument, since hurt feelings are trump cards in the contemporary campus culture. (At the University of Wisconsin, for example, a black student testified in defense of the faculty speech code, complaining bitterly that a professor had used the word "niggardly" while teaching Chaucer. "I was in tears," she said. "It's not up to the rest of the class to decide whether my feelings are valid.")

Next came the usual administrative scramble to suppress free speech while expressing great respect for it. The university charged the club with a violation of the student code and threatened sanctions. The students folded under administrative pressure and apologized. When the Republican club president refused to back down, club members asked him to resign, and he did. The students' retreat was understandable, if not very courageous. The university in effect was trying them for bias, with the likelihood that a notation of racism would become part of their academic record and follow them to post-college job interviews.

The College Republicans at Northeastern Illinois University canceled an announced affirmative-action bake sale after the administration threatened punishment. Dean of students Michael Kelly announced that the cookie sellers would be violating university rules and that "any disruption of university activities that would be caused by this event is also actionable." This principle—politically incorrect speakers are responsible for attacks on them by students who resent their speech—is dear to campus censors' hearts. The university didn't view itself as engaging in censorship—and double-standard censorship at that, since it freely allowed a satirical wage-gap bake sale run by feminists. Absurdly, Kelly said that the affirmative-action sale would be fine—if cookie prices were the same for whites, minorities, and women. Other administrators complained that differential pricing of baked goods is unfair, thus unwittingly proving the whole point of the parody.

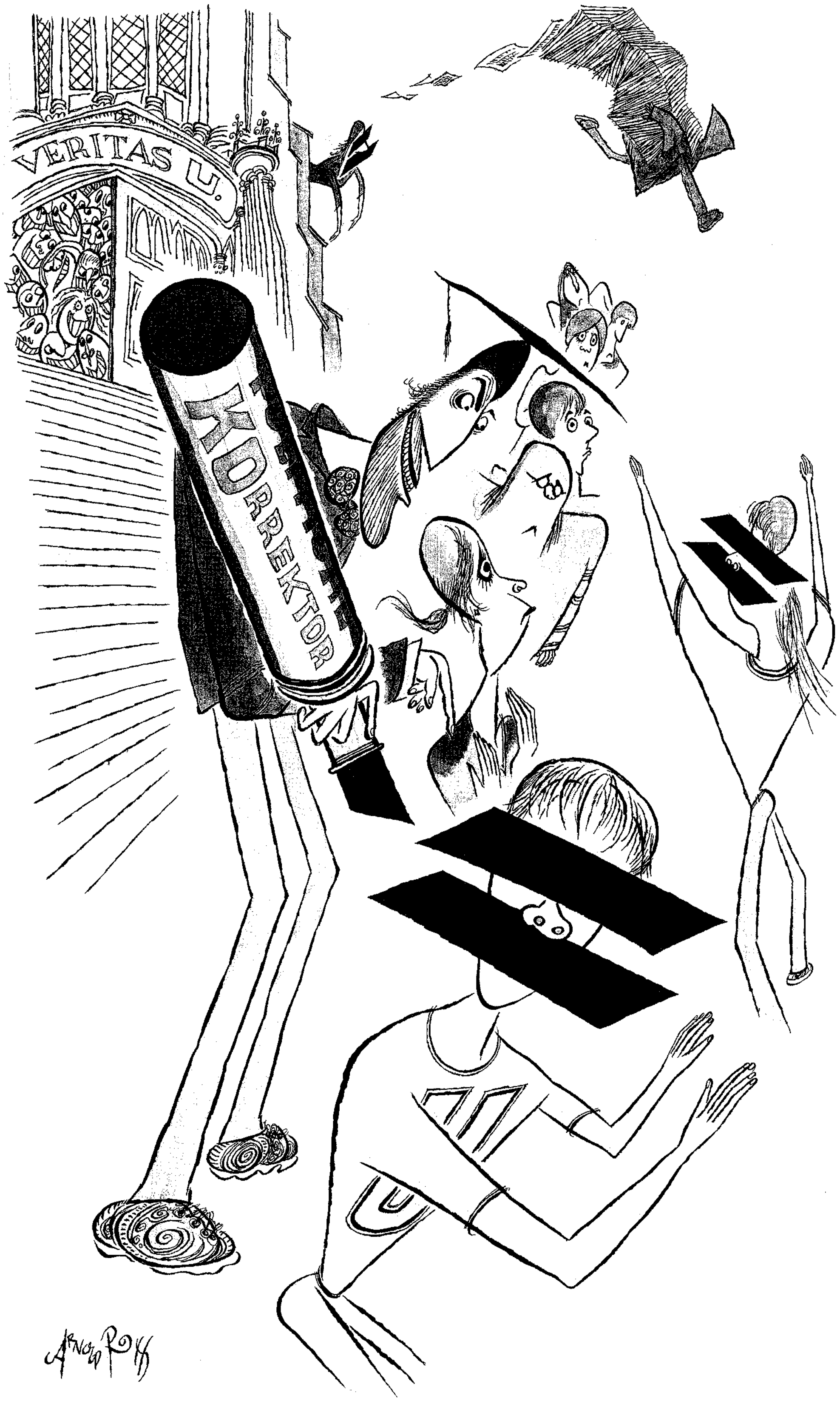
Schools will use almost any tactic to shut the bake sales down. At the University of Washington, the administration said that the sponsor had failed to get a food permit. At Grand Valley, the university counsel argued that the sale of a single cupcake would convert political commentary into forbidden campus commerce. At Texas A&M, the athletics director argued that a satirical bake sale would damage the sports teams by making it harder to recruit minorities.

One of the PC campus's worst excesses in suppressing unwanted speech is the drive by gays and their allies to banish or break Christian groups for their traditional beliefs on sexuality. Some 20 campuses have acted to de-recognize or de-fund religious groups that oppose homosexuality (as well as nonmarital sex), often accusing them of violating antidiscrimination rules—that is, refusing to let gays be members, or allowing them to belong but not serve as officers. The language of many policies would require a Democratic club to accept a Republican president, a Jewish group to allow a Holocaust-denying member, or a Muslim organization to accept a leader who practices voodoo.

About half of the attempts to move against Christian clubs have failed. The University of North Carolina–Chapel Hill dropped its move against a Christian club three days after getting a friendly warning letter from FIRE. "UNC couldn't defend in public what it was willing to do in private," said FIRE president Alan Charles Kors. "If an evangelical Christian who believed homosexuality to be a sin tried to become president of a university's Bisexual, Gay and Lesbian Alliance, the administration would have led candlelight vigils on behalf of diversity and free association."

Such Marcusian double standards—freedom for me, but not for thee—now have a beachhead in the law, thanks to the legendarily left-wing Ninth Circuit. In response to a "Day of Silence" sponsored by the Gay-Straight Alliance at his Poway, California, high school, Tyler Harper wore a shirt that proclaimed, on the front, "Be Ashamed, Our School Embraced What God Has Condemned," and on the back, "Homosexuality Is Shameful / Romans 1:27." The school principal ordered Harper to take off the shirt. Harper refused, and sued. He argued that the purpose of the "Day of Silence" was to "endorse, promote and encourage homosexual activity" and that he had a First Amendment right to use his T-shirt message as a rebuttal.

When the Poway case reached the Ninth Circuit, Judge Stephen Reinhardt and his colleague Judge Sidney R. Thomas argued in a two-to-one decision that it is permissible to exclude T-shirt messages from First Amendment protection if they strike at a "core identifying characteristic of students on the basis of their membership as a minority group"—with minority status conveyed by categories "such as race, religion, and sexual orientation." This ruling, unless the Supreme Court takes it up and overturns it, creates a large new category of viewpoints that the First Amendment doesn't safeguard, at least within the Ninth Circuit. Based on the loose language—"such as" could apply to numerous groups—criticism of illegal aliens might now lack First Amendment protection, says UCLA law prof Eugene Volokh. Presumably, too, one can no longer criticize any minority religious opinion, such as the Islamic view that cartoons mocking Mohammed are out-of-bounds. But pictures of Christ in urine would be perfectly fine, since Christianity remains America's majority faith.


VERITAS U.
KORREKTOR
U
Arnold Roth

Some on the left applaud such Marcusian hairsplitting, arguing that First Amendment "absolutists" must learn to "balance" free speech and special protections for vulnerable groups. But in dissent, Judge Alex Kozinski expressed "considerable difficulty understanding the source and sweep of the novel doctrine the majority announces today"—nothing in state, federal, or common law supports it, he noted.

To understand the rising disrespect for free expression in the U.S., Kozinski might have been better off looking to Canada and Europe, both a bit ahead of us—if that's the right phrase—in embracing PC censorship.

Despite stated respect for free speech in its national constitution, Canada now has a national speech code and judges and elites eager to expand it. The Canadian Supreme Court has issued a series of rulings stating that the government may limit speech in the name of worthwhile goals, such as ending discrimination, ensuring social harmony, or promoting sexual equality. The state may now seize published material judged to "degrade" or "dehumanize" any group.

What free-speech supporters would regard as horrendous abuses have become commonplace. In 1997, for instance, the mayor of London, Ontario, ran afoul of Canada's Human Rights Code for refusing to declare a Gay Pride day, citing her Christian beliefs. The British Columbia College of Teachers refuses to certify teacher education programs at Christian universities if they urge students to abstain from premarital sex, adultery, or homosexual sex. The province's hate-speech laws use extremely broad language, criminalizing statements that "indicate" discrimination or that "likely" will expose a group or one of its members to hatred or contempt.

Ted Byfield, editor of the now-defunct *Alberta Report*, violated that province's human rights law by publishing an article noting that some children were grateful for the education they received at the government's residential schools for Indians, much despised by multiculturalists and admittedly abuse-plagued. An injunction against the *Alberta Report* forbade stories on partial-birth abortions after Byfield ran a story quoting unnamed nurses and official documents saying that some babies subject to the procedure at a Calgary hospital were born alive and deliberately allowed to starve to death.

Canada has become "a pleasantly authoritarian country," observes Alan Borovoy, general counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. Robert Martin, a constitutional law prof at the University of Western Ontario, is harsher: Canada is now "a totalitarian theocracy," he says, devoted to the secular state religion of political correctness.

Things are no freer across the pond. The Irish Council for Civil Liberties announced that it would prosecute any priests found distributing or quoting the pope's words forbidding gay marriage. In England, author Lynette Burrows drew a police investigation for saying on a talk show that she opposes homosexual adoption. An Oxford student fared worse after a night out to celebrate the end of exams. Stopped by a mounted policeman, he drunkenly quipped, "Excuse me, do you realize your horse is gay?" Unfortunately, the humor-free local constabulary arrested the young man under the Public Order Act for making homophobic remarks.

By law, 11 European nations can punish anyone who publicly denies the Holocaust. That's why the discredited Holocaust-denying British historian David Irving went to prison in Austria. Ken Livingstone, London's madcap mayor, drew a monthlong suspension for calling a Jewish reporter a Nazi. A Swedish pastor went through a long and harrowing prosecution for a sermon criticizing homosexuality, finally beating the rap in Sweden's supreme court.

Naturally enough, Muslims want to play the same victim game as other aggrieved groups. The French Council of Muslims says that it's considering taking *France Soir*, which reprinted the Danish cartoons, to court for provocation. When French novelist Michel Houellebecq said some derogatory things about the Koran, Muslim groups hauled him into court, which eventually exonerated him. The late Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci wrote an angry anti-Muslim book, meant to waken the West to the gravity of the threat posed by Islam. Her prosecution in Italy for writing the book was pending when she died in October.

Much of Europe has painted itself into a corner on Muslim-driven censorship. What can Norway say to pro-censorship Muslims when it already has a hate-speech law forbidding, among other things, "publicly stirring up one part of the population against another," or any utterance that "threatens, insults or subjects to hatred, persecution, or contempt any person or group of persons because of their creed, race, color, or national or ethnic origin . . . or homosexual bent"? No insulting utterances at all? Since most strong opinions can seem insulting to someone—can hurt someone's feelings—no insults means no free speech.

Chafing under First Amendment restrictions, many censorship-prone American leftists look longingly toward successful speech control up north or overseas. That's what they want right here.

> **"Chafing under First Amendment restrictions, many leftists look longingly toward speech control overseas."**

We are very lucky to have the First Amendment. Without it, our chattering classes would be falling all over themselves to ban speech that offends sensitive groups, just as Canadian- and Euro-chatterers are doing now. We know this because our campus speech codes, the models for the disastrous hate-speech laws elsewhere, were the inventions of our own elites. Without a First Amendment, the distortions and suppressions of campus life would likely have gone national. Mel Gibson, Michael Richards, and many rap artists would be in jail, or at least facing charges.

The cause of free speech can no longer expect much help from the American Civil Liberties Union, more concerned today with civil rights and multicultural issues than with civil liberties and free speech. True, the ACLU still takes some censorship cases—it led the fight against the first wave of campus speech codes circa 1990, for instance. But the rise of the ACLU's internal lobbies or "projects," such as the Lesbian and Gay Project and the Immigrants' Rights Project, has made the organization look more and more like a traditional left-wing pressure group, with little passion for the First Amendment. The ACLU is also following the money: funds flow in because the group responds to concerns of feminist, gays, and other identity groups, not because of its historical defense of free speech and civil liberties.

These days, the ACLU visibly stands aloof from obvious First Amendment cases—such as the college speech and harassment codes—and even comes down on the anti-free-speech side. Consider the group's stance in *Aguilar* v. *Avis Rent-A-Car System*, a case involving ethnic epithets aimed by supervisors at Latino employees of Avis in San Francisco. A California court ruled that Avis had permitted a hostile environment. The California Supreme Court, abetted by both the northern Californian and the national ACLU, agreed, and upheld the lower court's startling speech restriction: *prior* restraint on workers' speech, forbidding a judge-made list of specific words. These words, not yet revealed or promulgated, will soon be taboo in every California workplace, even outside the earshot of Latino employees, and even if they are welcome. As civil libertarian Nat Hentoff wrote: "This may be the broadest and vaguest restriction of speech in American legal history."

Even with the ACLU, the mainstream media, school officials, and much of the professorate AWOL, the speech police haven't gone unopposed. Just ask former Clinton official Donna Shalala. As chancellor of the University of Wisconsin in the late eighties, she proved a fervent early advocate of campus speech restrictions.

Though Shalala occasionally praised free speech, she and her team imposed not only a full-fledged student speech code, later struck down in federal court, but also a faculty code that provoked the first (and so far, only) pro-free-speech campus campaign strong enough to repeal such repressive restrictions. The Wisconsin faculty code was a primitive, totalitarian horror. Professors found themselves under investigation, sometimes for months, without a chance to defend themselves or even to know about the secret proceedings. One female professor said: "It was like being put in prison for no reason. I had no idea what it was that I was supposed to have done."

A small group of free-speech-minded faculty formed the Committee for Academic Freedom and Rights (CAFR). The group asked for help from the Wisconsin chapter of the pro-free-speech National Association of Scholars, which enlisted as speakers such celebrated allies as Alan Dershowitz and *National Journal* columnist Jonathan Rauch.

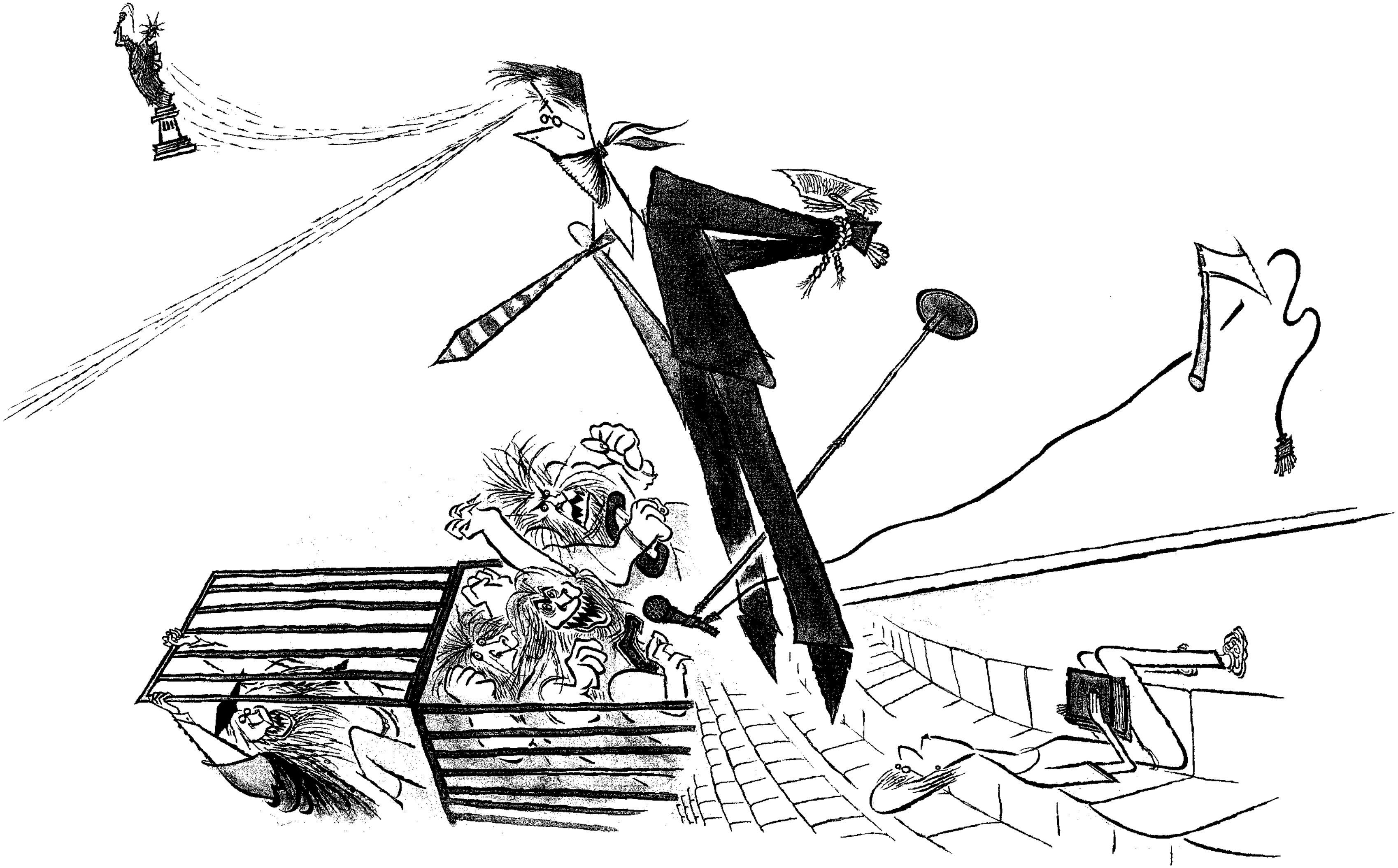
The First Amendment forces got a lucky break when the university signed a foolish contract with Reebok, in which it received millions of dollars in exchange for the use of the company's footwear by campus sports teams. The contract included a clause forbidding negative comments on Reebok products by any "University employee, agent or representative." The clause greatly irritated the anticorporate campus Left, which had usually been lukewarm or indifferent to free-speech concerns, helping convert some of its members to the anti-speech-code side. Later, a strong defense of free speech by a homosexual professor, called a traitor to his identity group for his courage, brought in other campus leftist allies. CAFR was amazed at how quickly many would-be censors backed down when confronted with controversy and threatened lawsuits. Wisconsin rescinded its faculty code—the first university to do so without a court order.

New national groups have joined the fight for free speech on campus (and off), among them the Center for Individual Rights, the Alliance Defense Fund, and FIRE, the most relentless of the newcomers. FIRE usually starts a campaign with a polite letter to a university president, noting that some policy is either unconstitutional or a clear violation of civil liberties. If it doesn't get the change it wants, it will then write to trustees, parents, and alumni, and take its case to the media.

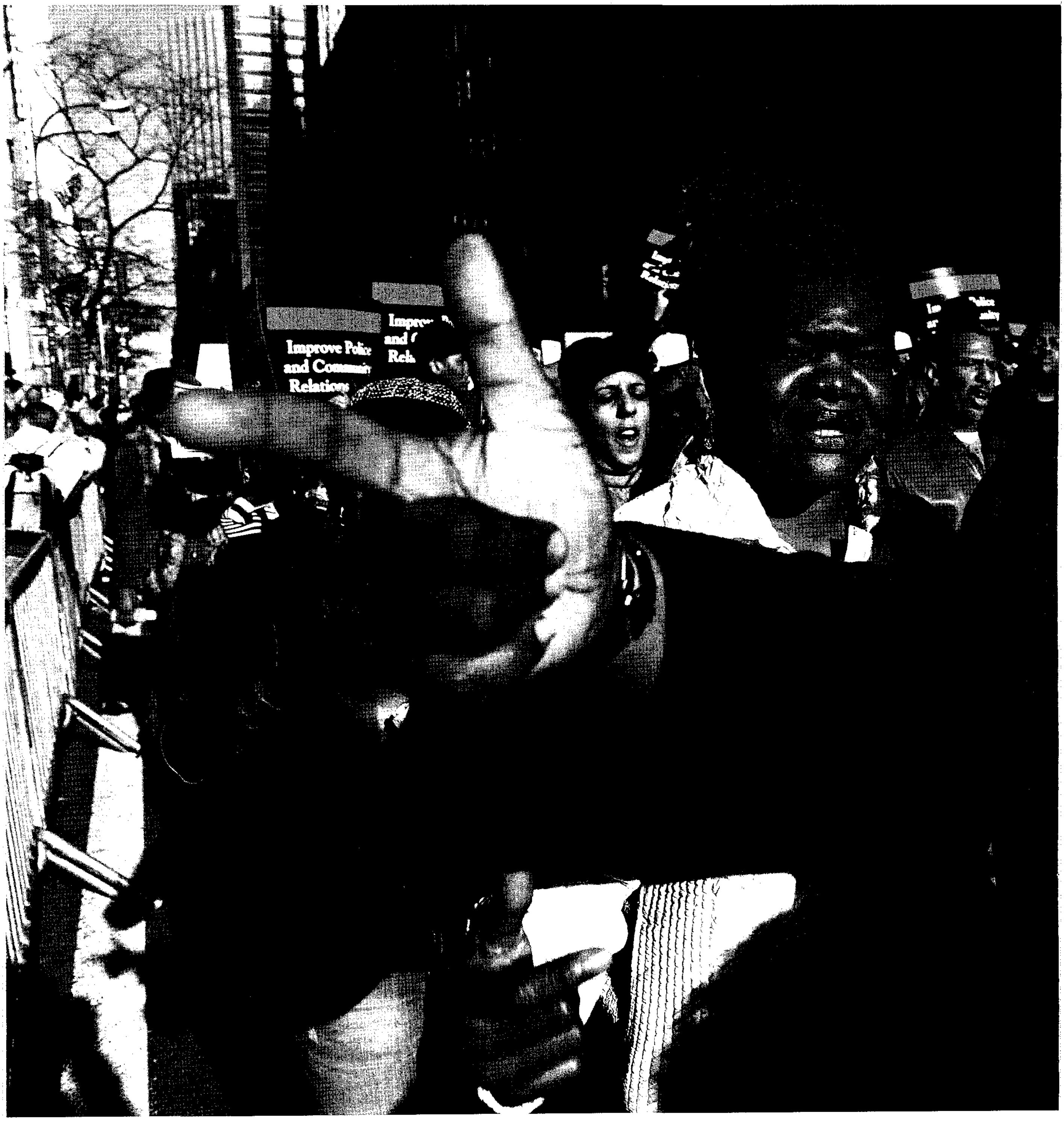
FIRE now has an extensive network of campus free-speech "spies," as its cofounder, Harvey Silverglate, jauntily calls them (Alan Charles Kors, the other cofounder, prefers "concerned members of the community"). The organization is seeking new ways to open up closed campus systems, too, such as suing administrators as individuals, which FIRE believes will get their full attention. Another new tactic is to publicize what colleges spend on fighting for unconstitutional speech codes. Most of all, FIRE is trying to show stubborn administrators that the era of hiding gross civil liberties violations behind a PC wall of silence is over: the group wins more than 95 percent of its cases.

Political correctness took hold when there were 40 radio talk shows, three networks, and no bloggers. Today, the cross-referencing of PC outrages among bloggers, radio talkers, and rights groups makes it hard to run an old-fashioned repressive campus. University presidents now understand that their reputations do not rest entirely with the PC platoons. Donna Shalala escaped Wisconsin with her reputation intact. Sheldon Hackney, former president of Penn, did not. (I named my own annual award for the worst college president, the "Sheldon," in his honor.) When he stepped down from the Penn presidency, he didn't become the head of a major foundation, as many expected; instead, he wound up returning to Penn as a professor. Other reputations hang in the balance. Lee Bollinger, a First Amendment expert (and affirmative-action advocate), was invisible during the free-speech debates at Michigan and is almost as recessive today as president of Columbia. But it is getting harder for the Hackneys and Bollingers to waffle.

Perhaps the battle to release the campuses from the iron grasp of PC will take decades, but the struggle for free speech is being fought—and won—now.



No, the Cops Didn't Murder Sean Bell


Improve Police
and Communi
Relations

STOP
ICE
ITY
OGRESS
ity

TONY SAVINO/CORBIS

And here's what decent black advocates would say.

Heather Mac Donald

New York's anti-cop forces have roared back to life, thanks to a fatal police shooting of an unarmed man on November 25, 2006. The press is once again fawning over Al Sharpton, Herbert Daughtry, Charles Barron, and sundry other hate-mongers in and out of city government as they accuse the police of widespread mistreatment of blacks and issue barely veiled threats of riots if they do not get "justice." A Sharpton-led march down Fifth Avenue on December 16 called for an end to "police terror" and the firing of Police Commissioner Ray Kelly.

The allegation that the November shooting was racially motivated is preposterous. According to press and police reports, a group of undercover officers working in a gun- and drug-plagued strip joint in Queens had good reason to believe that a group leaving the club was armed and about to shoot an adversary. When one of the undercovers identified himself as an officer, the car holding the group twice tried to run him down. The officer started firing while yelling to

While demonstrators turned out to protest Sean Bell's shooting, no one protests run-of-the-mill black-on-black murder.

the car's occupants: "Let me see your hands." His colleagues, believing they were under attack, fired as well, eventually shooting off 50 rounds and killing the driver, Sean Bell, 23. No gun was found in the car, but witnesses and video footage confirm that a fourth man in the party fled the scene once the altercation began. Bell and the other men with him all had been arrested for illegal possession of guns in the past; one of Bell's companions that night, Joseph Guzman, had spent considerable time in state prison, including for an armed robbery in which he shot at his victim. According to some credible reports, Bell and his entourage were involved in illegal drug dealing; that someone with them would have been armed, then, is plausible.

Nothing in these facts suggests that racial animus lay behind the incident. (Though this detail should be irrelevant, the undercover team was racially mixed, and the officer who fired the first shot was black.) But even more preposterous than the assertion that the shooting hinged on race is the claim by New York's self-appointed minority advocates that they care about the well-being of the minority community. If they did, here are seven things that you would have heard them say years ago:

1. "Stop the killing!" Since 1993, 11,353 people have been murdered in New York City. The large majority of victims and perpetrators have been black. Not a single one of those black-on-black killings has prompted protest or demonstrations from the city's black advocates. Sharpton, Barron, et al. are happy to let thousands of black victims get mowed down by thugs without so much as a whispered call for "peace" or "justice"; it's only when a police officer, trying to protect the public, makes a good-faith mistake in a moment of intense pressure that they rise as vindicators of black life. (As for caring about slain police officers, forget about it. Sixteen cops—including several black policemen—have been killed since 1999, not one of whom elicited a public demonstration of condolence from the race hustlers.)

Had Sean Bell been shot by a fellow clubgoer, the protesters and their leaders would not have paid a single moment's attention to his death. They purport to care about him now for one reason only: he provides a pretext to attack the police. Ever heard of Earl Williams? Of course not. Like Sean Bell, who'd been out celebrating before his planned marriage the next morning, Williams was a groom-to-be. One week after Bell's shooting, some robbers had pistol-whipped their victims and forced them to strip, when the 52-year-old Williams happened to pass by the Brooklyn crime scene. The thugs killed him, for good measure. Here was a case of pure depravity, but no one in the "minority community" has bothered to raise one word of lament. Get shot in cold blood by a lowlife, well, that's just the way it is. But if you are in that rarest of minorities—someone killed by the police in a good-faith but possibly mistaken shooting—your name will be known around the world in 24 hours and you will be mourned as a martyr to injustice and brutality.

Among other crime victims in New York's minority neighborhoods in just the first week after the Bell shooting were: 26-year-old Dennis Mack, killed at point-blank range during an attempted robbery; a 26-year-old man fatally shot in the Bronx; another man hit by stray bullets; employees of a sandwich shop in Brownsville who were fired at during a robbery; and three elderly men robbed at knifepoint by a parolee in Queens. Those minority victims who survived will have to rely on the police and the courts, not the race "advocates," for vindication.

If the city's black advocates paid even a tiny fraction of the attention that they pay to shootings by criminals as they pay to shootings by police, they could change the face of the city. If demonstrators gathered outside the jail cell of every rapist and teen stickup thug, cameras in tow, to shame them for their attacks on law-abiding minority residents, they could deglamorize the gangsta life. Think you'll find Sharpton or Barron patrolling with the police in dark housing-project stairways, trying to protect residents from predators? Not a chance.

2. "Police killings of innocent civilians—each one of them a horror—are nonetheless rare." The instances of an officer shooting an innocent, unarmed victim are so unusual that they can be counted on one's fingers. Last year, of the nine suspects fatally shot by the police, two had just fired at an officer, three were getting ready to fire, two had tried to stab an officer, and two were physically attacking an officer. Far more frequent are the times when the NYPD refrains from using force though clearly authorized to do so. So far this year, officers have been fired upon four times without returning fire. In 2005, there were five such incidents. And the NYPD apprehended 3,428 armed felons this year, 15 percent more than last year.

Each arrest of a gun-toting thug involves the potential for the use of deadly force yet is almost always carried out peacefully. On December 2, less than a week after the Sean Bell shooting, a rookie officer tackled and handcuffed a robber whom he had just witnessed fatally shoot a man without himself firing a shot. If Officer Tomas Castro has been publicly celebrated for peacefully getting a killer off the streets, it has not been recorded. The department trains officers incessantly on how to arrest violent felons without resort to deadly force; due to that training, such force-free arrests as the one that Officer Castro accomplished are the overwhelming norm.

"The NYPD has dramatically driven down the rate of police shootings over the decades."

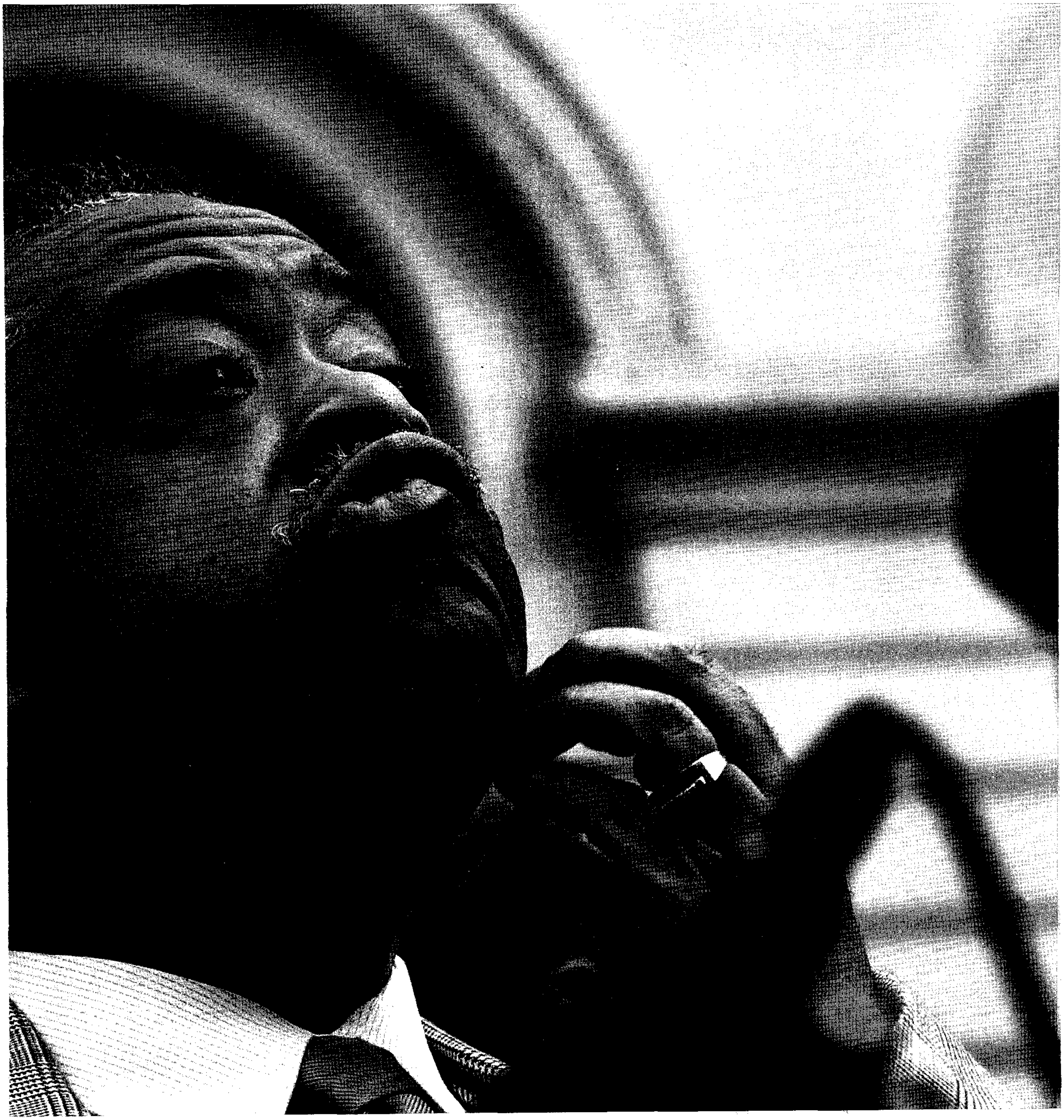
The department has dramatically driven down the rate of police shootings over the decades. In 1973, there were 1.82 fatal police shootings per 1,000 officers; in 2005, there were 0.25 such shootings per 1,000 officers, bringing the absolute number of police shootings down from 54 in 1973 to nine in 2005. The NYPD's per-capita rate of shootings is lower than that of many big-city departments.

Yet *New York Times* columnist Bob Herbert charges the police with an unbroken pattern of "blowing away innocent individuals with impunity." The "community," he wrote on November 30, "which is sick of these killings, is simmering." What are "these killings" about which the "community" is simmering? Herbert reaches back over three decades and adduces five prior to the recent shooting of Sean Bell. Each was a disaster that provoked the NYPD to scrutinize its tactics. But the number of innocent bystanders killed by criminal thugs in New York dwarfs the number of innocents killed by the police. After the shooting, Sharpton said that the minority community has to fear police officers as much as it fears robbers, a conceit that his followers echo. "The police [are] killing too many of our black men. Every time something goes wrong, the first thing they do is to pull out their gun," said a marcher at Sharpton's Fifth Avenue "Shopping for Justice" march. These are baseless claims. What is true is that stoking the myth that the police are a threat to blacks harms the minority community by inflaming anti-cop sentiment and retarding community cooperation in the fight against crime in inner-city neighborhoods.

Here's a simple proposition: Why don't the anti-cop agitators shoulder the responsibility for public safety in even one inner-city neighborhood, in lieu of those dangerous NYPD officers? They would never have the courage to do so, but if they did, it would be a safe bet that fatalities would go up rather than down.

3. "The police work every day to save lives." If New York City murders had remained at their early 1990s highs, instead of dropping from 1,927 killings in 1993 to 540 in 2005, 13,698 more people—most of them black and Hispanic—would have been dead by last year. They are alive today thanks to the relentless efforts of the NYPD to bring the same level of safety to poor minority neighborhoods as to Greenwich Village and the Upper East Side.

The undercover officers who killed Sean Bell over the weekend were working the strip club in Queens where the incident occurred at 4 AM because of its record of illegal guns and drug sales. Their intentions that night were to protect the



RAMIN TALAIE/CORBIS

residents of Jamaica and the occupants of the club from violence. That they ended up killing an unarmed man is undoubtedly a nightmare for them almost as horrific as it is for the victim's family.

It may turn out that the officers failed to follow departmental procedures during the incident (though the NYPD's rule against firing at cars that are trying to run an officer over seems highly unrealistic). If so, the city will hold them accountable. The criminal-justice system may even find them criminally liable. But there is absolutely no evidence that racial hatred lay behind either the officers' presence at the club or their behavior once there—contrary to the outrageous slander of New York City Councilman Al Vann, who called the shooting of Bell and other police shootings the product of "a discriminatory mind, a prejudiced mind," adding, "We have to admit [that] the problem is . . . institutional racism."

A *New York Times* reporter, Cara Buckley, coyly echoed this inflammatory charge several days after the shooting. In referring to the undercover officer who fired the first shots at the car, she says: "The officer's fear, *if that was what motivated him,* was unfounded" (emphasis added). We will leave aside the spurious judgment that just because no gun was ultimately found on the car's occupants, the officer's fear of a gun was "unfounded." The officer, after all, had heard Sean Bell say, "Let's fuck him up," and Bell's friend, Joseph Guzman, respond, "Yo, get my gun." That officer was then the target of an oncoming vehicle driven by Bell. The most offensive part of Buckley's statement, though, is her suggestion that the officer might have been motivated by something *other* than fear—and what else could that be but racism or some kind of violent animus?

The *New York Times,* Al Vann, and other City Council hotheads such as Helen Foster notwithstanding, someone who believes that black lives are worth less than white lives is not going to put his own life at risk working in dangerous

You'll never hear Al Sharpton and his colleagues say that the police work every day to save lives, in all neighborhoods.

environments trying to get guns away from criminals.

4. "If you witnessed a crime, help the authorities solve it." The police could probably lock away just about every dangerous thug roaming the streets if they got more cooperation from witnesses and people with knowledge of the crime. Instead, they often encounter a wall of hostile silence in minority communities. Bystanders sometimes deliberately block officers chasing a criminal. The stigma against helping the police—referred to derogatorily as "snitching"—is pervasive. "If you're a snitch, people want to kill you," a teen robber in a Brooklyn crime-rehabilitation program that I observed this spring explained. Helping the police is seen as helping the enemy, defined in racial terms. Even black officers are part of the hated white establishment. "Black cops, I disrespect them. They sucking the white man," asserted another juvenile delinquent in the Crown Heights rehab program.

Many law-abiding residents of crime-ridden neighborhoods buck this self-defeating social norm. They attend police-community council meetings in their local precinct month after month, learning about police initiatives, and they report anonymously on drug deals and vice hot spots. They are the eyes and ears of the department, and without their help, the NYPD might not have achieved the unmatched crime drop of the last decade.

It would be astounding if any of the anti-police activists leading protests about the Sean Bell shooting had ever attended a precinct community meeting or offered to help the police solve crimes. Presumably, they have more important things to do than work to improve the quality of life in minority neighborhoods. Let the police take care of that. But even if the anti-cop activists can't be bothered to give a few hours a month to fight crime, they could at least use their bully pulpit to call on others to share what they know about criminals and to help get violent offenders off the street before they injure more people and property. Instead, their opportunistic cop-bashing only increases the hatred of the police and the stigma against cooperating with them. As a result, more lives will be taken by cop-eluding barbarians.

5. "The NYPD and the criminal-justice system investigate every police shooting with profound seriousness; they will not rest until the facts are uncovered and justice done." The premise of the current grandstanding by "minority advocates" is that the authorities would shrug off the recent shooting without heat from the street. One thinks of the rooster in the fable, who believes that his crowing raises the sun. "Business will not go on as usual until we get justice for Sean Bell," Sharpton said four days after the shooting. It is not Sharpton and his cronies who are getting justice for Bell, however. The street agitators could all go home (sometimes, as in the case of Sharpton, to suburbia) and wait quietly for a resolution, and the system would proceed just as diligently to assign fault if fault was present and to hold any wrongdoers accountable.

Other publicity-hungry politicians are just as desperate to add their voices to the post-shooting hue and cry. New York senators Chuck Schumer and Hillary Clinton released a joint statement in the week after the incident: "It is of the utmost importance that the investigating authorities, led by the Queens district attorney, conduct an aggressive, impartial investigation to ferret out the facts." What do they think would have happened without this self-righteous piece of boilerplate? That the "investigating authorities" would have conducted a biased, halfhearted investigation?

Every time the anti-police lobby issues superfluous demands for a "full investigation" and threats of violence if "justice" is not done, they send the destructive message that the police are indifferent to the loss of life. Or they send a worse message still: "I'm not asking my people to do anything passive anymore," said City Councilman Charles Barron. "Don't ask us to ask our people to be peaceful while they are being murdered. We're not the only ones that can bleed."

6. "Police officers make mistakes; tragically, those mistakes are sometimes deadly." Perhaps Al Sharpton, Charles Barron, and Jesse Jackson have never made an error of judgment, except for

Tawana Brawley and suchlike. Perhaps, too—though this is truly unlikely—they have had to confront the possibility that they are facing someone about to shoot them and that they must decide in a split second whether to shoot first. Perhaps in such circumstances, they would never ever make the wrong decision. If so, perhaps they are justified in strutting around like beings of superhuman prescience and infallibility.

But police officers are like other human beings: they *do* make mistakes. And because they are carrying lethal weapons, in order to counter the illegal firepower packed by lowlifes, very occasionally those mistakes take an innocent life. The police department works incessantly to make sure that its officers never make a fatal error. It tries to drill into officers reflexes that will guard against wrong split-second judgments. It constantly reviews its training and official procedures to improve those reflexes. But out in the field, even the best training can prove inadequate to the pressure and confusion of a possibly deadly encounter.

> **“To presume that every mistaken shooting represents a system-wide failure is inaccurate and unrealistic.”**

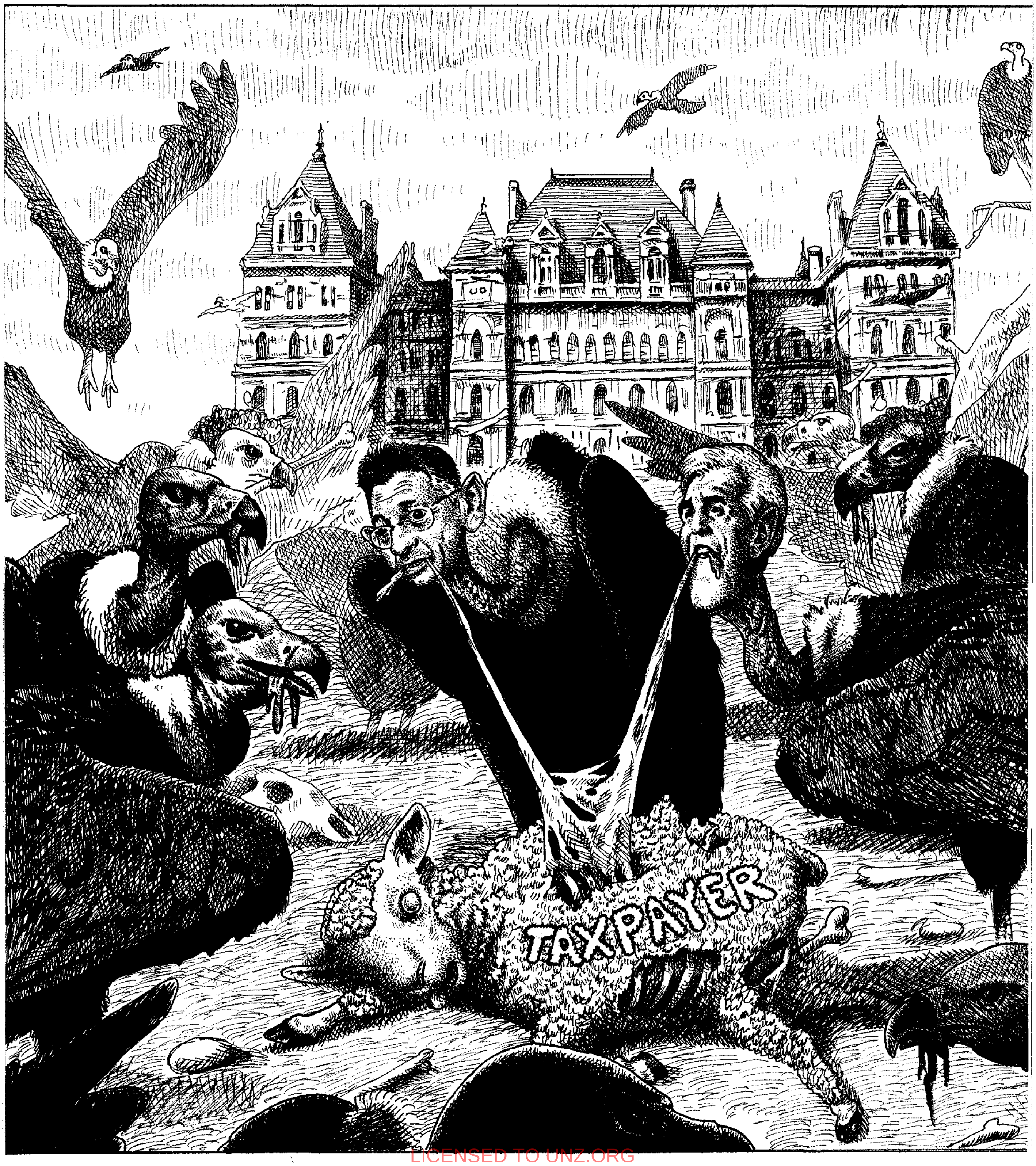
This is not to say that the public and elected officials should automatically excuse every police shooting—which they are obviously far from doing. But to presume that every mistaken shooting represents a system-wide failure is inaccurate and unrealistic. The *New York Times* darkly commands: “[T]he Police Department must . . . confront the fact that a disaster that everyone swore to prevent seven years ago has repeated itself in Queens.” But because cops are humans and therefore fallible, it is impossible to prevent every wrongful shooting—without emasculating the police entirely. The *New York Times* has itself made a few mistakes over the last seven years; perhaps it, too, needs to confront its persistent fallibility.

7. “The police concentrate their efforts in minority communities because that is where the crime is.” Race hustlers accuse the police of “racially profiling” and targeting minorities for unjustified police action. After showing up in New York for his time in the Sean Bell spotlight, Jesse Jackson announced: “Our criminal-justice system has broken down for black Americans and young black males. We’ve marched and marched, bled too profusely, and died too young. We must draw a line in the sand and fight back.”

Memo to Jackson: The police have a disproportionate number of interactions with blacks because blacks are committing a disproportionate number of crimes. That fact comes from the testimony of the victims of those crimes, themselves largely black, not from the police. In New York City, blacks committed 62 percent of all murders, rapes, robberies, and assaults from 1998 to 2000, according to victim and witness identification, even though they make up only 25 percent of the city’s population. Whites committed 8 percent of those crimes over that period, though they are 28 percent of New York residents. These proportions have been stable for years and remain so today. It’s not the criminal-justice system that has broken down for young black males; it’s families and other sources of cultural support. Changing the subject and blaming the police just perpetuates the problem.

The furor over the Sean Bell shooting shows no sign of abating; if anything, the specious racial rhetoric is becoming more ugly and dangerous. To the extent that the exploitation of this tragic event makes the police turn a blind eye to crime in the ghetto (as was once the case) or think twice about engaging with possible criminals—indeed, the *New York Sun* reported in late December that arrests around the Jamaica strip club had dropped about 40 percent since the shooting—the most direct victims will be the hundreds of thousands of innocent, upstanding minority New Yorkers.

Help Us, Governor Spitzer!



This crusading reformer has his work cut out for him.

Nicole Gelinas

Many New Yorkers, dismayed at Albany's sleaze, dysfunction, and stagnation, are cautiously optimistic about Eliot Spitzer as the Empire State's new governor. After all, the former state attorney general ran on a platform of "wholesale reform, so that we can collectively get back to effectively dealing with the real problems of our state." As Spitzer put it in one campaign speech, he'll do to State Street what he did to Wall Street: open up a "system that is controlled by special interests . . . that is not efficient, is not open, and [is not] transparent." Maybe he'll put the fearless spirit with which he relentlessly attacked what he saw as private-sector corruption to work on the state level, too.

Trouble is, the new governor's proposed reforms won't come close to the heart of the problem, which runs very deep—deeper perhaps than Spitzer dares to let himself recognize.

There's no question that New York's already national notoriety for political corruption is worsening. Recently, and most spectacularly, Democratic comptroller Alan Hevesi, the state's fiscal watchdog, resigned in a felony plea deal over his misappropriation of public resources for personal use. Republican state senate majority leader Joseph Bruno announced in December that the FBI is investigating his outside business practices, doubtless to see if he has exploited his legislative position for illegal gain. Right behind Hevesi and Bruno come Democratic state senator Efrain Gonzalez, Jr., indicted by the feds for misdirecting nearly $500,000 in pork-barrel legislative spending to his personal accounts, and Democratic assemblyman Brian McLaughlin, facing federal racketeering charges for stealing over $2 million through embezzlement and kickbacks, including $95,000 from Little League teams. It would be hard to go much lower.

As-yet-unprosecuted corruption is rife in major state programs. The *New York Times* reported last year that the state's $45 billion Medicaid program loses up to $4 billion a year to fraudsters—such as the dentist who billed for 991 procedures supposedly done in a single day and ambulette companies charging for phantom rides. And Gonzalez's indictment was only the beginning of federal investigations into the state legislature's $170 million-per-year slush fund of "member items," doled out by Bruno and Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver to vote-rich community groups to protect incumbents' seats, or to lawmakers and their districts, often to benefit

Illustration by Sean Delonas

those connected to the pol in question. (Silver himself gave more than $1 million last year to the Metropolitan Coordinating Council on Jewish Poverty, whose CEO is married to the speaker's chief of staff.)

New York State has been unable or unwilling to clean up this mess. Though an Albany prosecutor indicted Hevesi, the feds—rather than state authorities—are working the cases against Bruno, Gonzalez, and McLaughlin, for example. Ironically, while Spitzer as attorney general claimed that he unleashed his prosecutorial hounds on Wall Street because federal agencies weren't rooting out wrongdoing there, federal agencies have gone after New York public corruption in recent months because Spitzer never launched a systemic investigation in his own backyard.

That's why a key job for Governor Spitzer—and one that it's reasonable to expect him to take on, given his background—must be a major crackdown on public-sector fraud against New York taxpayers. Spitzer can rely on a tool befitting a star prosecutor: the Empire State's century-old Moreland Act, which allows him to vest a team of investigators with subpoena powers to examine any aspect of state government. Over the decades, governors have used the act to scrutinize everything from nursing-home horrors to school-construction overruns. One 2006 Republican gubernatorial candidate, former Massachusetts governor Bill Weld, had pledged to launch a Moreland Commission on his first day in office to examine New York government, top to bottom.

In investigating state government corruption, Spitzer can draw on his own considerable prosecutorial experience. As attorney general, he excelled at using his subpoena power to dredge for documents at Wall Street firms and find evidence of illicit activity, while creating easy-to-follow PowerPoint presentations to make his intricate legal cases luminously clear to reporters—a skill that would come in handy in explaining to New Yorkers how, exactly, some state officials are abusing the public trust.

He'll also benefit from his well-tended reputation for honesty. Since his election as governor in November, Spitzer has maintained that reputation by appointing professionals rather than political hacks to some key posts, such as Patrick Foye, a reportedly incorruptible corporate lawyer, to head the Empire State Development Corporation, a huge public authority that has long been a patronage-rich home for top fund-raisers and other political cronies.

But while illegal corruption wins headlines, it isn't, by a long shot, New York's most pressing problem. The larger issue is that much of the state government is today a *legal* racket. Many of the programs that the state funds or runs have become a kind of machine for shaking down taxpayers and funneling ever more of their money to special interests, who in turn shovel campaign contributions back to the legislators who do them these favors, working to keep them in perpetual power. It's this legal racket—a conspiracy against the public—that Spitzer will have to dismantle if he really wants to turn New York around.

New York's Medicaid program, nearly as large as next-largest California's and Texas's together, is the racket's biggest component. It provides almost every imaginable service, including Viagra, fertility treatments, and lightly regulated services that seem designed to invite fraud, such as ambulette rides to and from doctors' appointments. Medicaid's spectacularly high reimbursement rates for inpatient services have long served as a life-support system for the state's hospitals and nursing homes. And New York just covers more people: nearly one out of every five state residents participates in the program, including children of working parents, who could pay for insurance through their employers. The New York City health department notes that Medicaid paid for 52 percent of the babies born in the city last year.

Other states, such as Florida, have taken steps to reform Medicaid long before spending got as out of control as it has in New York. But Albany has never made a serious effort to reform the program. And overhauling it would be a hard slog, since the state's entrenched and manifold Medicaid interests spend millions a year in political contributions and lobbying to keep things as they are. Just look at who heads the list of Albany's leading political action committees and lobbying groups. According to the New York Public Interest Research Group, fully one-third of the $6 million spent by New York's top 16 PACs in 2004 came from groups benefiting from Medicaid money, among them Dennis Rivera's powerful Local 1199 of the Service Employees International Union (SEIU), which counts the state's hospital workers among its members; the Empire Dental PAC; and the Pharmacy PAC.

The $3 million or so that this vast Medicaid industry spends annually on lobbying Albany clearly pays off. For instance, when then-governor George Pataki tried to pare a mere $4 million—not even a rounding error in the state budget—from the Medicaid program a couple of years ago by cutting funding for the private ambulette firms, senate chief Bruno swiftly restored the spending. Maybe he worried that elderly people wouldn't be able to get to their doctors' appointments. But, more likely, he blocked reform because a well-connected Albany lobbyist for the ambulette owners—so well connected, in fact, that he happened to be Bruno's son Kenneth—entreated the legislature to resist the cuts, as the *New York Post* noted. (Bruno *fils* has stopped lobbying in order to start his own law firm, focused partly on personal-injury cases.)

Even the fact that Local 1199 didn't protest last fall's blue-ribbon state commission's recommendations to close or reconfigure 58 state-subsidized hospitals isn't a sign of the union's weakness but of its Medicaid-bolstered strength. The recommendations were only a very modest start toward overhauling the state's health-care system, and the closures won't result in any net job losses. Had the commission tried to go further, its members doubtless realized, union opposition surely would have crushed it. For evidence, consider the tough warning that Local 1199's Rivera and his ally, Greater New York Hospital Association head Kenneth Raske, issued with their tacit endorsement of the hospital downsizing: "There is simply no need for further cuts. Not only is there no need, there is an affirmative obligation to oppose them. Make no mistake: Medicaid budget cuts would doom the commission's recommendations to failure."

"Many of the programs that the state funds or runs have become a kind of machine for shaking down taxpayers."

Right behind Medicaid spending are the huge sums that the state doles out for its 264,000 employees and its retirees. (The sheer size of the 1.3-million-strong state and local government workforce in New York State is staggering. As the Manhattan Institute's E. J. McMahon notes, "One out of every eight New York workers is a unionized government employee; the ratio averages one out of 19 in the rest of the country.") New York State has about 14 state government workers per 1,000 residents, compared with about two eighty years ago. And while these workers earn generous salaries relative to what they'd get in comparable private-sector jobs, especially upstate, it's their guaranteed pension and health benefits that are really squeezing the state financially—nearly $5 billion annually (with municipalities shelling out even more).

State and local workers, including teachers, collectively bargain with their public-sector employers for their fat health-care benefits. But the governor and state legislature oversee their pensions, and unions learned long ago that they could get lavish benefits from Albany, despite the objections of the local and county governments that have to pick up the tab for their employees. In 2000, for instance, public-sector retirees won a permanent cost-of-living hike from the legislature and Pataki that costs New York City alone a whopping $1 billion annually. Pataki signed into law more than two dozen other sweeteners for Gotham workers during his tenure (and the legislature passed dozens more that he refused to sign).

Reforming pensions will be another Herculean task—and not just because New York State's constitution protects benefits awarded for past service, so that any changes will have to be prospective. Public workers and retirees are committed voters and activists, forming a key component of local and state candidates' get-out-the-vote drives, particularly effective in elections with low turnouts. The state's public-employee unions also spend a lot on PACs and lobbying—about $4 million in 2004, excluding the teachers. Further, lots of nominally private-sector interests have a stake in seeing the state's $145 billion pension fund grow even larger. Investment managers and lawyers reap millions in fees each year through managing New York's money; plus, subsidized housing projects and other state-supported enterprises win when the state or city pension fund decides to "invest" taxpayer money in such projects. Perhaps because the interests are so powerful, Spitzer said nothing about pension reform in the agenda that he laid out in his State of the State address in January.

New York's skyrocketing public education costs are another harmful product of the racket. New York spends the second-highest per-pupil amount in the nation on its public schools—nearly $14,000 a year—and it boasts the fifth-highest average public school teacher salary. Helping to secure and protect such generous spending is the teachers' union, an Albany colossus that ponies up millions every year to state PACs and lobbyists and that provides get-out-the-vote troops in state elections. The teachers are pushing hard to establish universal pre-K, which would reinforce union ranks and cost taxpayers hundreds of millions more annually, and Spitzer has endorsed the idea in his State of the State address.

New York spends over 10 percent of its income-tax revenues—or $3.4 billion annually—on a ten-year-old program beloved by the teachers' union called School-Tax Relief. STAR provides homeowners a partial exemption on the school-tax portion of their property taxes, seemingly insulating suburban homeowners, especially, from the full impact of those sky-high taxes. But in fact, all STAR does is shift some of the burden of school spending to the income tax, paid principally by affluent taxpayers throughout the state, who might now bear an even greater burden, because Spitzer has indicated that he intends to exclude wealthy families from the exemption. Because STAR imposes no cap on school spending, it has the perverse effect of encouraging local school districts to *hike* spending, since their own taxpayers don't bear the full burden of those increases. That's partly why, as the Manhattan Institute's McMahon notes, local property taxes per student rose at twice the inflation rate during Governor Pataki's final term. Nor does all the spending make New York kids smarter; they come in a mediocre 20th on the feds' list of eighth-grade reading scores, ranked by state.

New York's muscular teachers' union also hurts innovation. Unionized teachers are behind the state legislature's refusal to expand the number of privately run, often nonunion, charter schools in New York, even as parents desperate for a new approach flock to the existing 100 charters, necessitating lotteries to determine admission.

New York State's special interests don't just force up state taxes. They also drive up local government spending by getting legislators to impose or keep on the books onerous regulatory and legal mandates. Take the longstanding Wicks Law, which forces municipalities to award four separate contracts on building projects worth over $50,000, instead of hiring one general contractor, who could achieve efficiencies that would keep expenditures down. The result: costs as much as 40 percent higher on recent small-town building projects. Indefensible as Wicks is, construction unions, another Albany power, have persuaded Assembly Speaker Silver—whose influence in that body is virtually absolute—to derail all efforts to repeal the law.

Absurd personal-injury claims, including claims for pain and suffering, hammer New York municipalities, too. Gotham alone pays out over $500 million in awards and settlements each year, up nearly eightfold since the late seventies, after adjusting for inflation. Costs are so high, the city's law department explains, in part because "even when a jury finds the city only slightly at fault," state law requires Gotham to "foot the whole bill." Abuses abound, including a case in which a driver, high on cocaine and heroin, swerved wildly around a New York City sanitation truck, injuring three pedestrians. A jury found Gotham 23 percent at fault—the truck driver might have made an illegal turn—but the city had to pay the full $18 million awarded.

To reduce such unjustifiable payouts, New York's cities and towns have long petitioned Albany to set up a court of claims, modeled on the one that the state uses to adjudicate claims against it. Under such a system, appointed judges, not softhearted jurors, would hear claims and determine liability. But yet another Albany conspirator against the public—the trial lawyers' lobby—has foiled sensible change, again by rallying the powerful Silver to its side.

Not that it had to work too hard. Silver's support for the litigious status quo is even more self-interested than it appears. Consider one huge trial-lawyer payout during the nineties. As Albany reporting vet Jay Gallagher describes the case in his book *The Politics of Decline*, two adult brothers, Virgil and John Brown, climbed over a railing at Coney Island and jumped off a pier into shallow water, breaking their necks. The brothers made headlines when they won a $104 million judgment against city taxpayers (later cut by two-thirds by an appeals court). Who represented the Brown brothers, taking home an estimated $8–12 million fee for his trouble? Attorney Harvey Weitz, of the law firm Weitz & Luxenberg, where Speaker Silver himself is on permanent retainer, for an undisclosed amount.

Off the books, the New York racket has one more way of transferring money from the public to special interests: the state's gigantic system of 640 or more unaccountable public authorities, laden with over $40 billion of state-backed debt. The authorities run everything from trains, bridges, tunnels, and roads (the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and the Thruway Authority) to vaguely defined "economic development" schemes (the Empire State Development Corporation).

The economic-development authorities are particularly dubious. They're legacies of the sixties, when then-governor Nelson Rockefeller thought that state-run economic development would help insulate citizens from disruptions in the private-sector economy, including the loss of upstate manufacturing jobs to the south and overseas. The authorities help favored companies and developers obtain tax and zoning exemptions as well as invest state money directly in favored businesses, giving them a leg up over the competition.

But such central planning, even when run by disinterested professionals, can't replace the wisdom of the market. When the ESDC makes the right decision about supporting a business or industry, it simply displaces private-sector development. When it makes the wrong one, it has no bottom-line discipline—a financial loss or shareholders who question results—to force it to change course, as private-sector firms do. The result is wasteful government spending on commercially unsound projects and on unproductive government jobs, supported by higher taxes—not a healthier private-sector economy.

A recently approved ESDC-backed project, the Atlantic Yards basketball and housing project in Brooklyn, sponsored by politically connected development firm Forest City Ratner, is a perfect example of this wasteful superfluity. To build its stadium and 6,000 or so apartments in central Brooklyn, FC Ratner needs about $500 million in state and local subsidies, and it depends, too, on the state's eminent-domain power to condemn properties in the project's footprint. But much of the state's involvement here is unnecessary. The central Brooklyn area where FC Ratner plans to build was an up-and-coming neighborhood, winning new private residential and commercial investment, long before the state-supported development firm announced its plans three years ago.

Spitzer deserves kudos for appointing an upright fellow to run the ESDC. The real goal, though, should be to shut it—and other authorities—down. But that's one more tall order. Brooklyn state senator Seymour Lachman, author of an Albany exposé, *Three Men in a Room,* helps explain why: "It would be difficult to imagine the struggling upstate economy being able to survive on its own if it were weaned from the public trough. This may be the state bureaucracy's biggest virtue, as an important hedge against the vicissitudes of the market economy for tens of thousands of New Yorkers, their families, and their towns." In many parts of New York, of course, the state's spending and the high taxes that accompany it have pushed private investment away, producing the economic blight for which the pols think more state spending is a remedy—though it is hardly a sustainable one. The nominally private-sector construction firms and vendors that profit from authority contracts all over New York like things the way they are, too. All that taxpayer-supported debt is also a gold mine for the nominally private-sector lawyers and bankers who arrange the debt and sell it to investors.

Top state pols have close personal and political ties with the authorities, making these largely unaccountable entities even less assailable. Recent governors have long used their privilege of appointing executives to the authorities as a patronage tool, while other top state pols have relied on them as a source of state-supported pork. (It's worth noting in this light the recent news that Bruno arranged a $500,000-plus grant through the ESDC's venture-capital fund for a company, Evident Technologies, whose politically connected major investor, Jared Abbruzzese, is a close friend of the senator and had provided him with plane rides.)

The public authorities are a little like Frankenstein's monster: once created, they're hard to destroy. While a governor could use his veto power on an obscure state commission, the Public Authorities Control Board, to impose a moratorium on state-supported debt for new public-authority projects, New York would have to find a way to pay back the authorities' existing debt before even thinking about persuading them to close up shop.

Medicaid, education spending, public pensions, onerous regulations and legal mandates, public authorities—they're all part of the public-sector racket that has replaced the old Madisonian ideal, in which special interests like farmers would battle other special interests like industrialists, creating a rough approximation of the public good. Spitzer's proposed fixes, while sometimes meritorious, don't address the racket's real source: New York's vast expansion of government over the last century. That gigantic state has made it lucrative for special interests to align themselves not against one another but against the taxpayers, who haven't succeeded in forming an effective faction to fight back. Instead, they vote with their feet and leave the state.

Will any of Spitzer's proposals address these grave problems and bring about the reform that New York State needs? Will they beat back the Empire State racket by cutting spending and reforming Medicaid, school funding, and the state's future pension benefits? Will they repeal the Wicks Law and spearhead tort reform?

The new governor says that he wants to overhaul New York's political process, including establishing a system of nonpartisan legislative redistricting, so that challengers have at least an outside chance of overcoming the privileges of incumbency—such as districts gerrymandered to return one party forever. (Good-government groups on the left and the right often cite New York as the least democratic state in the union; only one incumbent has lost a reelection bid in recent years.) Spitzer also proposes to reform New York's campaign-finance system by closing loopholes that allow individuals and corporations to contribute unlimited amounts of money, forbidding companies that do business with the state to give to candidates (and so ending "pay to play"), and setting up a system of public matching funds for some private contributions.

Certainly, nonpartisan redistricting would be a step forward for small-d democracy, though it will doubtless take New York years, if not decades, to see real results (arriving, perhaps, via a revitalized, principled Republican Party). But some of Spitzer's other fixes falter. Stricter campaign-finance laws, including Spitzer's ultimate aim of having campaigns entirely financed by public money, aside from violating the First Amendment and shoveling yet more taxpayer funds to the political class, just don't work. If there's anything that national efforts at campaign-finance reform over the past decade have proved, it's that money always finds a way to power. In Albany, moreover, public matching funds are likely to prove a recipe for further taxpayer abuse. New York pols have happily rewarded family members and friends with plum political positions or contracts. These same family members could just as easily work on taxpayer-financed political campaigns.

Spitzer's post-election proposals that specifically address elements of the racket are not confidence-inspiring. His main reform proposal for Medicaid, for instance, is to add half a million eligible kids and 900,000 uninsured adults to the program, though many uncovered adults work in the private sector, where they might obtain coverage through employers if Spitzer took steps to help lower the cost of private coverage in the state. Instead, by expanding Medicaid to cover more working adults, Spitzer is bringing a form of universal health coverage to New York. On the tax front Spitzer wants to expand STAR, not substantially reform it.

But if he does try to hold the line on spending, he will have a handy tool: New York's constitution gives the governor strong powers to write an executive annual budget and protect it from some legislative excesses. While the legislature can add spending to individual lines in the governor's budget and can override the governor's vetoes of such new spending if it has the votes, it cannot use the budget to set policy (the state court of appeals affirmed the governor's constitutional power in this area in 2004). What's more, many Albany watchers believe that the legislature wouldn't dare override a popular first-term governor's budget vetoes.

“Because New York's budget is so big, Spitzer could achieve significant results by holding annual spending to inflation.”

Because New York's budget is already so big, Spitzer could achieve significant results simply by holding annual spending to inflation. Over Pataki's final term, state-funded spending increased 17 percent in real terms. If Spitzer follows the same pattern, total state-funded spending won't be the equivalent of today's $77 billion by 2011; it will be more than $90 billion in today's dollars. If Spitzer and the legislature instead keep growth in the budget to inflation, they'll “save” that $13 billion difference for taxpayers. If revenue continues to outpace inflation, as it generally has—personal income, driven largely by the success of downstate's financial industry, has grown nearly 2 percentage points faster per year than inflation since 1977—Spitzer could use the savings for large and sustainable tax cuts.

But spending restraint won't help New Yorkers in the long run unless real reforms of the public sector accompany it. As Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger's efforts to curtail special interests in California proved two years ago, and Governor Jon Corzine's struggle to cut property taxes in New Jersey proved last December, such fundamental reforms would ignite massive public-sector demonstrations, garnering sympathetic press coverage galore. Spitzer will no doubt be ever mindful of those 1.3 million New York voters who belong to public-sector unions. The task would also require the ambitious Spitzer to take on the very special interests whose support he needs to attain national office. After all, teachers, unions, and trial lawyers collectively dominate the national Democratic Party.

But if Spitzer does choose to take on this fight and begin the work of saving New York by shrinking its government, he'll truly be a hero. And he'll have proved in this decade, as Mayor Giuliani did in the last, that the best (and perhaps the only) cure for a dysfunctional government is a real leader, with vision and will. ◆

This Bush Education Reform Really Works

Reading First, though much maligned, succeeds in teaching kids to read.

Sol Stern

Deep in the winter of the Bush White House's discontent, the education department's inspector general made things worse by issuing a series of reports that slammed the administration's prized Reading First program. The IG charged that Reading First executive director Chris Doherty exhibited a "lack of integrity and ethical values" by trying to strong-arm education officials in some states to adopt a phonics-based reading program called Direct Instruction, while blocking a non-phonics program, Reading Recovery. The report also quoted private e-mails in which Doherty defended his preferred early-childhood reading programs against their progressive critics in language unsuitable for kids. An embarrassed administration forced Doherty to resign.

The inspector general's revelations brought intense media coverage and outraged editorials—having more to do with the domestic political war against President Bush than with the "reading wars" over classroom pedagogy that have raged within American education for decades. Most news accounts didn't even bother to report that a 2005 American Institute for Research study concluded that Direct Instruction and a similar program, Success for All, were the two most effective reading programs available. Nor did they point out that Reading Recovery, favored by progressive educators, hasn't met the test of scientific research. If Doherty's sin was to lean on a state education agency or two to promote a reading program backed by science over one that wasn't, well, that's just what the Reading First legislation intended.

At $1 billion per year, Reading First, part of the No Child Left Behind (NCLB) act, accounts for just 2 percent of federal education spending. Yet this program for lifting reading achievement, always the apple of George W. Bush's eye, is already delivering promising results. The commonsense idea informing it—that the best scientific research should guide the teaching of reading—was one of Bush's signature education initiatives since his days as Texas governor, and it makes even more sense today. But the negative publicity surrounding the inspector general's reports could put Reading First under a cloud when NCLB comes up for congressional reauthorization this year. That would be tragic for millions of American kids at risk for reading failure.

To see clearly what's at stake, we need to remind ourselves of the gravity of the national problem that Reading First seeks to solve—and of how it proposes to solve it. That essential context is missing from both the inspector general's reports and much of the media commentary.

After a century and a half of universal public education, and despite the highest per-pupil expenditure on public elementary and secondary education in the world, 40 percent of U.S. fourth-graders are reading below the minimally acceptable level, according to the gold-standard NAEP test. For minority students in inner-city schools, the reading failure rate is a shocking 65 percent. This educational failure bodes ill: children who don't read by fourth grade almost always fall behind in all other subjects, often wind up in costly special education programs, and, as adults, have higher rates of drug addiction, incarceration, and welfare dependency.

I is for Infant with merry blue eyes.

MICHAEL O'MARA BOOKS/THE ART ARCHIVE (4)

Making the situation more tragic, nineteenth-century American children learned to read very well, thank you, in one-room schoolhouses, with nothing more than a single determined teacher wielding Daniel Webster's *Blue-Backed Speller* and the McGuffey readers. Even before a public school system existed in America, Alexis de Tocqueville had marveled at the country's extraordinarily high literacy rates.

Happily, recent developments point the way to a solution to the nation's reading woes. For the past several decades, the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development (NICHD), a wing of the National Institutes of Health, has sponsored reading research at universities across the U.S, with scientists from cognitive neuroscience, pediatrics, genetics, educational psychology, and child development publishing hundreds of peer-reviewed studies that describe not just how children learn to read but why so many fall behind—and how schools can best keep it from happening.

The converging scientific evidence confirms what our great-grandmothers knew intuitively. The most effective reading instruction for most children—especially for those from disadvantaged homes—begins by training them to recognize the relationship between letters and the sounds they make (phonemic awareness), moves on to teaching them how to sound out whole words (phonics), and then focuses on fluency, vocabulary, and comprehension. Reading science has also developed effective new technologies to assess students' progress in mastering the skills they need to decode written language. To make an analogy with medical science, reading science has discovered not only the educational equivalent of treating diabetes but also the technology that monitors how the treatment is working.

J is his Joy when a chicken he spies.

Unfortunately, the similarities between reading science and the medical kind end there. A breakthrough in medical research soon leads to new clinical practice. In education, however, the science has collided head-on with the ideologies and economic interests of the panjandrums of public education.

Reading science is a mortal threat to what E. D. Hirsch has called the "Thoughtworld" of American education—the system of "progressive" beliefs about classroom instruction promulgated by the ed schools that monopolize teacher training. The Thoughtworld has a cult-like attachment to a Romantic theory of reading instruction called "whole language," which recently morphed into "balanced literacy" to make it sound more reasonable to dubious parents. Balanced-literacy true believers claim that to subject children to the "drill and kill" of direct phonics instruction is a form of child abuse.

The balanced-literacy cultists believe that learning to read is a natural process and that most children can intuit the alphabetic principle and the meaning of printed words with a little guidance from a teacher and through pleasant cooperative classroom activities such as "shared reading" and "reading circles." Basically, this approach says that kids can learn to read by reading—by immersing themselves in print. And for some children from literate homes, where print and articulate conversation abound, this approach can work.

Progressive educators don't cite scientific research to support their approach, however, because none exists—not one study based on randomized field trials. In 2002, the whole-language-dominated National Council of Teachers of English passed a resolution attacking Reading First for favoring only "one model" of science and called instead for "implementation of diverse kinds of scientific research, including teacher research." Translation: teachers can evaluate instructional methods by observing their own classrooms, science be damned.

The National Council on Teacher Quality, a mainstream public education advocacy group, recently surveyed ed schools and found that 85 percent of their elementary education classes don't teach the principles of phonics and scientific reading instruction. "The resistance from many educators to [teaching phonics] has been palpable," the report concluded. Of course, interests other than pedagogical are at stake. If a major shift occurred in teaching methodologies, tenured jobs and professional development contracts from the $500 billion-plus education industry would suddenly be up for grabs.

Such was the state of affairs when NICHD's chief reading scientist, Reid Lyon, and House education committee staffer Robert Sweet drafted the Reading First legislation, early in 2001. Lyon had just become President Bush's informal advisor on reading instruction, while Sweet was a former teacher and longtime advocate for science-based reading programs. With the president's encouragement, Lyon and Sweet consciously designed Reading First to do an end run around the deeply entrenched whole-language movement.

"We knew we were battling a culture of intellectual corruption and hostility to science in the education industry, and we had limited weapons to use effectively against it," recalls Sweet. "Reading First was created to be a catalyst, to provide a financial incentive for schools finally to start doing the right thing for the millions of kids left behind in reading." You could say that Reading First was a $6 billion federal bribe to get districts to do what they really should have been doing already.

Getting the program enacted required walking a political tightrope between Republicans wary of federal interference in local decisions and Democrats who liked spending more federal education dollars, but with no questions asked. Compromising, the Reading First legislation abandoned the idea of requiring participating districts to use only scientifically tested reading programs. Instead, districts could also use untested ones, as long as they adhered to the principles of scientific reading instruction: phonemic awareness, phonics, vocabulary, fluency, and comprehension.

It wasn't everything Lyon and Sweet wanted, but it was enough—or so they hoped. The two reformers bet that a critical mass of schools would sign on and implement the general principles of reading science, which would then produce evidence that this instructional method was lifting achievement in previously struggling schools. Such a real-life demonstration, they believed, would ignite a countercultural education movement of teachers, parents, administrators, and education activists who would spread the Reading First gospel.

Four years later, the evidence is starting to come in. More than 5,600 schools in 1,700 school districts nationwide have received Reading First grants. The participation level is impressive in itself. It means that state education agencies and a large number of districts have pledged (in writing) to use Reading First grants exclusively to teach according to the principles of Scientifically Based Reading Research—a phrase that appears so often in the legislation that it has become an acronym, SBRR. So unless officials are lying and just grabbing the money, we now have a critical mass of educators willing to try the pro-science side of the reading wars.

We also know that 100,000 K–3 teachers are receiving training and continuous professional development in reading science. That represents a critical mass, too—one that takes on even greater significance if the Reading First teachers appear to be improving the academic performance of their low-income, at-risk students. Reading First has pulled off something of a coup just in removing all these early-childhood teachers from the ed schools' ideological orbit.

K stands for Kitchen-maid, chubby and round.

A comprehensive study by an outside evaluator will appear in 2007, measuring Reading First's influence on student achievement nationally. But some states and districts are already seeing significant improvement. When the relevant congressional committees hold hearings on NCLB reauthorization, they might start by looking to neighboring Virginia, where they'll discover a dramatic example of Reading First's power. With apologies to Dickens, we might call it a tale of two school districts—one welcoming Reading First, the other disdaining it.

The first, Richmond, offers a classic profile of an inner-city school district. Of its 25,000 students, 95 percent are black, more than 70 percent are poor enough to be in the free-lunch program, and 44 percent change schools during the year. Until 2001, Richmond's student test scores were among Virginia's worst. Only five of the district's 51 schools achieved the status of full state accreditation.

But 2001 is also when Richmond school officials embarked on an ambitious reform, whose centerpiece was a standardized reading program based on evidence from the NICHD studies. By the time Reading First funds were available in 2002, Richmond was already up and running with a phonics-based reading program called Voyager Universal Literacy. The district channeled the modest $450,000 Reading First grant into a handful of its lowest-performing schools. But the principles of scientific reading instruction took hold throughout the district.

L is the Lobster that Pussy has found.

Since then, Richmond's test scores have skyrocketed. By 2003, the number of the district's schools achieving full state accreditation had climbed to 22. The next year, it rose to 39 and has now reached 44.

Because NCLB requires disaggregation of student performance data by race, we can further appreciate the extent of Richmond's turnaround by comparing the district with the Fairfax district, just across the Potomac from the congressional committees due to review Reading First.

Fairfax, one of the richest suburban areas in the U.S., consistently draws in new residents because of the perceived quality of its public schools. SAT scores for Fairfax's high school graduates stand well above the national average, and 90 percent of those grads go on to some form of higher education. But 17,000 of Fairfax's

164,000 students are African-American, and they're not doing so well; in fact, they're performing far worse than Richmond's black students. In 2004, only 52 percent of black Fairfax kids passed the state's third-grade reading test, compared with 62 percent for Richmond's black students. In 2005, the gap widened to 15 percentage points, with 59 percent of the Fairfax black students passing compared with 74 percent of their Richmond counterparts.

Even more remarkable, Richmond's third-grade reading scores are closing in on wealthy Fairfax's scores for all its students, 79 percent of whom passed the third-grade reading test in 2005. Since enacting its reforms, Richmond has moved from 114th in the state in reading (out of 132 districts) to 50th, compared with Fairfax's 36th.

Fairfax officials have said publicly that they're mystified by the low performance of the district's black students. It certainly has nothing to do with money. Millions of extra dollars for remediation programs have poured into the district's schools with higher proportions of blacks. One thing the district proudly refused to do, though, was take money from Reading First. The then-superintendent said that he didn't want the federal government dictating how his district taught reading and that he preferred the reading programs he already was using. One of these, costing the district $10 million per year, is Reading Recovery, the same whole-language program that the inspector general accused Chris Doherty of trying to keep from getting Reading First grants—which suggests that Doherty did something right after all.

The apparent connection between Fairfax's disappointing reading scores and its instructional method wasn't lost on several determined area citizens. Fairfax parent Maria Casby Allen and retired Fairfax teacher and local teachers' union ex-president Rick Nelson teamed up to take the reading problem to the media. They circulated graphs showing how inner-city Richmond was outperforming rich and self-satisfied Fairfax. In one supporting document, Allen noted that "Richmond scores rose dramatically after schools adopted science-based reading programs four years ago," whereas Fairfax "was eligible for federal and state Reading First funding but objected to the science-based reading component."

Last year, Nelson addressed the Fairfax County Board of Supervisors, which oversees the school board's budget, noting that he had warned them for years about the low reading scores of the district's black students and had proposed adopting science-based instruction. "But no one listened," Nelson says. "Fairfax school leaders have chosen to continue fighting the reading wars. . . . School system officials know about the Richmond results. They are refusing to do what works for ideological reasons. The result is abuse of thousands of Fairfax County children."

This tale of two school districts has unfolded something like Reading First's framers had hoped. One district implementing Reading First principles showed dramatic reading improvement in its low-performing schools. As the good news spread, some parents and teachers in another district wanted to know why their schools weren't using the methods that were working magic elsewhere. Nelson and Allen failed to convince district officials, but they're not giving up. "Parents everywhere should compare the performance on third-grade tests of Reading First schools and other schools—then publicize the results," says Nelson. "Parents should also ask questions such as: 'What are your state and locality doing to train teachers in science-based reading instruction?' "

From Alabama comes another Reading First success story. A poor state with lots of low-performing schools, Alabama is exactly the type of environment in which Reading First could demonstrate reading science's power. Alabama enthusiastically welcomed the program, becoming the first state to get its grant proposal approved; Reading First was in place in all eligible Alabama schools by the start of the 2002–03 school year, just eight months after the president signed the bill. The state's $19 million annual program grant underwrites the instruction of about 33,000 students.

The Alabama schools seem to be getting a very big bang for their relatively few federal bucks. "We were huge supporters of Reading First from the beginning, and it has worked very well for us," says Katherine Mitchell, Alabama's assistant state superintendent of instruction and a former East Harlem elementary school teacher. "Our state is moving up, but our Reading First schools are moving up faster." On state reading tests, Reading First students rocketed from 29 percent at grade level in 2004 to 39 percent in 2005 and 46 percent in 2006. On diagnostic reading tests for early-grade children, the Reading First cohort has—astonishingly, since it encompassed the lowest-performing students in the state—almost reached parity with Alabama's broader student population.

O are the Orphans who rose from their dreams.

Alabama's experience also shows how Reading First's instructional innovations can have a positive influence on all schools in a state or district, not just on those that participate in the program. For instance, Mitchell tells me that her department will now evaluate all elementary school reading textbooks to determine if scientific reading principles inform them—implying that the department will discourage those that lean toward whole language. And the state now requires all schools to use a highly developed diagnostic test, Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills, to measure children's progress in early decoding skills. Previously, only Reading First schools employed this powerful product of scientifically based reading research.

When Congress takes another look at Reading First, it shouldn't just consider good-news stories like these. It should also draw conclusions from the travesty that the program was allowed to become in New York City. In this chapter of the story, the problem with federal Reading First officials wasn't that they put too much pressure on states and localities, as the first inspector general's report charged, but that they were way too indulgent.

Reading First officials in Washington knew from Day One that the biggest school district in the country was also going to be their biggest headache. In 2003, as the initial Reading First grants went out to states and districts, New York's newly reconstituted Department of Education was marching boldly in the opposite direction. Mayor Michael Bloomberg had taken control of the city's education system. His schools chancellor, Joel Klein, hired über-progressive educator Diana Lam as the deputy chancellor for instruction. Lam swiftly dumped the Success for All reading program that was beginning to show results in about two dozen struggling schools and imposed balanced literacy.

P is the Pillow fight ending in screams.

It would have been one thing for Klein and Lam to stand on principle and say no thanks to federal money for a program that they didn't believe in. But Klein wanted his balanced literacy *and* $200 million in Reading First money, too. When he realized that this scenario wasn't going to happen, and after much cajoling from state education authorities, the chancellor and his staff grudgingly settled for a phonics-based commercial reading program, though a relatively loose one called Harcourt Trophies, for 46 city schools and another 36 nonpublic (mostly Catholic) schools, also eligible for funds under the program. (Under the Reading First legislation, grants go first to the states, which then distribute funds to local districts as part of a competitive grant-review process; the nonpublic schools participate through the districts.)

But the outside grant reviewers the state had hired considered the city's pitch so poor that they gave it a failing grade—indeed, one of the lowest grades they gave to any of the district proposals. As the federal inspector general eventually discovered, New York State education officials then jumped in, arbitrarily adding the extra points needed for Gotham to achieve the minimum passing grade. The state education department shredded the relevant documents of the grant review and has fended off press queries about the process and about who was on the outside review panel. An official who declined to be identified for this article told me that the state education department was so anxious to have New York City take the Reading First grant—which meant all those millions flowing through the education department—that it guaranteed Klein approval if he applied.

It's not hard to see why an independent grant reviewer, picked for his knowledge of science-based reading instruction, would find the city's submission troubling. For starters, the city proposed spending a big chunk of the first year's $37 million grant on things that had zilch to do with science-based reading instruction—$3 million on library books, for example. (It is balanced literacy, not explicit phonics, that fetishizes the idea of surrounding children with "authentic literature," believing that the backdrop will stimulate their reading lessons.) Further millions in the proposed budget were to go for school furniture and for textbooks costing around $350 per student, more than most college students pay for theirs.

In submitting the proposal, Klein signed a statement attesting that the city had fully consulted about program selection with the nonpublic schools included in the grant. But officials in both the Brooklyn and New York archdioceses told me that no one had ever consulted with them. They remember receiving a call from the Department of Education one week before Christmas in 2003, telling them that if they wanted to participate in the Reading First grant they would have to come up with a list of eligible schools within two days. The Catholic school officials said that they had zero input on the selection of Harcourt Trophies as the core reading program—or on any of the other details of the proposal.

Most troubling was the city's extraordinary bad faith, which clearly compromised Reading First's implementation. As part of the grant proposal, Klein signed a "statement of assurances" that included a pledge to "implement classrooms that are grounded in scientifically based reading research." He also promised that "only instructional materials, strategies, programs and assessments that have been validated by scientifically based reading research will be used in participating schools." But one day before signing that statement, Klein seemed less than enthusiastic about Reading First's programmatic requirements: "It's being done in the name of science," he told the *New York Times*. "And the question is: where's the science?" Klein made no bones about it: he signed on to the program for the money, not the pedagogy. "This is a significant amount of money for some of our really highest needs programs," he noted. "It's a pragmatic decision."

Thanks to the state education department's inappropriate intervention in the grant-review process, the money that New York City received was much more than a "significant amount." The Reading First grant adds up to a minimum of $1,500 per student (about 30,000 kids in total) for the participating Gotham schools—about $1,000 more per child than Alabama has been spending in its successful implementation of the program. To get further perspective on how much New York is spending, I asked the founders of Direct Instruction and Success for All to estimate what it would cost to bring their programs to the city's eligible schools. Both came up with around $600 per student. That figure would buy the most comprehensive, scientifically tested reading programs available today. But the city—or rather the federal government—is now spending 150 percent more for a program untested for effectiveness.

How much improvement in New York school children's reading all this spending has brought about isn't clear, partly because the program was so late in getting under way. When the results come in, the picture will likely appear mixed, with better outcomes in those parts of the school system where the leadership has shown some enthusiasm for, and fidelity to, the program.

For example, Kathleen Cashin, the superintendent of Region 5, covering some of the poorest parts of Brooklyn and Queens, is a traditionalist who has always favored tightly scripted phonics programs. She encouraged her schools to participate in Reading First and now has twice as many in the program as the next-highest city region. Not surprisingly, early results in Region 5 are positive, with all of the schools that have gone through the two years of the program so far seeing their third-grade reading scores go up. The increases range from 10.5 percent at P.S. 215 to 36 percent at P.S. 65.

Y is a Yokel in fine country coat.

Unfortunately, in many other city regions the leadership, even when paying lip service to Reading First, remained committed to balanced literacy. Many New York Reading First schools, for instance, began with coaches and consultants provided by AUSSIE, a professional development firm steeped in balanced literacy and disdainful of phonics. According to an administrator and a teacher working in Region 10 in Manhattan, Reading First schools would do reading lessons in the morning using the Harcourt phonics program and then do writing instruction in the afternoon using the balanced-literacy approach—a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the assurances that Klein made to get the grant. Several Bronx schools dropped out of Reading First after two years, basically wasting millions of dollars in federal funds, and returned to balanced literacy. And the children still can't read.

One of the lessons that Congress ought to take from this unfortunate episode is the need to reprioritize Reading First funds. More financial help needs to go to places that have really embraced scientific reading instruction, are getting strong results, and are truly needy. Reading First grants are calculated according to a complex formula, linked to a district's previous share of total Title 1 federal education spending. But that formula needs alteration. It's unconscionable that New York City, with its dubious record of Reading First implementation and an $18 billion education budget, should get funding that on a per-pupil basis dwarfs Alabama's or Richmond's. Reading First's financial rewards should go to states and districts that produce results, not those wedded to business as usual.

Z is the Zephyr Puss blows on his boat.

Despite New York's wrong turn, the $6 billion for Reading First has more generally been one of the best investments ever in federal education spending. It has already brought some remarkable reading breakthroughs in many parts of the country and among at-risk students. It has spread awareness of what should be going on in the classrooms and in the teacher-training institutions. It has shown that a comprehensive solution to the nation's reading crisis is right in front of our noses. If, in another decade, an unacceptable proportion of America's children still can't read by fourth grade, don't blame George Bush. Blame the education leaders in our states and cities who, offered the solution, didn't grab it.

Urbanities

Facing the Islamist Menace

Christopher Hitchens

Mark Steyn's new book is a welcome wake-up call.

In the prologue to his new book, *America Alone: The End of the World As We Know It,* Mark Steyn sarcastically alludes to two people whom, in different ways, I know well. The first is novelist Martin Amis, ridiculed by Steyn for worrying about environmental apocalypse when the threat to civilization is obviously Islamism; the second is Jack Straw, formerly Tony Blair's foreign secretary, mocked for the soft and conciliatory line he took over the affair of the Danish cartoons. The dazzling fiction writer and the pedestrian social-democratic politician are for Steyn dual exemplars of his book's main concern: the general apathy and surrender of the West in the face of a determined assault from a religious ideology, or an ideological religion, afflicted by no sickly doubt about what it wants or by any scruples about how to get it.

I might quibble about Steyn's assessment—Amis has written brilliantly about Mohammed Atta's death cult, for example, while Jack Straw made one of the best presentations to the UN of the case for liberating Iraq. But it's more useful to point out two things that have happened between the writing of this admirably tough-minded book and its publication. Jack Straw, now the leader of the House of Commons, made a speech in his northern English constituency in October, in which he said that he could no longer tolerate Muslim women who came to his office wearing veils. The speech catalyzed a long-postponed debate not just on the veil but on the refusal of assimilation that it symbolizes. It seems to have swung the Labour Party into a much firmer position against what I call one-way multiculturalism. Prime Minister Tony Blair confirmed the shift with a December speech emphasizing the "duty" of immigrants to assimilate to British values. And Martin Amis, speaking to the London *Times,* had this to say:

> There's a definite urge—don't you have it?—to say, "The Muslim community will have to suffer until it gets its house in order." What sort of suffering? Not letting them travel. Deportation—further down the road. Curtailing of freedoms. Strip-searching people who look like they're from the Middle East or from Pakistan. . . . Discriminatory stuff, until it hurts the whole community and they start getting tough with their children . . . . They hate us for letting our children have sex and take drugs—well, they've got to stop their children killing people.

I know both of these men to be profoundly humanistic and open-minded. Straw has defended the rights of immigrants all his life and loyally represents a constituency with a large Asian population. Amis has rebuked me several times in print for supporting the intervention in Iraq, the casualties of which have become horrifying to him. Even five years ago, it would have been unthinkable to picture either man making critical comments about Islamic dress, let alone using terms such as "deportation." Mark Steyn's book is essentially a challenge to the *bien-pensants* among us: an insistence that we recognize an extraordinary threat and thus the possible need for extraordinary responses. He need not pose as if he were the only one with the courage to think in this way.

The most alarming sentences that I have read in a long time came from the pen of my fellow atheist Sam Harris, author of *The End of Faith,* at the end of a September *Los Angeles Times* column upbraiding American liberals for their masochistic attitude toward Islamist totalitarianism. Harris concluded:

> The same failure of liberalism is evident in Western Europe, where the dogma of multiculturalism has left a secular Europe very slow to address the looming problem of religious extremism among its immigrants. *The people who speak most sensibly about the threat that Islam poses to Europe are actually fascists.* To say that this does not bode well for liberalism is an understatement: It does not bode well for the future of civilization [italics mine].

As Martin Amis said in the essay that prompted Steyn's contempt: "What is one to do with thoughts like these?" How does one respond, in other words, when an enemy challenges not just your cherished values but additionally forces you to examine the very assumptions that have heretofore seemed to underpin those values?

Two things, in my experience, disable many liberals at the onset of this conversation. First, they cannot shake their subliminal identification of the Muslim religion with the wretched of the earth: the black- and brown-skinned

BRITISH LIBRARY/THE ART ARCHIVE

denizens of what we once called the "Third World." You can see this identification in the way that the Palestinians (about 20 percent of whom were Christian until their numbers began to decline) have become an "Islamic" cause and in the amazing ignorance that most leftists display about India, a multiethnic secular democracy under attack from al-Qaida and its surrogates long before the United States was. And you can see it, too, in the stupid neologism "Islamophobia," which aims to promote criticism of Islam to the gallery of special offenses associated with racism.

The second liberal disability concerns numbers. Any emphasis on the relative birthrates of Muslim and non-Muslim populations falls on the liberal ear like an echo of eugenics. It also upsets one of the most valued achievements of the liberal consensus: the right if not indeed the duty to limit family size to (at most) two children. It was all very well, from this fatuously self-satisfied perspective, for Paul Ehrlich to warn about the human "population bomb" as a whole, just as it is all very well for some "Green" forces to take a neo-Malthusian attitude toward human reproduction in general. But in the liberal mind, to concentrate on the fertility of any one group is to flirt with Nuremberg laws. The same goes for "racial profiling," even when it's directed at the adherents of an often ideological religion rather than an ethnic group. The Islamists, meanwhile, have staked everything on fecundity.

Mark Steyn believes that demography is destiny, and he makes an immensely convincing case. He stations himself at the intersection of two curves. The downward one is the population of developed Europe and Japan, which has slipped or is slipping below what demographers call "replacement," rapidly producing a situation where the old will far outnumber the young. The upward curve, or curves, represent the much higher birthrate in the Islamic world and among Muslim immigrants to Western societies. Anticipating Harris in a way, Steyn writes:

> Why did Bosnia collapse into the worst slaughter in Europe since World War Two? In the thirty years before the meltdown, Bosnian Serbs had declined from 43 percent to 31 percent of the population, while Bosnian Muslims had increased from 26 percent to 44 percent. In a democratic age, you can't buck demography—except through civil war. The Serbs figured that out—as other Continentals will in the years ahead: if you can't outbreed the enemy, cull 'em. The problem that Europe faces is that Bosnia's demographic profile is now the model for the entire continent.

This is a highly reductionist view of the origin and nature of the Bosnian war—it would not account, for example, for Croatian irredentism. But paranoia about population did mutate into Serbian xenophobia and fascism, and a similar consciousness does animate movements like the British National Party and Le Pen's *Front Nationale*. (Demographic considerations do not appear to explain the continued addiction of these and similar parties to anti-Semitism and anti-Americanism.)

Nor can there be much doubt that the awareness of demography as a potential weapon originates with the Islamists themselves. Anybody who, like me, has publicly criticized Islamism gets used to the accusation that he has "insulted a billion Muslims." A vague but definite threat underlies this absurd charge, and in parts of Europe it already intimidates politicians. Gilles Kepel, the French scholar of Islam, once told me that when he lectures in North Africa his listeners often ask how many Muslims live in France. If he replies that he believes the official figures to be mostly correct, scornful laughter erupts. The true figure, his listeners say, is much higher. France is on its way to becoming part of the *dar-al-Islam*. It is leaving the *dar-al-Harb* ("House of War"), but without a fight. Steyn has no difficulty producing equally minatory public statements from Islamist triumphalists. And, because his argument is exponential, it creates an impression of something unstoppable.

Yet Steyn makes the same mistake as did the late Oriana Fallaci: considering European Muslim populations as one. Islam is as fissile as any other religion (as Iraq reminds us). Little binds a Somali to a Turk or an Iranian or an Algerian, and considerable friction exists among immigrant Muslim groups in many European countries. Moreover, many Muslims actually have come to Europe for the advertised purposes—seeking asylum and to build a better life. A young Afghan man, murdered in the assault on the London subway system in July 2005, had fled to England from the Taliban, which had murdered most of his family. Muslim women often demand the protection of the authorities against forced marriage and other cruelties. These are all points of difference, and also of possible resistance to Euro-sharia.

The main problem in Europe in this context is that many deracinated young Muslim men, inflamed by Internet propaganda from Chechnya or Iraq and aware of their own distance from "the struggle," now regard the jihadist version of their religion as the "authentic" one. Compounding the problem, Europe's multicultural authorities, many of its welfare agencies, and many

BODLEIAN LIBRARY OXFORD/THE ART ARCHIVE

of its churches treat the most militant Muslims as the minority's "real" spokesmen. As Kenan Malik and others have pointed out in the case of Britain, this mind-set cuts the ground from under the feet of secular Muslims, encouraging the sensation that many in the non-Muslim Establishment have a kind of death wish.

Steyn cannot seem to make up his mind about the defense of secularism in this struggle. He regards Christianity as a bulwark of civilization and a possible insurance against Islamism. But he cannot resist pointing out that most of the Christian churches have collapsed into compromise: choosing to speak of Muslims as another "faith community," agreeing with them on the need for confessional-based schooling, and reserving their real condemnation for American policies in the war against terrorism.

This is not to deny Steyn's salient point that demography and cultural masochism, especially in combination, are handing a bloodless victory to the forces of Islamization. His gift for the illustrative anecdote and the revealing quotation is evident, and if more people have woken up to the Islamist menace since he began writing about it, then the credit is partly his. Muslims in one part of England demand the demolition of an ancient statue of a wild boar, and in another part of England make plots to blow up airports, buses, and subway trains. The two threats are not identical. But they are connected, and Steyn attempts to tease out the filiations with the saving tactic of wit.

I still think—or should I say hope?—that the sheer operatic insanity of September 11 set back the Islamist project of a "soft" conquest of host countries, Muslim countries included. Up until 9/11, the Talibanization of Pakistan—including the placement of al-Qaida sympathizers within its nuclear program—proceeded fairly smoothly. Official Pakistani support for Muslim gangsters operating in Afghanistan, Kashmir, and India went relatively unpunished. Saudi funds discreetly advanced the Wahhabist program, through madrassa-building and a network of Islamic banking, across the globe. In the West, Muslim demands for greater recognition and special treatment had become an accepted part of the politically correct agenda. Some denounced me as cynical for saying at the time that Osama bin Laden had done us a favor by disclosing the nature and urgency of the Islamist threat, but I still think I was right. Both Pakistan and Saudi Arabia have had to trim their sails a bit. The Taliban will at least never be able to retake power by stealth or as a result of our inattention. Millions have become aware of the danger—including millions of Shi'a Muslims who now see the ideology of bin Laden and Zarqawi as a menace to their survival. Groups and cells that might have gotten away with murder have wound up unmasked and shut down, from Berlin to Casablanca.

Of course, these have not been the only consequences of September 11 and its aftermath. Islamist suicide-terrorism has mutated into new shapes and adopted fresh grievances as a result of the mobilization against it. Liberalism has found even more convoluted means of blaming itself for the attack upon it. But at least the long period of somnambulism is over, and the opportunity now exists for antibodies to form against the infection.

Steyn ends his book with a somewhat slapdash ten-point program for resistance to Islamism, which includes offhand one-line items such as "End the Iranian regime" and more elaborate proposals to get rid of the United Nations, the International Atomic Energy Authority, and (for some reason) NATO. His tenth point ("Strike militarily when the opportunity presents itself") is barely even a makeweight to bring the figure up to ten.

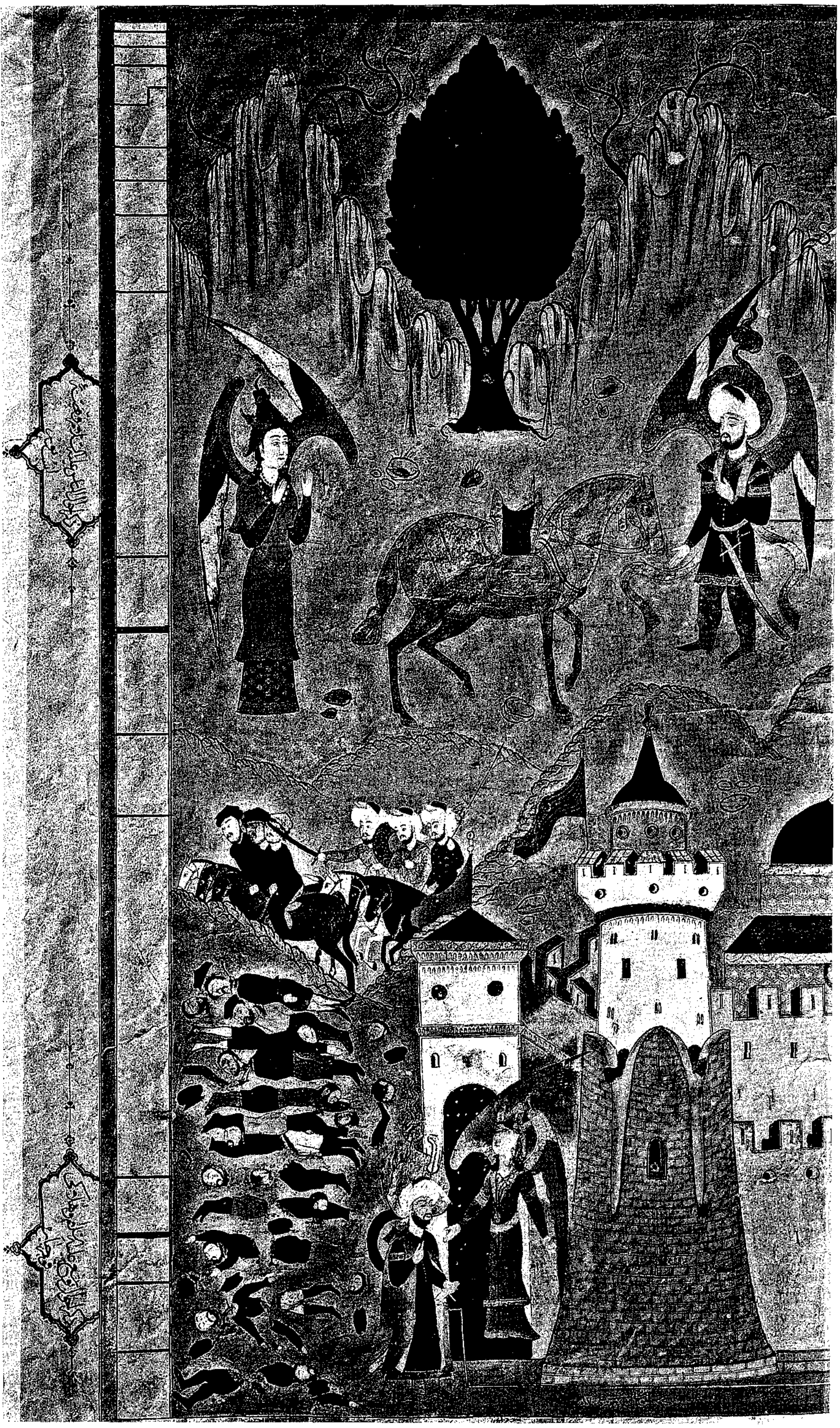
Steyn is much more definite about the cultural side of his argument, in other words, than about the counterterrorist dimension. If I wanted to sharpen both prongs of his thesis, I would also propose the following:

1. An end to one-way multiculturalism and to the

cultural masochism that goes with it. The Koran does not mandate the wearing of veils or genital mutilation, and until recently only those who apostasized from Islam faced the threat of punishment by death. Now, though, all manner of antisocial practices find themselves validated in the name of religion, and mullahs have begun to issue threats even against non-Muslims for criticism of Islam. This creeping Islamism must cease at once, and those responsible must feel the full weight of the law. Meanwhile, we should insist on reciprocity at all times. We should not allow a single Saudi dollar to pay for propaganda within the U.S., for example, until Saudi Arabia also permits Jewish and Christian and secular practices. No Wahhabi-printed Korans anywhere in our prison system. No Salafist imams in our armed forces.

2. A strong, open alliance with India on all fronts, from the military to the political and economic, backed by an extensive cultural exchange program, to demonstrate solidarity with the other great multiethnic democracy under attack from Muslim fascism. A hugely enlarged quota for qualified Indian immigrants and a reduction in quotas from Pakistan and other nations where fundamentalism dominates.

3. A similarly forward approach to Nigeria, São Tomé and Príncipe, and the other countries of Western Africa that are under attack by



THE ART ARCHIVE/TURKISH AND ISLAMIC ART MUSEUM ISTANBUL/DAGLI ORTI (A) jihadists and are also the location of vast potential oil reserves, whose proper development could help emancipate the local populations from poverty and ourselves from dependence on Middle Eastern oil.

4. A declaration at the UN of our solidarity with the right of the Kurdish people of Iraq and elsewhere to self-determination as well as a further declaration by Congress that in no circumstance will Muslim forces who have fought on our side, from the Kurds to the Northern Alliance in Afghanistan, find themselves friendless, unarmed, or abandoned. Partition in Iraq would be defeat under another name (and as with past partitions, would lead to yet further partitions and micro-wars over these very subdivisions). But if it has to come, we cannot even consider abandoning the one part of the country that did seize the opportunity of modernization, development, and democracy.

5. Energetic support for all the opposition forces in Iran and in the Iranian diaspora. A public offer from the United States, disseminated widely in the Persian language, of help for a reformed Iran on all matters, including peaceful nuclear energy, and of assistance in protecting Iran from the catastrophic earthquake that seismologists predict in its immediate future. Millions of lives might be lost in a few moments, and we would also have to worry about the fate of secret underground nuclear facilities. When a quake leveled the Iranian city of Bam three years ago, the performance of American rescue teams was so impressive that their popularity embarrassed the regime. Iran's neighbors would need to pay attention, too: a crisis in Iran's nuclear underground facilities—an Iranian Chernobyl—would not be an internal affair. These concerns might help shift the currently ossified terms of the argument and put us again on the side of an internal reform movement within Iran and its large and talented diaspora.

6. Unconditional solidarity, backed with force and the relevant UN resolutions, with an independent and multi-confessional Lebanon.

7. A commitment to buy Afghanistan's opium crop and to keep the profits out of the hands of the warlords and Talibanists, until such time as the country's agriculture—especially its once-famous vines—has been replanted and restored. We can use the product in the interim for the manufacture of much-needed analgesics for our own market and apply the profits to the reconstruction of Afghanistan.

8. We should, of course, be scrupulous on principle about stirring up interethnic tensions. But we should remind those states that are less scrupulous—Iran, Pakistan, and Syria swiftly come to mind—that we know that they, too, have restless minorities and that they should not make trouble in Afghanistan, Lebanon, or Iraq without bearing this in mind. Some years ago, the Pakistani government announced that it would break the international embargo on the unrecognized and illegal Turkish separatist state in Cyprus and would appoint an ambassador to it, out of "Islamic solidarity." Cyprus is a small democracy with no armed forces to speak of, but its then–foreign minister told me the following story. He sought a meeting with the Pakistani authorities and told them privately that if they recognized the breakaway Turkish colony, his government would immediately supply funds and arms to one of the secessionist movements—such as the Baluchis—within Pakistan itself. Pakistan never appointed an ambassador to Turkish Cyprus.

When I read Sam Harris's irresponsible remark that only fascists seemed to have the right line, I murmured to myself: "Not while I'm alive, they won't." Nor do I wish to concede that Serbo-fascist ethnic cleansing can appear more rational in retrospect than it did at the time. The Islamist threat itself may be crude, but this is an intricate cultural and political challenge that will absorb all of our energies for the rest of our lives: we are all responsible for doing our utmost as citizens as well as for demanding more imagination from our leaders. ▨

The Houses of Worship That Hallow New York

David Garrard Lowe

A tour through three centuries of history and architecture

A city without significant places of worship is like a garden devoid of flowers. Images immediately spring to mind: Christopher Wren's St. Paul's, its majestic dome looming above London like a guardian angel; Notre Dame of Paris, perfectly expressing, in the words of Victor Hugo, "variety and eternity"; Amsterdam's severe but noble seventeenth-century Spanish-Portuguese synagogue; and Antonio Gaudí's breathtaking, unfinished Sagrada Familia in Barcelona, forever growing like a tree whose final height is incalculable. Yet to be significant, a place of worship does not have to be of great scale but only to possess something of beauty and something of memory.

Many American cities—Chicago, Miami, and Los Angeles, for instance—have downtowns almost swept clean of places of worship. Either they never existed, or they followed the faithful to the suburbs. Two old cities, Boston and Philadelphia, do indeed possess notable churches at their core, but no American city approaches New York in the richness and variety of its churches and synagogues. Part of what makes the metropolis great, they are wondrous depositories of architecture and art, of history and urban memory.

There is no better spot to illustrate this than St. Mark's in-the-Bowery, which is a perpetual image of civility in the hurly-burly neighborhood of Second Avenue and 10th Street. Though the fieldstone Georgian structure dates from 1799, the site is the oldest place of continual worship in the city, for it was on this spot that Peter Stuyvesant in 1660 built a chapel on his farm, his "bouwerie." By turns irascible and generous, bigoted and brave, the one-legged Dutchman, when he became the fifth governor of New Amsterdam in 1646, found it an impoverished, quarreling little colony. When he surrendered it to the British in 1664, he had set it on a course toward lasting prosperity. Stuyvesant is still at St. Mark's, just to the right of the church, lying in the vault he built. His bust above it was a gift from Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. There is a spooky coincidence attached to that vault, for when, in 1953, it was opened to receive the body of the last of Stuyvesant's direct descendants, Augustus Van Horn Stuyvesant, it was found that there was but one empty place left among some 80 already filled, as if the governor had foreseen three centuries earlier exactly how many descendants he would have.

By the late eighteenth century, Stuyvesant's old Dutch Reformed chapel was derelict, and in 1793 his great-great-grandson deeded the land to Trinity Church. The lawyer for the incorporation of the new Episcopal parish was none other than Alexander Hamilton. The facade of St. Mark's dramatically exhibits a half-century of changing taste. Atop the reticent Georgian sanctuary is a belfry and steeple designed by Ithiel Town, the noted architect of some of the finest houses on the north side of Washington Square. It is a simply detailed Greek Revival composition, one of the most beautiful steeples in the city. The church's elegant Anglo-Italianate cast-iron portico, from the famed Cornel Foundry, was added in 1854.

St. Mark's has always played an important part in New York's cultural life. Among the founders of the parish was Clement Clark Moore, long credited with the authorship of "A Visit from St. Nicholas." New York mayor and famed diarist Philip Hone lies in the churchyard. Washington Irving was a constant visitor, finding inspiration at St. Mark's for his *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*. In the twentieth century, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Robert Frost read their poetry in the old sanctuary, while Isadora Duncan, Martha Graham, and Ruth St. Denis enlivened the place with their dancing. Reports of the dancing led the Episcopal bishop of New York to keep a sharp eye on the rector, Dr. William Guthrie, particularly after the good doctor began leading eurhythmic liturgical processions through Greenwich Village.

Peter Stuyvesant also played a role in another of New York's precious places of worship, Congregation Shearith Israel (Remnant of Israel), also known as the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue, on Central Park West at 70th Street. It is the oldest Jewish congregation in the city, with a history reaching back to 1654, when 23 Sephardic Jews, mostly Spanish and Portuguese, fleeing the Inquisition in Brazil, landed in New Amsterdam. Governor Stuyvesant did not welcome them, fearing that they would undermine the established Dutch Reformed Church. "To give liberty to the Jews will be very detrimental," he opined, "because giving them liberty, we cannot refuse the Lutherans and Papists."

But the Dutch West India Company, with an eye to expanding trade, let them remain in the colony. The congregation's first synagogue was on Mill Street, now South William Street, and over the years, it followed the migration of New York uptown, first to Crosby Street, then to 19th Street, and then to its present location in 1897.

Arnold Brunner gave Shearith Israel a magnificent classical Beaux-Arts exterior of white marble. With its four tall fluted Corinthian columns, arched entrances, and decorated pediment, the synagogue is intended to recall the synagogues in Palestine at the time of the Roman occupation. Brunner's Beaux-Arts opulence continues in the interior, where the main sanctuary is a dazzling amalgam of red and yellow marbles, of bronze and gold, and of splendid art-glass windows in the manner of Louis Tiffany.

But it is in "The Little Synagogue," or chapel, that the history of the congregation comes alive. Essentially a replica of the Georgian Mill Street synagogue, it is a white and gold chamber very similar in feeling to the famed Touro Synagogue in Newport, Rhode Island. At its center is a crimson-damask-covered reading desk of 1730, surrounded by an elegant railing, upon which stand four fifteenth-century Spanish candlesticks. The white pews with mahogany trim are of the eighteenth century, as is the silver Sabbath lamp, while in the ark rest two Torah scrolls damaged during the British occupation of New York in the American Revolution.

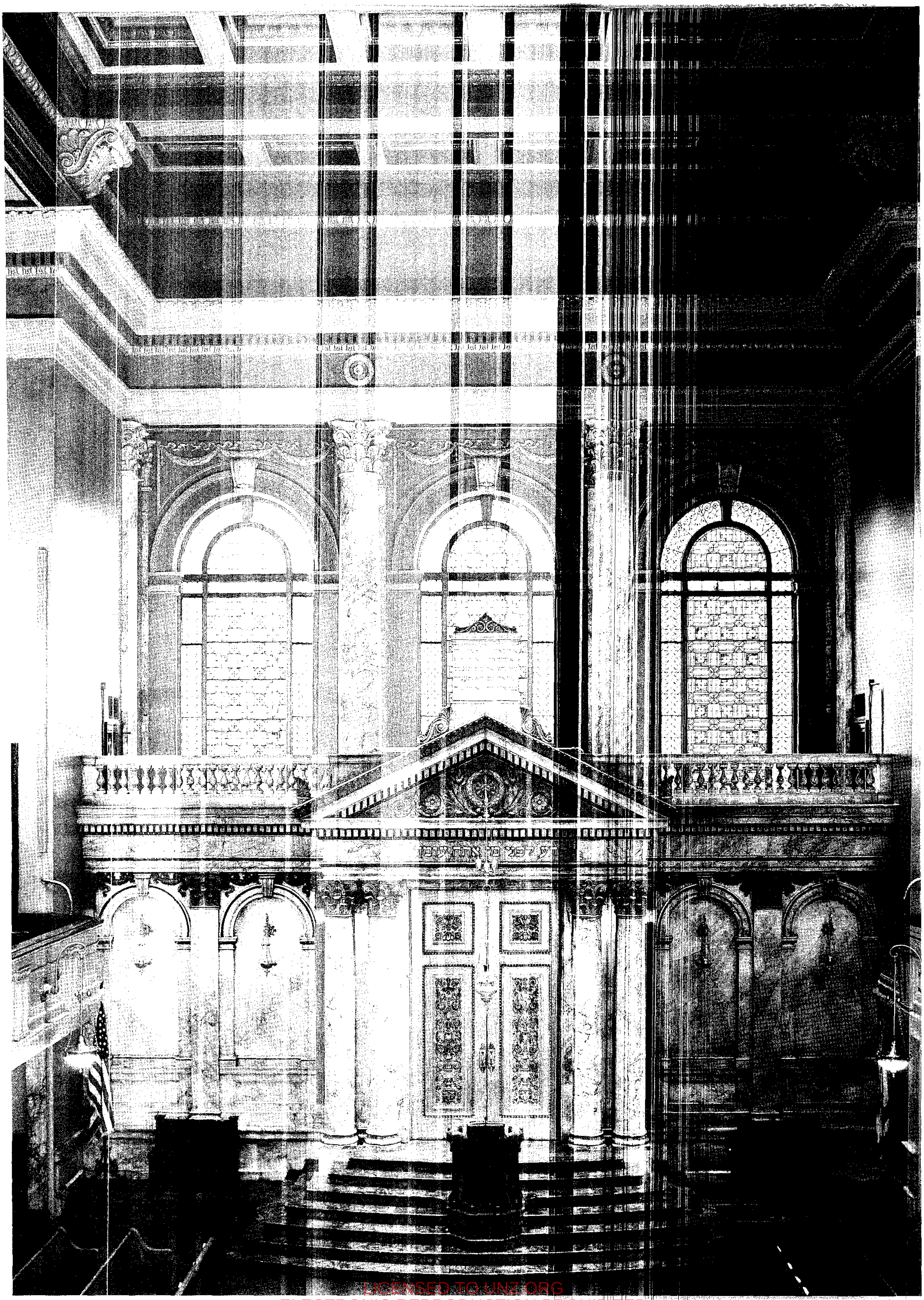
New York's places of worship are hardy plants with long taproots. They flourish in unlikely places. On East 60th Street between Park and Lexington avenues, a block filled with state-of-the-art hairdressers, health-food restaurants, and bars catering to various tastes, is a simple three-story red-brick building that gives no hint that it is a church. But for half a century, it has been home to one of Gotham's most historic congregations, "L'Eglise Française du Saint-Esprit," the French Huguenot church.

Persecution of Protestants in France was endemic throughout most of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. There had been a respite when, in 1598, Henry IV promulgated the Edict of Nantes, giving non–Roman Catholic Christians the right to worship freely, hold public office, and have access to education. But thousands had already fled to neighboring nations ruled by their co-religionists, particularly Holland. Word spread among these religious refugees of the richness of the new lands across the Atlantic, and in early March, 1623, the ship *New Netherland* set sail from Holland with some 30 families, most of them French Protestants. In May, they reached the mouth of the Hudson River. Some settled on what is now Governor's Island, and others became, in all probability, the first European settlers on Manhattan Island.

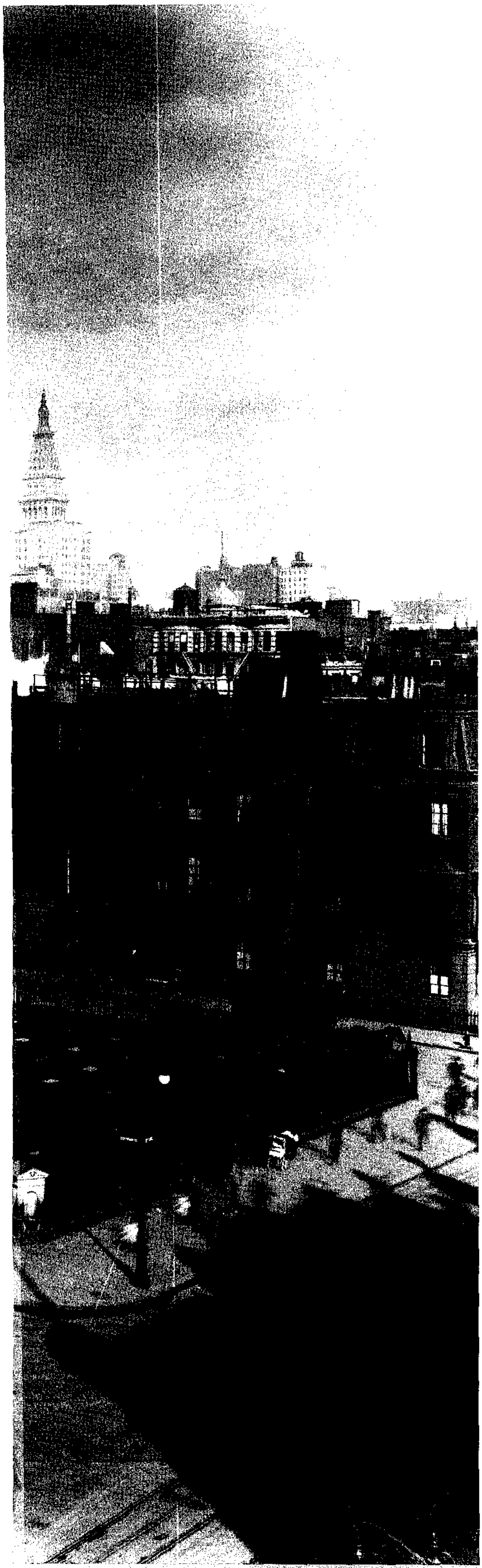
Over the years, the French Protestants got along well with

Congregation Shearith Israel on Central Park West

JOANNE SAVIO, REPRINTED FROM "REMNANT OF ISRAEL: A PORTRAIT OF AMERICA'S FIRST JEWISH CONGREGATION—SHEARITH ISRAEL," BY MARC D. ANGEL (RIVERSIDE BOOKS, NEW YORK, 2004).



Urbanities



COLLECTION OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEGATIVE #69014

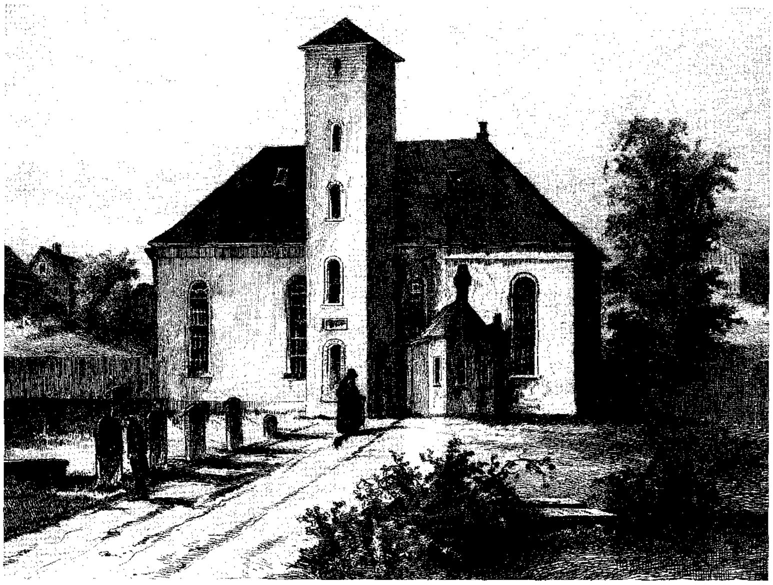
St. Mark's in-the-Bowery

the Dutch, whose Calvinist faith was very similar to their own, and they even shared a place of worship. But the Huguenots wanted their own sanctuary, where they could have services in French. "It is one thing to get along well with one's Dutch neighbors," a Huguenot wrote to a friend in England, "but it is quite another thing to listen to a long sermon in Dutch." In 1688, a small chapel rose on Petticoat Lane, now Marketfield Street, near the Bowery.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 led to a vast new wave of French Protestants fleeing to America. They would carry names that would become famous in the annals of the United States: Boudouin (which became Bowdoin), Rivoire (which became Revere), Dana, Vassar, Collier, Leroy, Delano, Durand, Delancey, Thoreau. To accommodate these new arrivals, the congregation built a much larger place of worship at what is now Pine and Nassau streets. The name they chose for the edifice was "Le Temple du Saint-Esprit." (French Protestants traditionally call their houses of worship temples, not churches.) But, as the years passed, the Huguenots, like the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, followed the trek of New Yorkers northward, first in 1831 to Church and Franklin streets, where "Le Temple" became "L'Eglise," next to East 22nd Street, and then at the end of the nineteenth century to a grand Gothic Revival structure on East 27th Street. But by the 1920s, this cavernous sanctuary was far too large for the shrinking Francophone congregation, and in 1926 it sold the property. After worshiping for a number of years in rented spaces, the congregation in 1941 purchased an empty school building on East 60th Street and remodeled the ground floor into a chapel seating some 70 people.

Saint-Esprit may be small, but on Sunday the congregation still worships in French, still uses the old silver chalice it has carried with it, still reads from its ancient Bible, and still lustily sings those Protestant hymns, the singing of which once would have condemned their ancestors to be galley slaves. And on the Sunday nearest April 15, the day the king promulgated the Edict of Nantes, Huguenots from all over the New York metropolitan region gather to celebrate religious liberty. Looking down from the walls surrounding them are the coats of arms of Huguenot families. Some are renowned, such as Jay, and some are surprising, such as Runyon.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the tiny Huguenot chapel and St. Patrick's Cathedral, just a few blocks to the south. The grand cathedral, stretching 328 feet from Fifth Avenue to Madison Avenue, its twin spires majestically


NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The old Huguenot church

rising 330 feet into the air, seems to have been predestined to be on its superb site at the heart of midtown Manhattan. But there was no predestination about it; rather, determination and a bit of luck.

The story begins at another St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Mulberry Street, just below Houston. The simple brown facade of Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, as it is now called, was not always so simple, for it was given delightful Gothic Revival decoration by its architect, Joseph François Magnin, a Frenchman who was one of the architects of City Hall. That decoration was lost in a disastrous 1866 fire. Perhaps the cathedral's most distinctive feature now is the high brick wall surrounding its tree-shaded churchyard, where lie the noted merchant, Stephen Jumel; Andrew Morris, the first Roman Catholic to hold public office in New York; and Captain Pierre Landais, second in command to the father of the United States Navy, John Paul Jones. The wall gives the cathedral an evocative old-world charm.

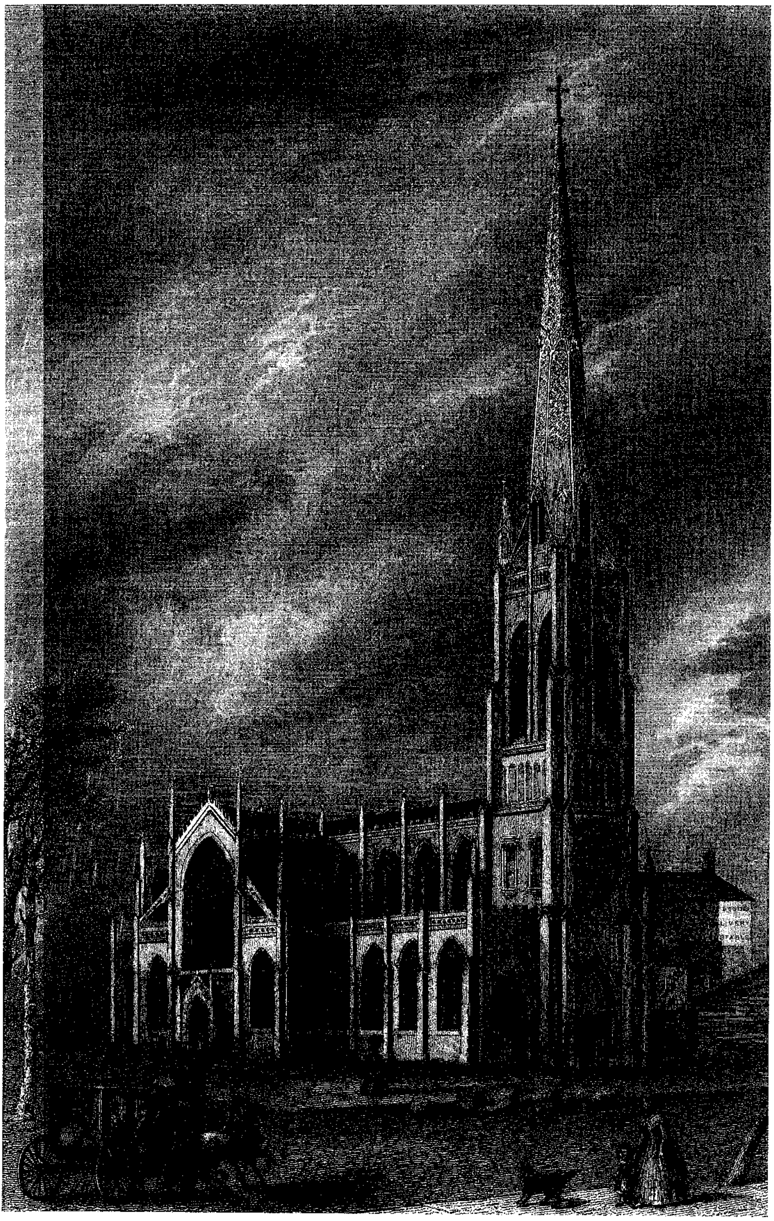
In the years when Old St. Patrick's was being constructed, between 1809 and 1815, there were barely 13,000 Roman Catholics in New York State and only three churches—two in New York City and one in Albany. The first three bishops of the diocese may have been men of faith, but they were not memorable. The fourth, John Joseph Hughes, who had been born in Ireland in 1797, was both memorable and the father of the St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue. He was made bishop of New York in 1842 and, in 1850, New York's first archbishop. Known as "Dagger John" to his enemies, John Hughes was a powerful orator and debater, an effective advocate of Catholic education—he founded Fordham—and a fiery defender of Catholic rights. When in the spring of 1844 anti-Catholic Nativists threatened to attack and burn Old St. Patrick's, Hughes surrounded it with armed members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and warned Mayor James Harper that if harm came to any Catholic or any Catholic church, New York would burn.

Hughes understood perfectly the importance in a city of great places of worship and wanted a cathedral far grander than Old St. Patrick's to express in stone the demographic, political, and religious reality of the thousands of Irish and German Catholics pouring into the city. (Shortly after the middle of the nineteenth century, 40 percent of New Yorkers were Roman Catholic.) The diocese originally acquired the land where the cathedral now stands with the idea of using it for a much-needed Catholic cemetery. But the solid stone lying just below the surface made that impractical. When in 1850 Hughes proposed building a new cathedral, he selected this stony spot for its site. Far from the center of New York, in an area of unpaved, muddy streets and squatters' shacks, this choice was quickly dubbed "Hughes's Folly."

To design his new cathedral, Hughes turned to the perfect architect for the project, James

Renwick. He was not an obvious choice. Renwick was an Episcopalian, closely allied to the city's Protestant aristocracy: his mother was a Brevoort, his wife an Aspinwall. But he had designed what is arguably New York's most beautiful Gothic Revival church, Grace Episcopal on Broadway at 10th Street. Completed in 1846, Grace Church's light-colored Tuckahoe marble sanctuary, with its striking tower, pinnacles, and tall pointed windows, is to this day one of the most aesthetically pleasing sights in New York. In addition, Hughes and Renwick got on well. Both wanted a cathedral that would dazzle the city, and Hughes, as far as possible, was willing to pay the price. Renwick used the effectiveness of the light stone of Grace Church to persuade his patron to employ gray granite and white marble for St. Patrick's rather than the much cheaper brownstone, the material of which Trinity Church and many of New York's most prominent sanctuaries were constructed. Though it added thousands to the cost of the cathedral, Hughes agreed.

On August 15, 1858, before a crowd estimated at more than 100,000, the archbishop laid the cornerstone for his new cathedral. But because of the Civil War and constant problems with financing the ambitious project, the cathedral was not ready for services until 1879. Hughes had died in 1864, and his successor, John McCloskey, the first American Cardinal, presided over the dedicatory mass. Fate had placed the cathedral on a stretch of Fifth Avenue that was no longer a region of shacks but a grand boulevard where some of the richest men in America lived: Whitneys, Goulds, Vanderbilts.


COLLECTION OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEGATIVE #79506D

Grace Church on lower Broadway

If Renwick and Hughes were happy colleagues on the great project, no such camaraderie existed between Renwick and McCloskey. Whereas Hughes would not flinch at daring to spend money for the best in building materials, McCloskey was more than ready to cut corners to save dollars. He quickly altered Renwick's plan to have true stone vaulting for the nave ceiling, insisting instead on the use of cheaper plaster painted to look like stone. (New York would have to wait more than half a century for Ralph Adams Cram to show in his stupendous nave for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the matchless aesthetic power of true stone vaulting.) He also vetoed Renwick's proposal to have as seating individual chairs in the manner of European cathedrals. Instead McCloskey opted for pews, on the grounds that they could be rented to the highest bidder; some indeed did go for over $2,000. Yet Renwick's interior, an unforgettable array of clustered columns, soaring pointed arches, and glittering stained glass, magnificently fulfills Archbishop Hughes's dream that the cathedral would be "worthy of God, worthy of the Catholic religion, and an honor to this great City."

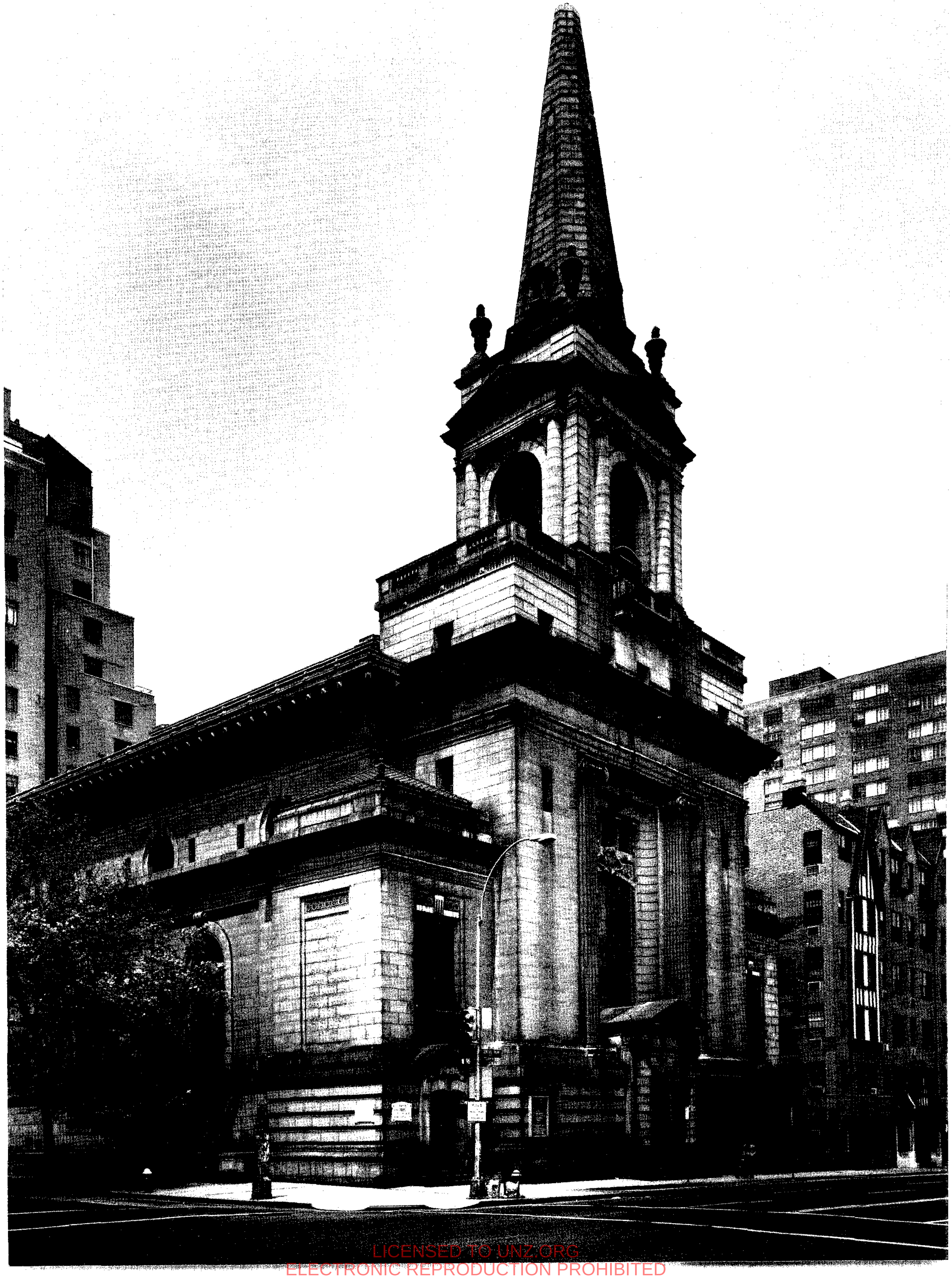
Delightfully, Renwick had the last word in his battles with McCloskey. When St. Patrick's was almost complete, he offered to present a window. It is there in the south transept and is dedicated, not surprisingly, to Patrick, apostle of Ireland. The upper part of the window does indeed portray the saint attired as a bishop; the lower part, however, depicts Renwick himself showing the cathedral plans to a seated, sympathetically portrayed Hughes. But standing, an unmistakable glare of disapproval upon his face, is Cardinal McCloskey, in his hand a paper with his proposed alterations to Renwick's original plan. The story goes that the window had been put into place before McCloskey saw it, and no one dared remove a window dedicated to St. Patrick in his own cathedral.

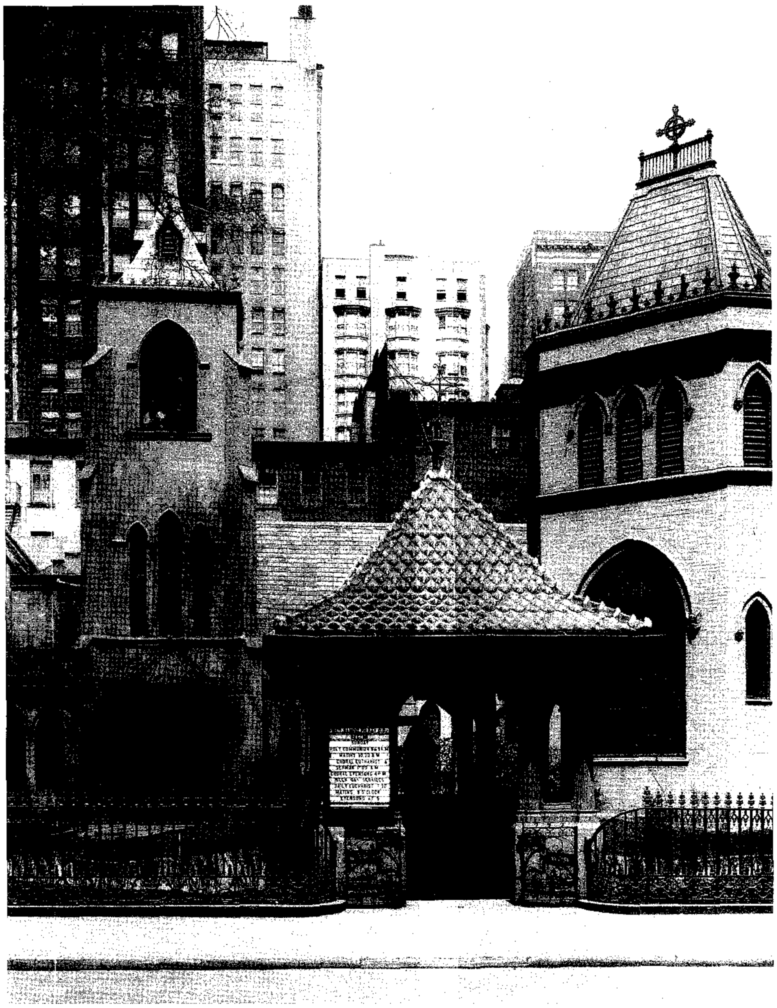
Not all of New York's places of worship have their roots in Europe. An outstanding example is the First Church of Christ, Scientist at Central Park West and 96th Street, designed in 1899 by Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the main branch of the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue. Its lofty limestone exterior presents an unexpected combination of classical elements, including Ionic columns, deep cornices, and arched windows. The First Church terminates in a stone spire rising from a square tower embellished with urns and pediments, dramatically recalling the eighteenth-century London churches designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor. The vast interior, with seats for 2,400, reflects the flourishing state of this American denomination founded in Boston in 1879 by the remarkable Mary Baker Eddy. The most striking features of the interior—flooded with light, as Mrs. Eddy said that churches should be—are its powerful arches: great bent beams of steel sheathed with plaster and embellished with robust rosettes, garlands, and elegant curved molding. The combination of raw architectural power and delicate beauty makes this one of the city's supreme Beaux-Arts chambers. In recent years, its once-thriving congregation has dwindled, and the amazing First Church has been sold to an evangelical Protestant congregation that promises to be a worthy guardian of this masterpiece.

One of the gifts of New York's places of worship is that they provide infinite surprise. Walking down a narrow street or turning into a square, one is sometimes forced to stop and ask, "What is this?" and "How has this survived?" Just such a feeling strikes one on John Street near Nassau, in lower Manhattan. There among the behemoths of the financial district sits an unassuming structure that pays simple tribute to the Greek Revival with a Palladian window above its entrance, a fine cornice, and a crisp pediment. This is the John Street Methodist Church, and it resembles nothing so much as those Dissenter chapels that dot Wales and parts of Ireland. And this is appropriate, for though the sanctuary dates only from 1841, its lineage goes back to 1768, when it was organized by an Irish preacher, Philip Embury. John Street is the oldest Methodist congregation in North America. In the little museum beneath the sanctuary are a number

St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue

BROWN BROTHERS





NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

COLLECTION OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEGATIVE #79513D

First Church of Christ, Scientist, on Central Park West (left) and the Little Church Around the Corner on East 29th Street (above)

of significant Methodist relics, including a clock given in 1769 by John Wesley, the illustrious chief founder of the denomination. As one stands in the John Street Church, it is interesting to speculate how from such small beginnings grew those magnificent Methodist institutions, among them Northwestern University outside Chicago, Southern Methodist in Dallas, Vanderbilt in Nashville, and Boston University.

Stuyvesant Square evokes a similar experience. There stands the plain Fifteenth Street Friends Meeting House, constructed in 1860. Flanking it are two very different places of worship. To the right rises the imperious brownstone Romanesque Revival St. George's Episcopal Church, designed in the mid-nineteenth century by Leopold Eidlitz and Otto Blesch. St. George's aura of grandeur is appropriate for a parish whose most famous member was J. P. Morgan. To the left of the Fifteenth Street Meeting House holds forth the mad 1960s concrete modernism of St. Mary's Catholic Church of the Byzantine Rite. Standing between its two voluble neighbors, the Meeting House offers a welcome diffident architectural dignity. Its designer, Charles T. Bunting, made it beautiful by making it simple: red brick, a white wooden Doric portico, large windows of clear glass, all composed beneath a broad gable. The architecture perfectly expresses the Quaker faith, a faith that eschews ostentation and begins its services with silence.

For sheer surprise, though, it would be hard to beat the Church of the Transfiguration, just off Fifth Avenue on East 29th Street. On a block of lofts and high-rise apartment buildings, a garden filled with shrubs, trees, and (in season) flowers flourishes, as though it were in rural England, or at least in Westchester. The entrance to the garden is through one of the rarest architectural features in New York City, a tile-roofed pavilion, known as a lych-gate, modeled on those in English churchyards, under which a coffin could rest before the burial service began. ("Lych" in early English is the word for "body.") Stepping into the garden, one sees a low church

Urbanities

structure of such engagingly picturesque variety—towers, dormer windows, high-peaked roofs—that it could pass for a stage set in a Disney movie. Though the date when the structure was begun—1850—is known, the name of no architect has been attached to it. So peculiar is the church's almost natural growth that it is affectionately dubbed "The Holy Cucumber Vine."

But the Church of Transfiguration has another nickname: "The Little Church Around the Corner." How it got that appellation is a well-known story. In 1870, the noted actor George Holland died, and when his friend Joseph Jefferson, the leading comic actor of the day, went to a grand church on Madison Avenue to arrange for his funeral, the pastor icily dismissed him: the church did not conduct funerals for those in that "morally questionable" profession. But, the pastor added, "I believe there is a little church around the corner where they do that sort of thing." "If that be so, sir," Jefferson replied, "God bless the little church around the corner." Holland's funeral indeed took place at the Church of the Transfiguration. The event made the church beloved by those in the acting profession.

Stepping into the cottage-like sanctuary, one comes face-to-face with an amazing panoply of memorials to actors and actresses and writers. There in brilliant stained glass is Joseph Jefferson himself, portrayed in his famous role as Rip Van Winkle, supporting the shroud-wrapped body of his friend George Holland. There is a window by John LaFarge showing Edwin Booth, the great tragedian (and brother of John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln), dressed as Hamlet. Additional windows and memorial tablets honor, among others, John Drew, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Stephen Vincent Benét, Will Rogers, Gertrude Lawrence, and P. G. Wodehouse.

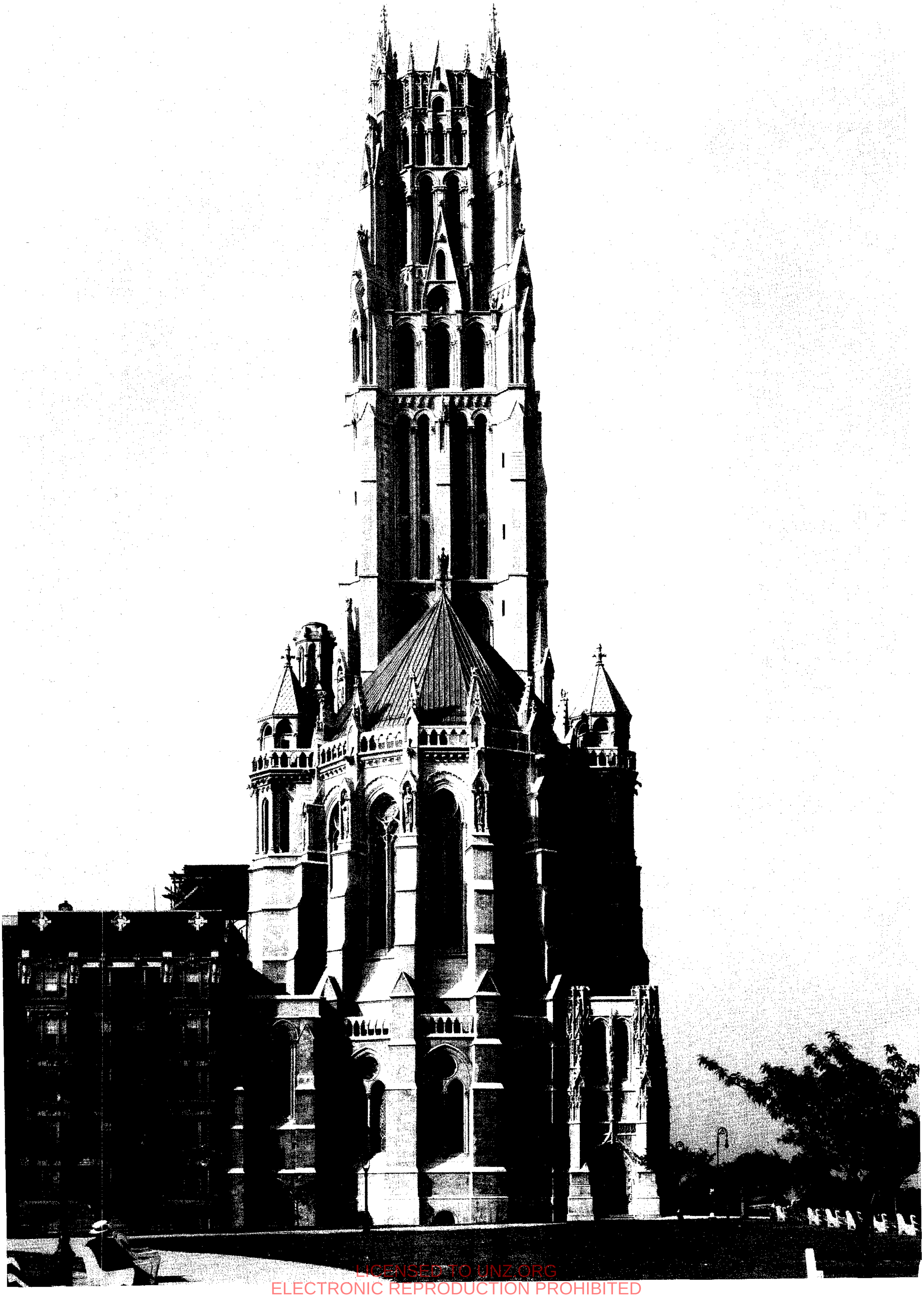
There is also a memorial to the matchless short-story writer O. Henry. His funeral at the little church had a sardonic twist that would have fit perfectly into one of his tales. The funeral was scheduled for 11 AM on a June day in 1910. Unfortunately, a wedding had been scheduled for the same day at the same hour. As the bride and groom approached the church, the groom saw the hearse and was able to whisk his future bride away for an hour to the nearby Holland House Hotel. When at noon they were married, the only thing the bride found amiss were the numerous flower petals in the aisle from what she thought was another wedding.

Not only do New York's churches and synagogues provide inspiration and surprise; their towers are often significant urban landmarks that speak eloquently of the multiple cultures that built this city. A number immediately come to mind. There is the Brick Presbyterian Church on Park Avenue at 91st Street, a dignified colonial revival edifice of 1938 by York & Sawyer, which looks as though it had been lifted bodily from a New England village green. The restraint of the Brick Church's three-tier red-brick and white-wood steeple perfectly proclaims the congregation's Calvinist faith. Another example is Trinity, at the head of Wall Street, Richard Upjohn's 1846 brownstone Gothic-revival masterwork. Its 280-foot spire—the equivalent of 24 stories—is like some ecclesiastical spaceship ready to whisk Trinity's Anglophile Episcopalians back to the mother country. There are the twin minarets with copper onion domes with which Henry Fernbach crowned his 1872 Central Synagogue. Their exotic Moorish form is a constant reminder to all who pass the corner of Lexington Avenue and 55th Street of that time when, before their expulsion in 1492, Jews flourished in Spain.

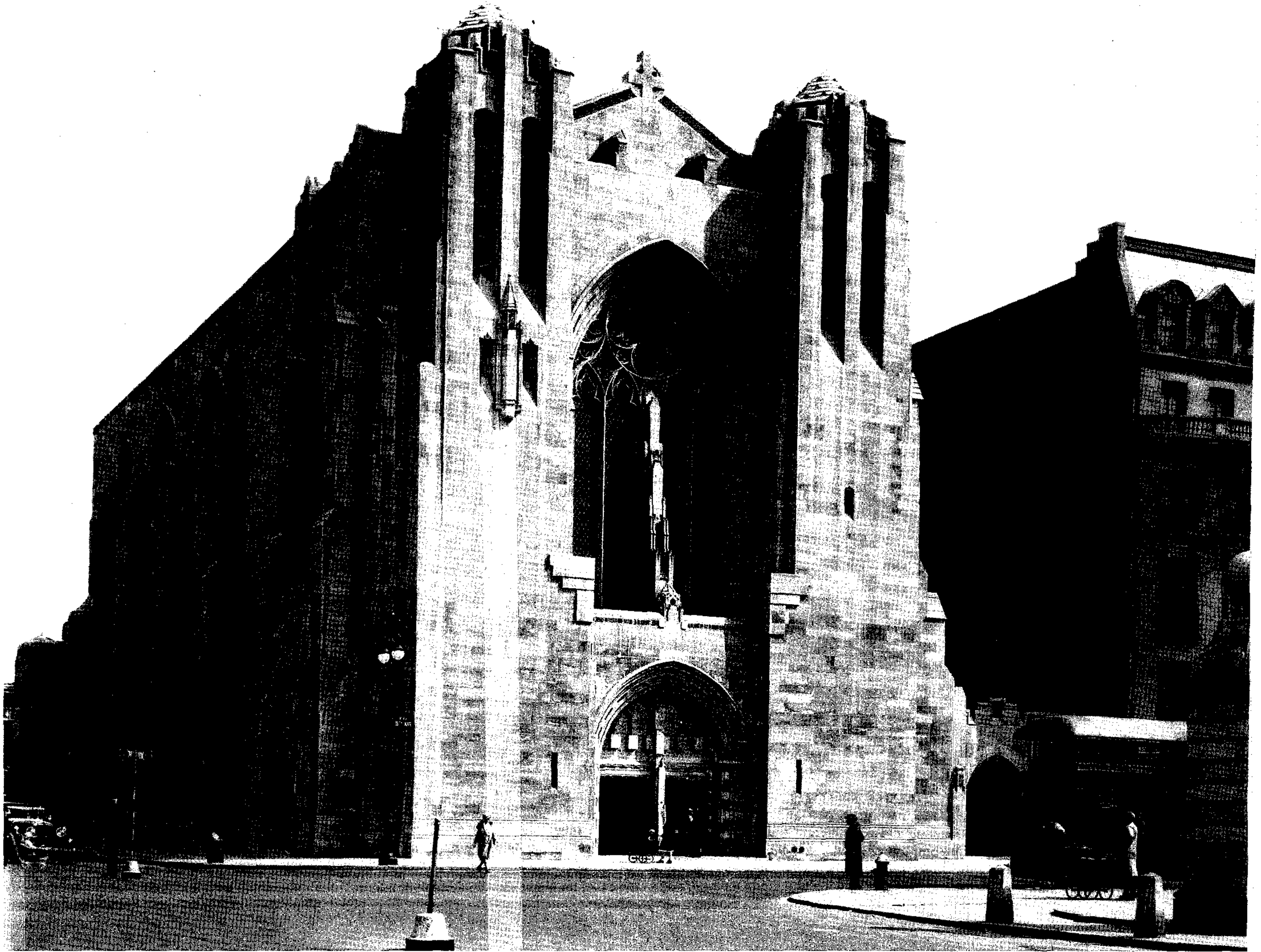
But no New York house of worship has a more spectacular site for a spectacular tower than Riverside Church, perched high on a bluff above the Hudson River between 120th and 122nd streets. Constructed between 1926 and 1930 under the patronage of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the majestic Baptist sanctuary designed by Allen & Collens is a glorious sheath of thirteenth-century French Gothic ornament hung upon a steel

Riverside Church on Riverside Drive

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Urbanities


The Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth Avenue

frame. Riverside's 392-foot tower—the most notable landmark between midtown and the George Washington Bridge—houses the 74-bell Laura Spellman Rockefeller Carillon, a memorial to John D. Jr.'s mother. That Riverside is Gothic should come as no surprise, for John D. Jr. wanted that style for Rockefeller Center, begun shortly after the completion of his awesome church.

Rockefeller Center was built, not Gothic, but in the French moderne style known as art deco, popular in the 1920s and 1930s. A number of New York sanctuaries of the period embrace deco totally or in part. Among them is St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue between 50th and 51st streets, designed by the great architect Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Opened for worship in 1919, St. Bartholomew's, crowned by a high dome, is essentially Romanesque Revival with touches of the Byzantine. But the church was not completed until 1927, and in the 1920s it was given furnishings that include spectacular examples of art-deco religious imagery. Among the most beautiful is the pulpit of golden Siena marble that incorporates a standing cubist Isaiah, while the newel at the base of its steps is in the form of a deco angel garbed as an English judge wearing a glorious full-bottomed wig. The pulpit is the work of Lee Lawrie, the sculptor responsible for the powerful Atlas before Rockefeller Center's International Building.

Goodhue died in 1924, and his successor firm, Mayers, Murray & Philip, designed the imposing Church of the Heavenly Rest on Fifth Avenue at 90th Street. Completed in 1929, Heavenly Rest is a striking example of stripped-down Gothic Revival transmogrifying into art deco. Its massive, austere interior, a composition of geometric cubist planes, owes as much to the French moderne style as to the architecture of the Middle Ages. Dominating its Fifth Avenue facade are two massive limestone piers, from whose base, flanking the church's entrance, sprout two winged deco angels by Ulrich Ellerhausen, and whose upper elevations resemble the tops of skyscrapers.

Undoubtedly, though, New York's most complete example of an art-deco religious structure is the Salvation Army's combined Territorial Headquarters and Centennial Memorial Temple of 1930 on West 14th Street. Its architects, Voorhees, Gamelin & Walker, were responsible for some of New York's most magnificent art-deco skyscrapers, including the Irving Trust, now the Bank of New York, at One Wall Street.

Evangeline Booth, daughter of the Salvation Army's founder, William Booth, supervised every detail of its Centennial Temple; it is the only place of worship in New York with special seats for the overweight. Its entrance, a high arch of triumph in a ziggurat moderne style—with metal gates whose primary motif is a rising sun, appropriate for an organization dedicated to bringing hope to the hopeless—leads to a wall flanked by doorways, upon which is emblazoned the Salvation Army's battle cry, "Blood and Fire." The temple's entrance is one of Manhattan's supreme art-deco monuments.

Marvelous architecture and magnificent history come together in an unforgettable ensemble on lower Broadway. There, between Fulton and Vesey streets, stands a structure so different from the surrounding stone, glass, and steel office buildings that it brings to mind a graceful wooden sailing ship caught among hulking aircraft carriers.

St. Paul's Chapel, Manhattan's only intact pre-Revolutionary edifice, reverberates with memories that go back to the founding of the republic and beyond. Its elegant Georgian proportions, its deep portico of four fluted Ionic columns, and its immense Palladian window recall the eighteenth-century London churches of James Gibbs, such as Saint-Martin's-in-the-Fields on Trafalgar Square.

This is precisely what its architect, Thomas McBean, intended when he designed this chapel of Trinity Church in 1764. New York was English, and the style was intended to make Englishmen feel at home when they worshiped a God whom they were certain spoke in the stately phrases of the King James Bible. St. Paul's tall, elegant steeple, rising in stages to a gilded weather vane, is an architectural minuet. St. Paul's interior, a palette of white, gold, and soft pastels, and Waterford crystal chandeliers that catch the sunlight pouring through the small-paned clear glass windows, magically transports the visitor from a world of boom-box cacophony to one of Haydn's quartets.

The chapel possesses two precious objects that speak of the beginnings of the nation. The reredos behind the altar, a carved wooden depiction of Moses receiving the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai, was designed by Pierre L'Enfant, the architect who planned Washington, D.C. On the left aisle is the handsome mahogany armchair in which, on April 30, 1789, following his inauguration as the first president of the United States at the nearby City Hall, George Washington sat when he prayed at St. Paul's.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

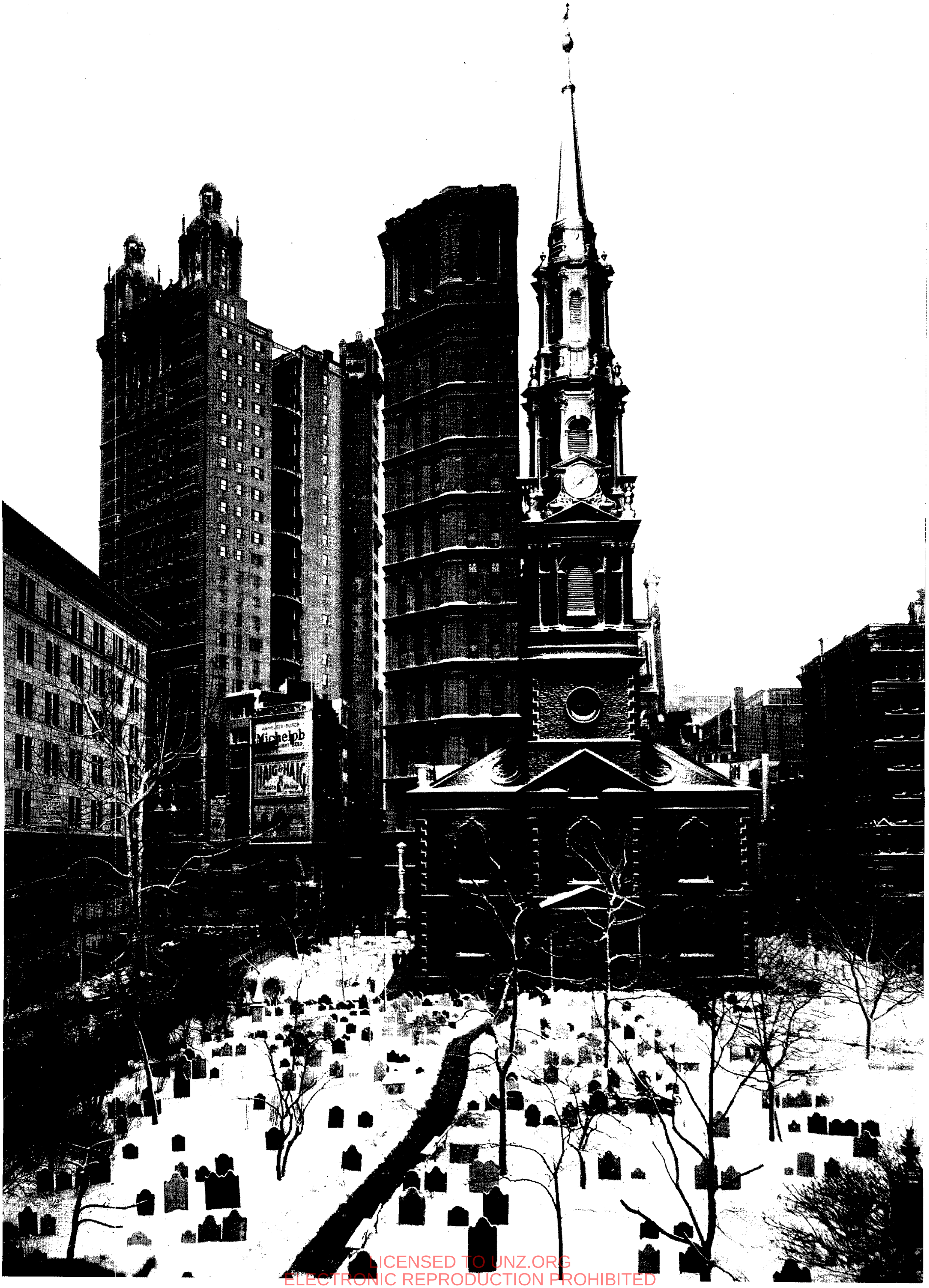
Urbanities

The interior of St. Paul's Chapel (above) on Broadway and its west front (right)

On September 11, 2001, the ancient chapel, barely six blocks north of the World Trade Center, came through the ordeal virtually unscathed. Its fragile steeple survived intact; not one of its windows, filled with thin, old glass, shattered. Afterward, New York's mayor, Rudolph Giuliani, remarked from the chapel's reading desk: "When the towers fell, more than a dozen modern buildings were destroyed or damaged. Yet somehow amid all the destruction and devastation, St. Paul's chapel still stands—without as much as a broken window. It's a small miracle."

But then it is not too much to say that innumerable New York places of worship, with their surprising beauty, the extraordinary lives that have touched them, and the visual record they provide of the multitude of creeds that make up this city, are truly small miracles and also big miracles. ▣

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY (L)
BROWN BROTHERS (R)


Michelob
HAIG & HAIG

Oh, to England

How Not to Do It

Theodore Dalrymple

Nothing works in the omnicompetent state.

Last week, the British government announced—because the opposition in Parliament forced it to announce—that 70 prisoners, including three murderers and an unspecified number of burglars, drug dealers, and holders of false passports, had escaped from a single minimum-security prison this year alone. Twenty-eight of them were still at large.

That so many of them absconded suggested that they were not quite the reformed characters that justified lower levels of security in the first place; but as usual in Britain, temporary embarrassment soon subsides into deep amnesia. The fact is that the whole episode is precisely what we have come to expect of our public administration and was nothing out of the ordinary.

In the same week, my former colleagues, senior doctors in the hospital that I worked in until my recent retirement, received a leaflet with their monthly pay stubs. It offered them, along with all other employees, literacy training: a little late in their careers as doctors, one might have thought.

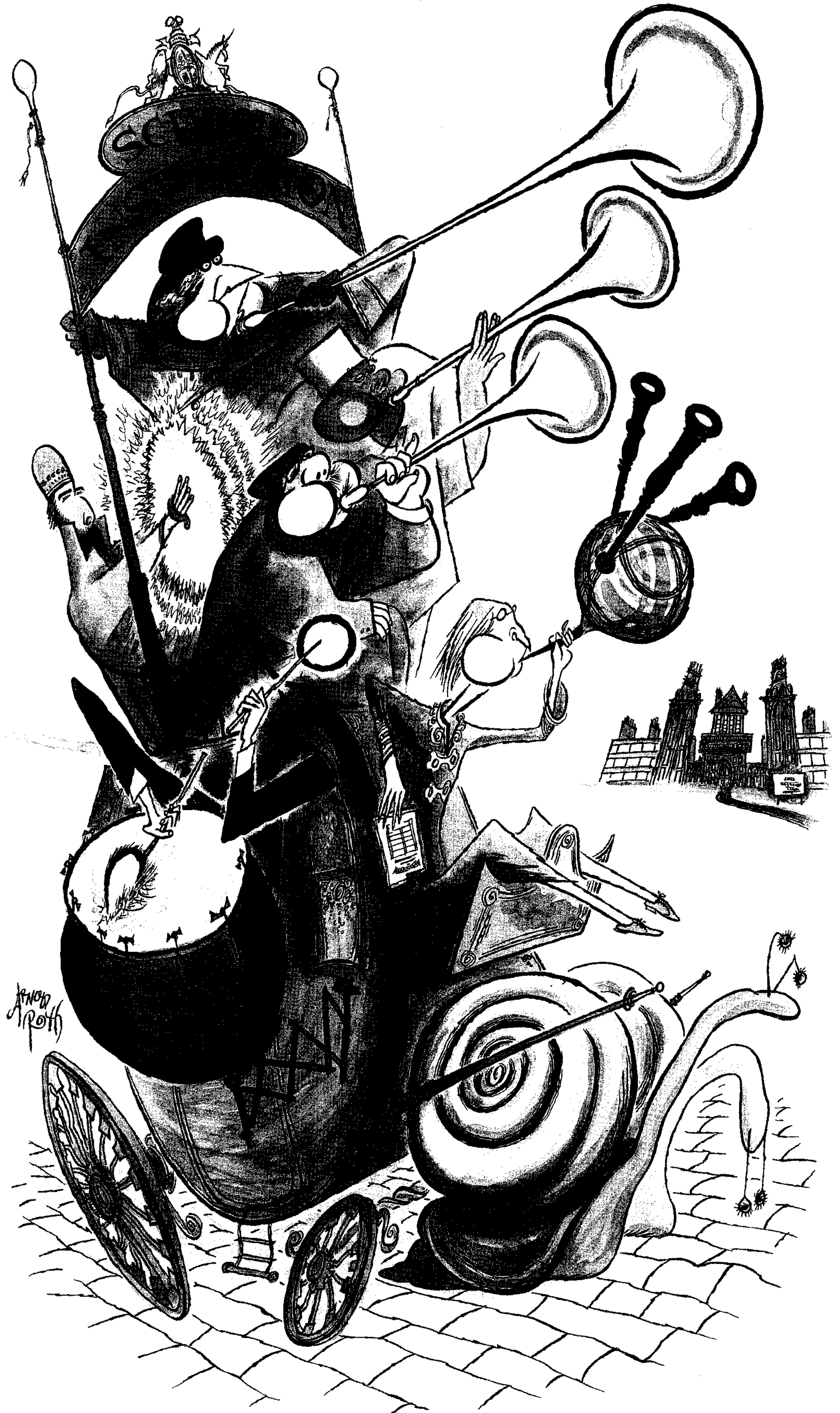
The senior doctors could take up to 30 hours of free courses to improve their literacy and numeracy skills, all in working time, of course. In these courses, they could learn to spell at least some words, to punctuate, to add and do fractions, and to read a graph.

"Do you have a SPIKEY [*sic*] profile?" asked the leaflet, and went on to explain: "A spikey profile is when a person is good at literacy but not at mathematics or visa [*sic*] versa." The reader could address himself to one of no fewer than four members of the hospital staff who were "contact persons" for the courses, among them the Vocational Training Coordinator and the Non-Vocational Training Coordinator. In case none was available to answer the telephone or reply to e-mails, the reader could contact one of three central government agencies that deal with the problem of illiterate and innumerate employees.

Here, truly, was a case of the lunatics taking over the asylum; but there is more to the ignorance and incompetence pervading the leaflet than meets the eye. Such ignorance and incompetence are now so systematic and widespread in the British public service that if they are not the result of deliberate policy, they might as well be. In fact, there is now a profoundly catalytic relationship between the intellectual, moral, and economic corruption of the British public service and the degeneration of the national character. Which among all the various factors came first and is therefore ultimately causative is not easy to say; as usual, I suspect that intellectual error is at the root of most evil. But why such error should have found so ready an acceptance raises the specter of an infinite regress of explanation, which perhaps we can avoid only by invoking a dialectical approach.

Three new books give us an insight into the nature of the corruption that has sprung from the ever-wider extension of self-arrogated government responsibility in Britain, and they shed light as well on the effect that government expansion has upon the population. By the time you have finished reading them, you are unsure as to whether Gogol, Kafka, or Orwell offers the best insight into contemporary British reality. Gogol captures the absurdity all right, and Kafka the anxiety caused by an awareness of sinister but unidentifiable forces behind what is happening; but you also need Orwell to appreciate, and sometimes even to admire, the brazenness with which

Illustration by Arnold Roth


Arnold Roth

officialdom twists language to mean the opposite of what it would once ordinarily have meant.

Two of the books are by men who work in the front line of the public service, one in law enforcement and the other in education. Like me, they write pseudonymously. By describing their day-to-day routine, Police Constable David Copperfield and teacher Frank Chalk show how the British state now works, or rather operates, with devastating effect on the British character.

Copperfield, whose website is so annoying to politicians in power that they feel obliged to denigrate it in Parliament, and whose book is titled *Wasting Police Time*, is an ordinary constable in an ordinary British town. As he makes clear in his book, very little of his time at work is spent in activity that could deter crime, discover those who commit it, or bring them to justice. His induction into the culture of politically correct bureaucratic incompetence was immediate on joining up: he had naively supposed that the main purpose of his job was the protection of the public by the suppression of malefaction, instead of which he discovered that it was to "set about changing the racist, homophobic and male-dominated world in which we lived." The first three days of his training were about prejudice and discrimination—in short, "diversity training." There never was to be any training in the mere investigation of crimes, a minor and secondary part of modern police work in Britain.

The mandated, politically inspired obsession with racism is on view in the crawlingly embarrassing and condescending speech that the deputy chief constable (deputy police chief) of North Wales, Clive Wolfendale, gave to the inaugural meeting of the North Wales Black Police Association. He decided, Copperfield reports, to speak to the black officers in rap verse, which is about as tactful as addressing Nelson Mandela in pidgin. Here is an extract from Wolfendale's speech:

> Put away your cameras
> and your notepads for a spell.
> I got a story that I really
> need to tell.
> Bein' in the dibble [police]
> is no cakewalk when
> you're black.
> If you don't get fitted,
> then you'll prob'ly get
> the sack.
> You're better chillin' lie
> down and just be
> passive.
> No place for us just yet in
> the Colwyn Bay Massive
> [police force].

That must have encouraged the black officers no end: if the (white) deputy chief constable, in his maladroit attempt to demonstrate sympathy with them, had called them a bunch of jungle bunnies, he could hardly have made his feelings clearer. His speech reveals what I have long suspected: that antiracism is the new racism.

It is also, and simultaneously, a job opportunity and work-avoidance scheme. Copperfield recounts how, in 1999, a police officer said to a black motorist, who did not answer a question, "Okay, so you're deaf as well as black." The report of the official inquiry into the subsequent complaint had 62 pages of attachments, 20 pages of witness statements, and 172 pages of interview transcripts. Legal and disciplinary proceedings took 19 months to complete.

Meanwhile, as the police devote vast energies (and expenditures) to such incidents, crimes such as street robbery and assault continue their inexorable rise and turn much of the country into a no-go area for all but the drunk or the violently inclined.

Copperfield, who joined the police full of idealism, soon notices (as how could he not?) that the completion of bureaucratic procedure is now more important to the police than anything else. All is in order if the forms are filled in correctly. A single arrest takes up to six hours to process, so many and various are the forms. He notices that there are more nonpolice employed in his police station than uniformed officers; and of the latter, the majority are deskbound. The station parking lot is full, 9 to 5, Monday through Friday, but the whole town has only three or four officers to patrol the streets—in cars, of course, not on foot.

The author describes the intellectual and moral corruption that all this bureaucracy brings in its wake. Take, for example, the so-called Administrative Detection, which allows the police and their political masters to mislead the public about the seriousness and efficiency with which the authorities tackle criminality. It works something like this: someone calls the police about a trifling dispute—one neighbor accuses the other of threatening behavior, say, and the accused then in turn accuses the accuser. The cops record the two complaints as crimes and take statements from every possible witness. This, of course, can take a very long time, because by the time cops arrive, the witnesses will probably have dispersed. They have to be traced and contacted, and—because the police are now so touchingly-feelingly sensitive to the wishes of the public—mutually convenient times have to be arranged for the taking of statements.

When finally the police have gathered all the information, they write it up; but of course, no prosecution follows, because by then the complainants have withdrawn their complaint, and in any case the prosecuting authorities would regard the whole business as too trivial to be worth a trial. But the two crimes go into the records as having been solved. And since the politicians in charge judge police performance by the proportion of crimes the force solves, cops do not devote attention to most real crimes, in which detection is difficult and very uncertain of success.

The uselessness of a police force that once excited the admiration of the world is now taken for granted by every Briton who calls the police only to obtain a crime number for insurance purposes, not in the expectation or even hope of any effort at detection. This is not because the individual policeman is lazy, ill-intentioned, corrupt, or stupid, though in the present system he might just as well be: for the system in which he works imposes upon him all the effects (or defects) of precisely those qualities. P.C. Copperfield is clearly a man who wants to do a good job, like most of the policemen I have met, but the system actively and deliberately prevents him from doing so.

I happened, while waiting to interview a man in prison, to be reading Copperfield's book, and two plainclothes policemen in the waiting room saw it. They had read the work, and I asked them whether what Copperfield wrote was true.

"Every word," they replied.

Frank Chalk's book, *It's Your Time You're Wasting*, tells essentially the same story, this time with regard to education. It surely requires some explanation that, in a country that expends $5,200 a year for 11 years on each child's education, a fifth of children leave school virtually unable to read or write, let alone do simple arithmetic. It takes considerable organization to achieve so little, especially when the means by which practically all children can be taught to read to a high standard are perfectly well-known. A small local educational authority in Scotland, for example, West Dumbarton, has virtually eliminated illiteracy in children, despite the fact that its population is among the poorest in Scotland, by using simple teaching methods and at an additional cost of precisely $25 per pupil.

The intellectual corruption of the English education system is near complete (the Scottish system is rather better). For example, there is a government inspectorate of schools, charged with the maintenance of standards. However, it gives each school it visits several weeks' warning of an impending inspection, ample time for even the dullest-witted school administrators to construct a Potemkin village. And then it criticizes all the wrong things: the inspectors criticized Frank Chalk, for example, for having imposed discipline upon his class and thereby having impeded the spontaneity and creativity of the children—which, in the circumstances of the slum school in which he teaches, they principally express in vandalism. The school inspectorate therefore appears to believe in the truth of the anarchist Bakunin's dictum—that the destructive urge is also creative.

As an epigraph to his book, Chalk quotes the British deputy prime minister, John Prescott. In that great man's immortal words, which tell you everything about the caliber of the British government that you really need to know, "If you set up a school and it becomes a good school, the great danger is that everyone wants to go there." And that would never do.

In the looking-glass world of modern British public administration, nothing succeeds like failure, because failure provides work for yet more functionaries and confers an ever more providential role upon the government. A child who does not learn to read properly often behaves badly in school and thus becomes the subject (or is it object?) of inquiries by educational psychologists and social workers. As Chalk describes, they always find that the child in question lacks self-esteem and therefore should be allowed to attend only those classes that he feels he can cope with. The so-called Senior Management Team in the school—teachers who have retired into a largely administrative role—deals with all disciplinary problems by means of appeasement, for lack of any other permissible method available to them.

A perverse ideology reigns, in which truth and probity play no part. When marking the children's work, Chalk is expected to make only favorable comments, designed to boost egos rather than to improve performance. Public examinations are no longer intended to test educational attainment against an invariant standard but to provide the government with statistics that provide evidence of ever-better results. In pursuit of such excellence, not only do examinations require ever less of the children, but so-called course work, which may actually be done by the children's parents or even by the teachers themselves, plays an important part in the marks the children receive—and it is marked by the very teachers whose performance is judged by the marks that their pupils achieve. The result, of course, is a swamp of corruption, to wade through which teachers become utterly cynical, time-serving, and without self-respect.

A perfect emblem of the Gogolian, Kafkaesque, and Orwellian nature of the British public administration is the term "social inclusion" as applied in the educational field. Schools may no longer exclude disruptive children—that would be the very opposite of social inclusion—so a handful of such children may render quite pointless hundreds or even thousands of hours of schooling for scores or even hundreds of their peers who, as a result, are less likely to succeed in life. Teachers such as Chalk are forced to teach mixed-ability classes, which can include the mentally handicapped (their special schools having been closed in the name of social inclusion). The most intelligent children in the class fidget with boredom while the teacher persistently struggles to instill understanding in the minds of the least intelligent children of what the intelligent pupils long ago grasped. The intelligent are not taught what they could learn, while the unintelligent are taught what they cannot learn. The result is chaos, resentment, disaffection, and despair all round.

Britain now has more educational bureaucrats than teachers, as well as more health-service administrators than hospital beds. No self-evident or entirely predictable failure, no catastrophe they have brought about at the behest of their political masters, ever affects their careers, in part because they move from post to post so quickly that none of them ever gets held responsible for anything. The public hospital in which my wife worked as a doctor before her recent retirement built a $28 million extension, but what had been imperatively necessary for the health of the town's population six years ago became equally superfluous four years later and had to be closed down with great urgency, though with the public assurances of the bureaucrats then in charge that they were "passionately" committed to the townspeople's welfare. No one, of course, was ever held responsible for this expensive fiasco, which fully partook of the absurdity Gogol portrays, the menace Kafka evokes (employees were, on the whole, too frightened for their careers to speak out), and the mendacity Orwell dramatizes.

Insight into why expensive failure is so vitally necessary to the British government—or indeed, to any government once it arrogates responsibility for almost everything, from the national diet to the way people think—glimmers out from management consultant David Craig's recent book, *Plundering the Public Sector*. Craig catalogs what at first sight seems the almost incredible incompetence of the British government in its efforts to "modernize" the public administration. For example, not a single large-scale information technology project instituted by the government has worked. The National Health Service has spent $60 billion on a unified information technology system, no part of which actually functions. Projects routinely get canceled after $400–$500 million has been spent on them. Modernization in Britain's public sector means delay and inefficiency procured at colossal expense.

How is this to be explained? I learned a very good lesson when, 20 years ago, I worked in Tanzania. This well-endowed and beautiful country was broken-down and economically destitute to a shocking degree. A shard of mirror was a treasured possession; a day's wages bought a man one egg on the open market. It was quicker to go to Europe than to telephone it. Nothing, not even the most basic commodity such as soap or salt, was available to most of the population.

At first I considered that the president, Julius Nyerere, who was so revered in "progressive" circles as being halfway between Jesus Christ and Mao Tse Tung, was a total incompetent. How could he reconcile the state of the country with his rhetoric of economic development and prosperity for everyone? Had he no eyes to see, no ears to hear?

But then the thought dawned on me, admittedly with embarrassing slowness, that a man who had been in power virtually unopposed for nearly a quarter of a century could not be called incompetent, once one abandons the preposterous premise that he was trying to achieve what he said he was trying to achieve. As a means of remaining in power, what method could be better than to have an all-powerful single political party distribute economic favors in conditions of general shortage? That explained how, and why, in a country of the involuntarily slender, the party officials were fat. This was not incompetence; it was competence of a very high order. Unfortunately, it was very bad for the population as a whole.

The scheme in Britain is, of course, rather different. (It is not necessary to believe that such schemes have been consciously elaborated, incidentally; rather, they are inherent in the statism that comes naturally to so many politicians because of their self-importance.) The hoops that bind the government to the consultants who advise it in its perennially failing schemes of modernization are those of gold. As Craig demonstrates (though without understanding all the implications), the consultants need failure in Britain to perpetuate the contracts that allow them to charge so outrageously and virtually ad libitum (Craig suggests that $140 billion has disappeared so far, with no end in sight); and, in turn, the government benefits from having this rich but utterly dependent clientele.

The beauty of the system is that dependence on expensive failure reaches quite low levels of the administration: for example, all those "civilians" (as nonpolice workers for the police are called) in P.C. Copperfield's police station, as well as the educational psychologists whom Frank Chalk derides. The state has become a vast and intricate system of patronage, whose influence very few can entirely escape. It is essentially corporatist: the central government, avid for power, sets itself up as an authority on everything and claims to be omnicompetent both morally and in practice; and by means of taxation, licensing, regulation, and bureaucracy, it destroys the independence of all organizations that intervene between it and the individual citizen. If it can draw enough citizens into dependence on it, the central government can remain in power, if not forever, then for a very long time, at least until a crisis or cataclysm forces change.

At the very end of the chain of patronage in the British state is the underclass, who (to change the metaphor slightly) form the scavengers or bottom-feeders of the whole corporatist ecosystem. Impoverished and degraded as they might be, they are nonetheless essential to the whole system, for their existence provides an ideological proof of the necessity of providential government in the first place, as well as justifying many employment opportunities in themselves. Both Copperfield and Chalk describe with great eloquence precisely what I have seen myself in this most wretched stratum of society: large numbers of people corrupted to the very fiber of their being by having been deprived of responsibility, purpose, and self-respect, void of hope and fear alike, living in as near to purgatory as anywhere in modern society can come.

Of course, the corporatist system, at least in its British incarnation, is a house of cards, or perhaps a better analogy would be with a pyramid scheme. Hundreds of thousands of people are employed to perform tasks that are not merely useless but actually obstructive of real work and economically counterproductive. The bureaucracy insinuates itself into the smallest cracks of daily life. Renting out a house recently, I learned from a real-estate agent that the government sends inspectors, in the guise of prospective tenants, to check that the upholstery on chairs is fire-retardant. The inspectors have no other function. The regulations shift like one of those speeded-up meteorological maps on television, creating the need for yet more inspections and inspectors. Recent new regulations for landlords exceed 1,000 pages of close print; in the meantime, Britain does not remain short of decaying housing stock, while rents are among the highest in the world.

The government has to pay for all this activity, supposedly carried out on behalf of the population, somehow. It is simultaneously committed to huge public expenditure and apparent, though not real, control of the public debt. It reconciles the irreconcilable by not including the extravagantly generous pension obligations of the public service in its debt calculations—pension obligations that, properly accounted for, now amount to nearly 56 percent of GDP. Also not included is the government's increasing resort to private finance of government institutions, which involves huge future expenditure obligations without the capital costs having to appear in the national accounts.

In other words, the government has turned the cynical last words of an eighteenth-century absolute monarch, Louis XV, into the guiding principle of its policy: *après nous, le déluge.*

The voice of freedom never faltered, even though it stuttered.

Winston Churchill was perhaps the most stirring, eloquent speaker of his century. He also stuttered.

If you stutter, you should know about Churchill. Because his life is proof that, with the will to achieve, a speech impediment is no impediment.

Learn about the many ways you can help yourself or your child. Because your finest hour lies ahead.

THE
STUTTERING
FOUNDATION®
A Nonprofit Organization
Since 1947—Helping Those Who Stutter

1-800-992-9392
www.stutteringhelp.org

3100 Walnut Grove Road, Suite 603
P.O. Box 11749 • Memphis, TN 38111-0749

Letters

Spanish (Still) Spoken Here

To the editor:

Steven Malanga's "How Unskilled Immigrants Hurt Our Economy" [Summer 2006] was an excellent argument against our country's current immigration laws and practices. My state had several immigration bills on the last ballot, but none of them addressed the issues caused by illegal immigrants. For example, English is now Arizona's official language. What does that mean? The government is still required to print documents in English and Spanish. My children's homework will continue to be sent home in English and Spanish.

Isaac Ortega
Phoenix, AZ

Steven Malanga responds:

Legislation making English our "official" language is a product of the frustration that many Americans feel about our immigration policy, which has allowed into the country millions of low-skilled, uneducated workers who can't speak English and increasingly live in isolated ethnic enclaves where assimilation happens slowly, if at all. Indeed, the Census Bureau's recent American Community Survey records some 3 million native-born Americans of Hispanic descent whose first language is Spanish, not English—considerably more than just a few years ago.

Better than English-language laws would be an approach to immigration more oriented toward what's good for the American economy, as I outlined in "The Right Immigration Policy" [Autumn 2006]. Such an approach would not end immigration but reorient it toward skilled workers, whose talents are in short supply and whose presence here would not flood labor markets with unskilled workers and drive down wages of the native-born. If America were to adopt such a policy, it would not only bolster our economy but end the need for English-language legislation, because the majority of those who qualified to come here would have the proper language skills.

UNITED STATES MAIL

BROWN BROTHERS

Where's Papa?

To the editor:

"Now, it's all about fast money, drugs, and sex," says a sheriff's deputy in Heather Mac Donald's "Hispanic Family Values?" [Autumn 2006]. In the early twentieth century, Anglo-Saxon Americans were saying much the same about Ms. Mac Donald's Scots-Irish forebears. Don't blame Hispanic culture: this is impoverished Latin America being thoroughly and heartbreakingly Americanized. I blame Paris Hilton and rap stars. I blame a broken immigration policy and racist "solutions" like the Minutemen. I blame the multinational corporations currently plundering Latin America.

Rod Mesa
Via e-mail

To the editor:

I have been volunteering in Honduras during the summers since Hurricane Mitch hit in 1998. I know devout Honduran men, 40 years old and more, whose single mothers had multiple partners who fathered their children. These men have themselves now fathered children whom they don't support. Everybody lives with the single

Letters

matriarchs of the family. The Mayan villages to the north are different: the men there seem to marry the women and parent the children.

In the U.S., we tend to think that illegitimacy arrived with the sexual freedom of the sixties. But that is not the case in Latin America, where it has been going on for generations.

Roberta Updegraff
Via e-mail

Heather Mac Donald responds:

If I could get open-borders conservatives, who constantly celebrate Hispanic family values, simply to acknowledge the fact of the 48 percent Hispanic illegitimacy rate, I would be content. Whether or not Hispanic illegitimacy is imported from Latin America or is a reaction to American "racism" matters less than that the problem exists and is growing.

Pens and Swords

To the editor:

James Q. Wilson's "The Press at War" [Autumn 2006] is a fantasy. The difference in reporting between World War II and the last two wars had to do not with reporters' lack of patriotism but with presidential dishonesty.

U.S. involvement in Vietnam was tied to administration efforts to deceive the American public about the threats involved and the projected costs of meeting those threats. Likewise, in Iraq, George Bush largely fabricated claims of WMDs. In both cases the press on the ground realized that the government was selling them a bill of goods, while the news organizations that they worked for continued to support the policies. But unless those news organizations were willing to spike every story that the reporters were covering, the truth eventually had to get out.

John Heath
Annandale, VA

To the editor:

I recently ran two Nexis searches that support Mr. Wilson's article. First I found that through August 1, 2006, the *New York Times* published 1,503 articles on U.S. troops' humiliation of prisoners at Abu Ghraib. Then I searched for references to Saddam's killing fields, such as Mahawil and Hatra. I found a total of seven stories. The humiliation of Saddam's genocidaires is a horrible crime that deserves press coverage, but is it really 200 times more horrible than the mass murder that those monsters perpetuated?

Thomas F. Berner
West Palm Beach, FL

James Q. Wilson responds:

I pointed out in my essay that America's political leaders were not honest about the war in Vietnam; now Mr. Heath accuses me of not saying this. The reason, I suspect, is his ideology. He wrongly argues that the Bush administration lied in order to justify the war in Iraq. Two bipartisan commissions (the 9/11 Commission and the WMD Commission) have shown that there was no such lie. Mr. Heath ought to spend more time reading documents and less time rehearsing his slogans.

Hooray for Paris

To the editor:

Kay S. Hymowitz's "The Trash Princess" [Autumn 2006] was on target and eloquent to boot. I am the founder and moderator of the Paris Hilton Fan Club on Myspace.com—one of the largest, with more than 40,000 members. Most of my friends cannot fathom why a reasonably intelligent, savvy, East Village–dwelling New Yorker like me would want to start a Paris fan club. Now I can say, "Read the article!"

Cindy Lin
New York, NY

To the editor:

I acknowledge that a lot of people profess to hate Paris Hilton, but I, for one, don't buy it. How is Hilton not the epitome of the American dream? Her success—for which she deserves credit—is not a commentary on her alleged vapidness and vulgarity. It is a commentary on the stupidity of—well, of us, is it not?

George Rickerson
Columbia, MO

To the editor:

I hope she doesn't adopt a child from Africa.

Anita Samuel
Via e-mail

CITY JOURNAL *welcomes letters to the editor.*
e-mail: letters@city-journal.org
fax: 212-599-0371

Contributors

Theodore Dalrymple, a physician, is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the Dietrich Weismann Fellow at the Manhattan Institute. His current book is *Romancing Opiates: Pharmacological Lies and the Addiction Bureaucracy.*

Nicole Gelinas, a *City Journal* contributing editor and the Searle Freedom Trust Fellow at the Manhattan Institute, is a Chartered Financial Analyst.

Victor Davis Hanson is a contributing editor of *City Journal.* He is the author, most recently, of *A War Like No Other: How the Athenians and Spartans Fought the Peloponnesian War.* His other books include *Mexifornia* and *Carnage and Culture.* He is a classicist and military historian at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Christopher Hitchens is a columnist for *Vanity Fair* and the book critic of the *Atlantic Monthly.* He is a biographer of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine, and the author of studies of Palestine, Kurdistan, and Cyprus, as well as of George Orwell, Henry Kissinger, and the Anglo-American relationship.

Kay S. Hymowitz, a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the William E. Simon Fellow at the Manhattan Institute, is the author of *Liberation's Children* and *Ready or Not.* Her new book, *Marriage and Caste in America,* is a collection of her *City Journal* essays.

John Kekes is the author of many books, most recently *The Roots of Evil, The Illusions of Egalitarianism,* and *The Enlargement of Life: Moral Imagination at Work.* He is Research Professor at the State University of New York, Albany.

John Leo is a contributing editor of *City Journal.* He has worked as a staff writer for the *New York Times* and *Time,* and as a contributing editor and columnist for *U.S. News and World Report.* He is the author of *Two Steps Ahead of the Thought Police* and *Incorrect Thoughts.*

David Garrard Lowe is president of the Beaux Arts Alliance, an organization dedicated to celebrating cultural links between the United States and France. He has lectured widely in America and Europe, and is the author, most recently, of *Art Deco New York.*

Heather Mac Donald is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the John M. Olin Fellow at the Manhattan Institute. She is the author of *Are Cops Racist?* and *The Burden of Bad Ideas.*

Steven Malanga is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute. He is the author of *The New New Left,* a collection of his *City Journal* essays.

Sol Stern is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the author of *Breaking Free: Public School Lessons and the Imperative of School Choice.*

Illustration by Martin Lewis in *Peeps at Great Cities: New York,* by Hildegarde Hawthorne, Mary Evans Picture Library

City Journal (ISSN 1060-8540) is published four times a year by the Manhattan Institute, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Telephone: (212) 599-7000. Fax: (212) 599-0371. E-mail: cj@city-journal.org. Subscription rates: one year: $23.00; two years: $42.00; foreign subscriptions subject to $8-per-year postage surcharge; back issues: $8 (ten or more, $7 each); reprints: $3.00. Distributed in the United States by Bernard DeBoer, Inc., 113 East Centre Street, Nutley, NJ 07110, (973) 667-9300; Hudson News Company, 1305 Paterson Plank Road, North Bergen, NJ 07047, (201) 867-3600; Ubiquity Distributors, 607 DeGraw Street, Brooklyn, NY 11217, (718) 875-5491.

Please visit our website at www.city-journal.org.

Signed articles express the views of their authors and are intended solely to inform and broaden public debate. They are not intended to aid or hinder legislation before legislative bodies at the municipal, state, or federal level. © 2007 by the Manhattan Institute, Inc.

The Eternal Present

Theodore Dalrymple

Cultural change, not necessarily for the better, shows up even in English rural churchyards.

I was staying with some friends in the country, and we took a walk. Our route brought us down a leafy lane past the parish church, and, since we all liked cemeteries, we entered the churchyard. The people of the parish are still buried there when they die, a comforting certainty in this age.

What was most striking about the tombstones of the last 15 years, however, was the complete absence of any religious sentiment or reference in their inscriptions, apart from an occasional "God bless," the kind of thing some people say on a casual parting, as they hurry on to their next destination. Religion, it seems, is dead, even on consecrated ground.

Such information about the dear departed as appeared on the tombstones was wholly secular, a projection of the daily preoccupations of the living, as if no other life concerned or could concern them. On one tombstone, for example, a figure of a fisherman, carved with the utmost incompetence, told us that such was the favored pastime of "Dad." By another grave, someone had stretched a now-sodden scarf in the colors of Manchester United—possibly the most famous soccer team in the world, but not local to the parish—with an expression of eternal loyalty to the team. Men come and go, but Manchester United goes on forever.

The words on the tombstones had the informality—and banality—of everyday speech. "Goodbye, Dad," they said, as if his relatives were seeing him off at the train station on a short journey, or "To a really great granddad." I would have thought that this informality was studied, a matter of quasi-philosophical choice, if I believed that the people using it were aware that different kinds of language were appropriate to different occasions and for different purposes. But people existentially glued to the present are unlikely to be very sensitive to the varied registers of language.

What kind of people are they whose friends or relatives deem their "support" for a football team so important that it is the only aspect of their life worthy of memorial after death? In what kind of culture does this reduced and childish notion of a human life not produce a sense of embarrassment or shame? That culture is certainly not the product of poverty, at least in the economic sense: the parish is exceptionally rich, and you won't buy a house in it for less than several hundreds of thousands of dollars. Many of the houses and their surrounding land are worth millions. Economic poverty and poverty of spirit are not the same thing. Meaning and transcendence now seem as thoroughly interred in the cemetery as the people who died.

Returning to my friends' house, I idly picked a volume from a bookcase. It was an edition of Henry VIII's love letters. It fell open to Katherine of Aragon's last letter to the man she considered still, and always, her husband:

> My most dear lord, king and husband,
>
> The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but out of the love I bear for you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever. For which you have cast me into many calamities, and your self into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also, to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three; and to all my other servants, a year's pay, besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for; lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell.
>
> Katherine, Queene of England

Sometimes, it seems to me, progress has been uneven.

Marriage and Caste in America: Separate and Unequal Families in a Post-Marital Age

Now in bookstores

by Kay S. Hymowitz
Ivan R. Dee, 2006
$22.50

A generation ago, Americans undertook a revolutionary experiment to redefine marriage. Where historically men and women had sought a loving bond largely centered on the rearing of children, the new arrangement called for an intimate—and provisional—union of two adults. Now, Kay S. Hymowitz argues, the results of this experiment are in—and they turn out to be bad news not only for children but also for the country as a whole. The family revolution has played a central role in growing inequality and high rates of poverty, and it has hit African-Americans especially hard.

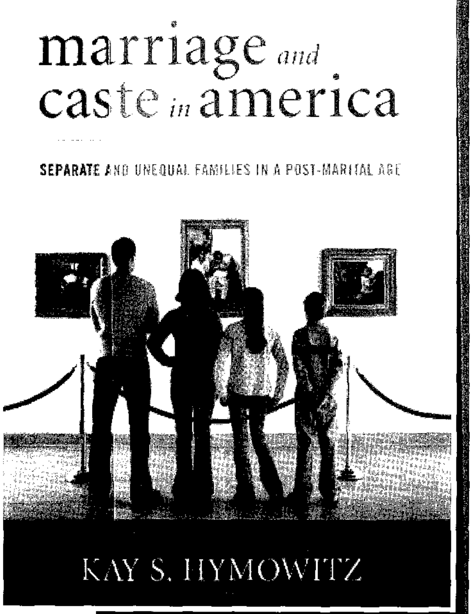
When Americans began their family revolution, they forgot to consider what American marriage was designed to do: it ordered lives by giving the young a meaningful life script; it supported middle-class foresight, planning, and self-sufficiency; and it organized men and women around "The Mission"—nurturing their children's cognitive, emotional, and physical development. In fact, our family experiment threatens to turn what the founders imagined as an opportunity-rich republic of equal citizens into a hereditary caste society.

"The Marriage Gap, as Ms. Hymowitz calls it, appears likely to have a more profound effect on the future . . . than the gender gap so lamented by the feminists."
—Charlotte Hays, *Wall Street Journal*

"*Marriage and Caste in America* should provoke serious thought about how marriage has become a class issue—and what we can do about it."
—Christine B. Whelan, *New York Post*

"Persuasively documented."
—Suzanne Fields, *Washington Times*

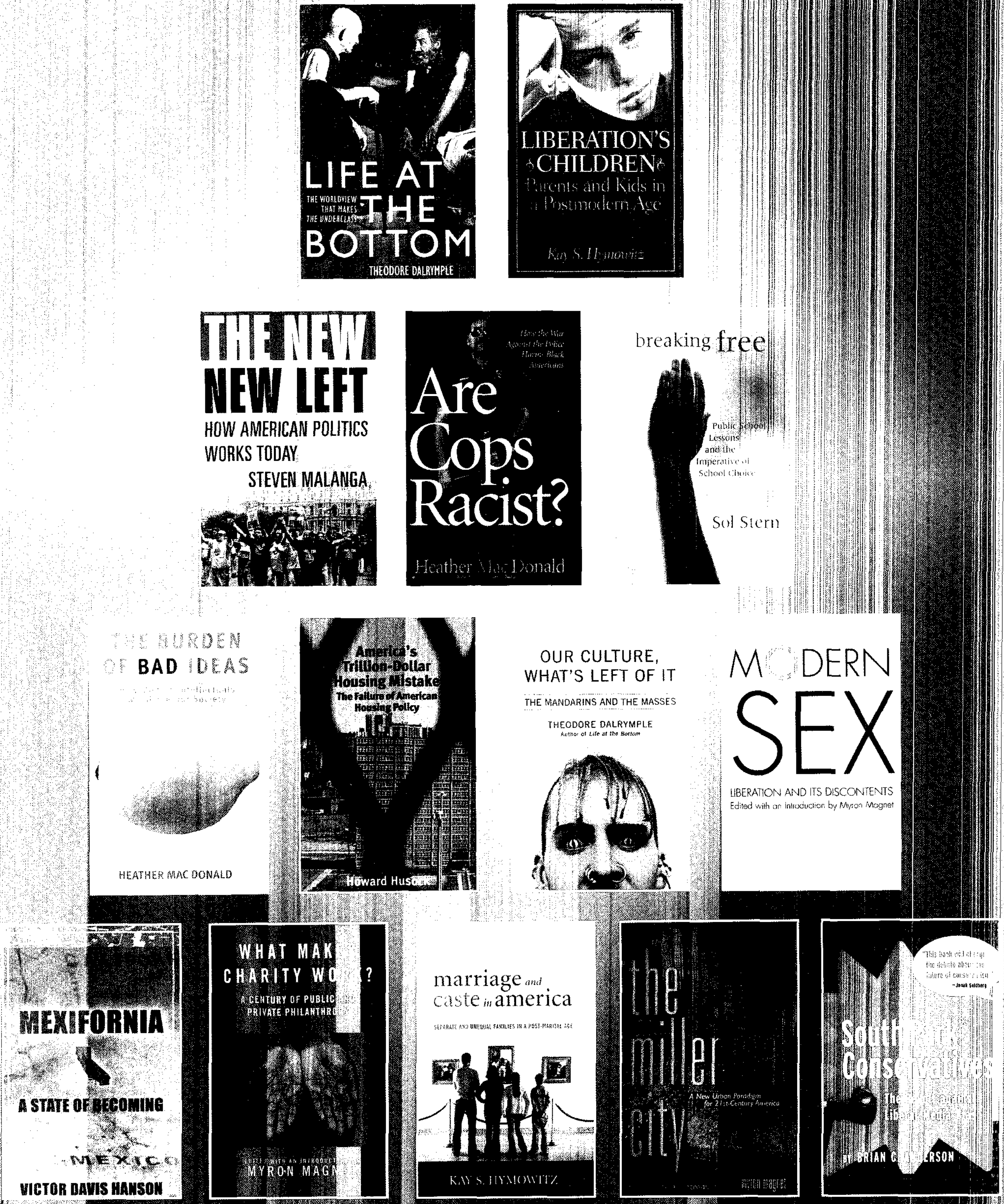
"The best single book on the damage being done to our nation by the explosion of divorce and nonmarital births since the 1960s."
—Ron Haskins, Brookings Institution


marriage and caste in america
SEPARATE AND UNEQUAL FAMILIES IN A POST-MARITAL AGE
KAY S. HYMOWITZ

For more information, please visit www.manhattan-institute.org/marriage_and_caste/

[illegible] our library:

[illegible] oks.html


LIFE AT THE BOTTOM
THE WORLDVIEW THAT MAKES THE UNDERCLASS
THEODORE DALRYMPLE
LIBERATION'S CHILDREN
Parents and Kids in a Postmodern Age
Kay S. Hymowitz
THE NEW NEW LEFT
HOW AMERICAN POLITICS WORKS TODAY
STEVEN MALANGA
How the War Against the Police Harms Black Americans
Are Cops Racist?
Heather Mac Donald
breaking free
Public School Lessons and the Imperative of School Choice
Sol Stern
THE BURDEN OF BAD IDEAS
HEATHER MAC DONALD
America's Trillion-Dollar Housing Mistake
The Failure of American Housing Policy
Howard Husock
OUR CULTURE, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT
THE MANDARINS AND THE MASSES
THEODORE DALRYMPLE
Author of Life at the Bottom
MODERN SEX
LIBERATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS
Edited with an Introduction by Myron Magnet
MEXIFORNIA
A STATE OF BECOMING
VICTOR DAVIS HANSON
WHAT MAKES CHARITY WORK?
A CENTURY OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PHILANTHROPY
MYRON MAGNET
marriage and caste in america
SEPARATE AND UNEQUAL FAMILIES IN A POST-MARITAL AGE
KAY S. HYMOWITZ
the miller city
A New Urban Paradigm for 21st-Century America
myron magnet
South Park Conservatives
BY BRIAN C. ANDERSON